JOHN AUGUST discusses
MORALS FOR CO-EDS
in his new novel "Troubled Star"

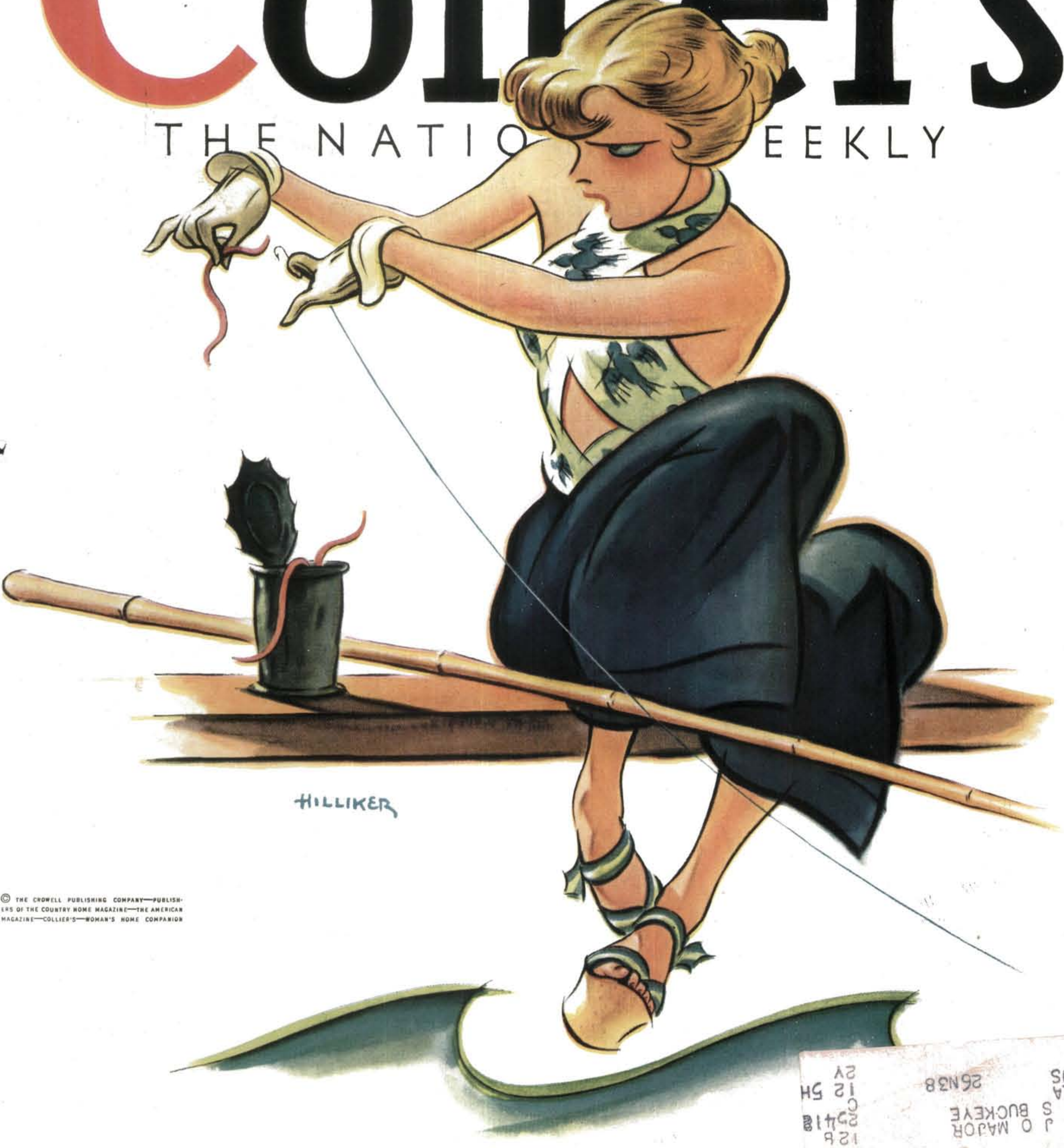
TENNIS MONEY
A Candid Article by
GEORGE LOTT

September 3, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

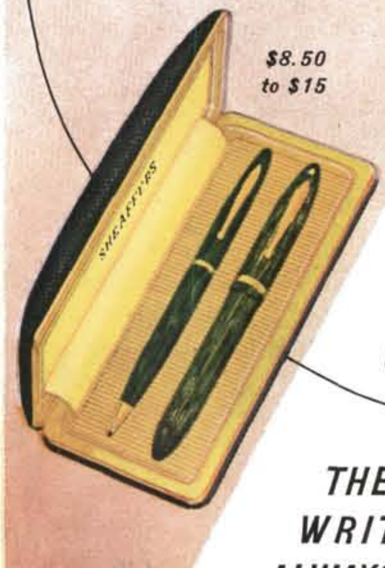
MRS J O MAJOR
215 S BUCKEYE
IOLA
KANS
26N38
12B
25418
C
12 5H
2Y

SEPT. 3, 1938

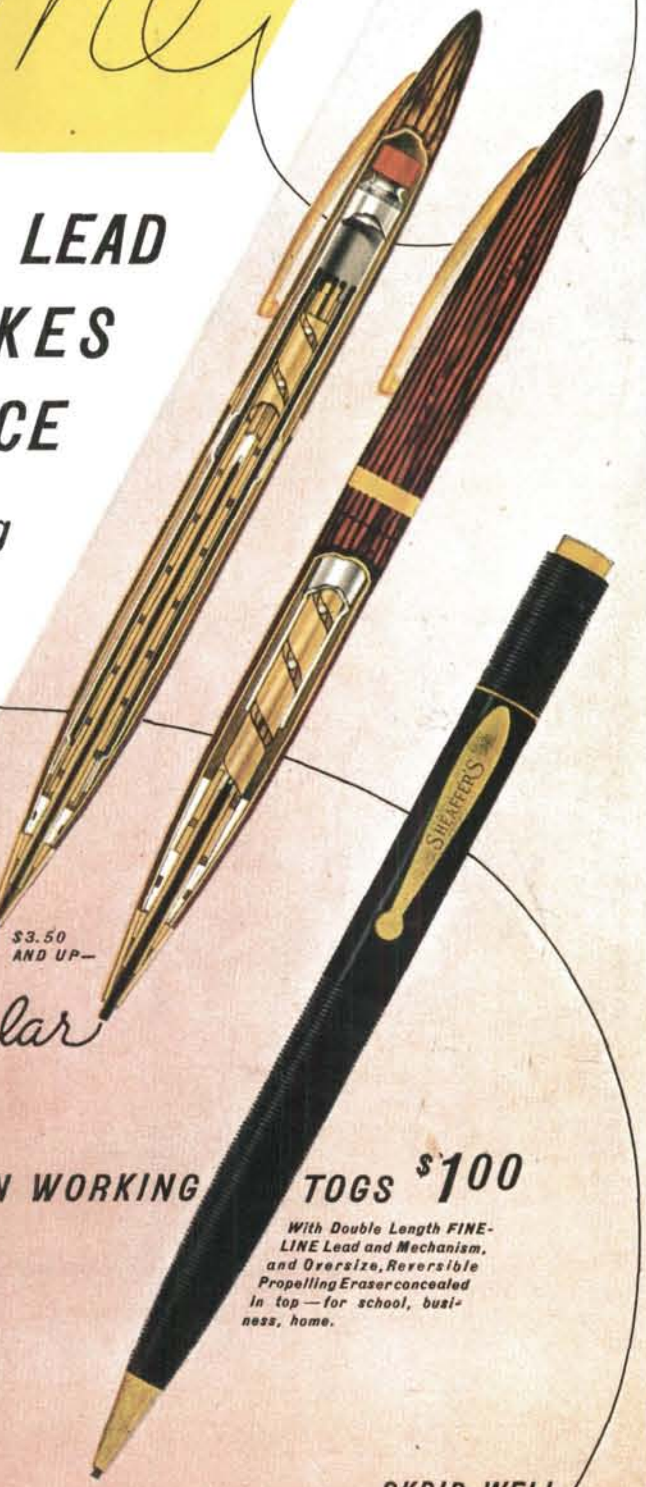
SHEAFFER'S

Fineline

AMAZING NEW THIN LEAD DEVELOPMENT MAKES THIS THE MASTERPIECE OF ALL PENCILS... Fitting Companion to the only Lifetime° Pen



$8.50 to $15



New $3.50 AND UP—

Regular

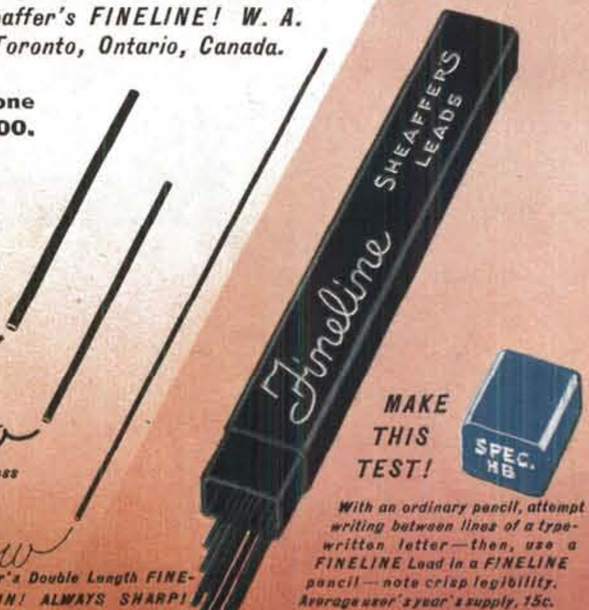
IN WORKING TOGS $1^{00}

With Double Length FINELINE Lead and Mechanism, and Oversize, Reversible Propelling Eraser concealed in top—for school, business, home.

THE ONLY REAL IMPROVEMENT IN PENCIL WRITING IN 23 YEARS... GIVING YOU ALWAYS A LEAD OF PIN-POINT SHARPNESS

With an entirely new character of line, Sheaffer's FINELINE Double Length Leads make pencil writing more than ever approach the qualities of pen writing—more than ever make the FINELINE pencil the fitting work-mate of the Lifetime° pen. A complete revision of manufacturing processes was necessary—a new and hitherto impossible physical structure in leads was achieved—when the **Joseph Dixon Crucible Company's** *laboratories developed for Sheaffer this great new contribution to writing. Sheaffer's Double Length FINELINE Leads are thinner than any known heretofore, they provide a fine line of velvet touch, they make more legible carbon copies, they always have pin-point sharpness, THEY HAVE THE STRENGTH TO DO ALL THIS. Take new pleasure in writing—use Sheaffer's FINELINE! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa—Toronto, Ontario, Canada.*

FINELINE improves the writing of anyone using it. In "working togs" as low as $1.00. Start school with it!



ACTUAL COMPARISON OF LEAD SIZES:

50 years ago

—first imported mechanical pencil leads. Thick, coarse, for strength.

23 years ago

—lead sizes come down. Progress but not perfection!

Now

—Sheaffer's Double Length FINELINE! THIN! ALWAYS SHARP! STRONG!

MAKE THIS TEST!

With an ordinary pencil, attempt writing between lines of a typewritten letter—then, use a FINELINE Lead in a FINELINE pencil—note crisp legibility. Average user's year's supply, 15c.

SKRIP-WELL

SHEAFFER'S
Skrip

15c

Uses the Last Drop

SKRIP, Successor-to-Ink—perfect writing fluid! 2 oz. 15c, 4 oz. 25c. Permanent SKRIP makes better business records.

Copyright, 1938
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

° Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

If you want relief from dandruff . . . grasp these vital

DANDRUFF FACTS

1. A GERM CAUSES DANDRUFF: Sensational new scientific research has discovered and proved that dandruff is a germ disease. It is caused by a queer, microscopic, bottle-shaped germ—*Pityrosporum ovale*. When this germ is present, dandruff is in evidence. When it is killed, dandruff disappears.

2. LABORATORY PROOF: Expert bacteriologists inoculated healthy rabbits with the Pityrosporum ovale germ. Symptoms of dandruff quickly appeared. The rabbits were then treated with Listerine to kill the germ. Within two weeks on an average dandruff disappeared from the side treated; continued to flourish on the untreated side!

3. LISTERINE KILLS THE DANDRUFF GERM: Listerine was the germicide used to kill Pityrosporum ovale in these amazing laboratory tests. Treatment consisted of massage with ordinary Listerine . . . the same antiseptic you now have on your bathroom shelf. Listerine Antiseptic bathes the hair and scalp, annihilating the germ, soothing the irritated skin area.

4. CLINICAL PROOF: Listerine works on humans too. Dandruff patients of a great Mid-western skin clinic used daily Listerine treatments. A substantial number obtained marked relief within two weeks on the average. Seventy-six per cent of the patients of a New Jersey clinic who used the treatment twice a day, showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month.

LISTERINE
Good Housekeeping Bureau

KILL THE DANDRUFF GERM . . . RAPID IMPROVEMENT FOLLOWS

There really *is* a cure for dandruff. When you kill the germ, dandruff disappears.

So, if you are plagued by ugly scales, and all the other trying annoyances that come with dandruff, stop fooling with those salves and creams and remedies that affect only surface symptoms. Get at the root of the trouble with simple, delightful, soothing Listerine treatments.

So easy to do in your own home. So clean. No mess or bother. Just douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on your scalp and massage vigorously and persistently. Feel the quick, stimulating glow, as it spreads a germ-killing film over your irritated scalp.

You'll be surprised how soon you'll notice the difference. No itching of the scalp. Fewer ugly scales in the hair. Marked improvement in appearance. Both hair and scalp look cleaner, livelier, healthier.

Repeat the treatment once or twice each day. It shouldn't be long, as shown by the tests above, before the signs of dandruff disappear and both scalp and hair are vigorous, comfortable and healthy again.

Remember, Listerine has a laboratory and clinical record of positive dandruff cure. No other remedy we know of can match this proof. Naturally, even after dandruff has entirely disappeared, it is wise to enjoy a Listerine treatment from time to time to offset possible recurrence. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

P.S. *Listerine, which has been discovered to be such an excellent germicidal treatment for dandruff, is the same Listerine Antiseptic which has been used as a mouth wash and gargle for more than 25 years.*

LISTERINE

the proved treatment for dandruff

WILLIAM L. CHENERY *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

September 3, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

"IF A MAN wants to bet on a horse, that's his business," Pete Marlowe, the bookie, said. "And it's not our business where the money comes from. If we don't take his bet another bookie will." That was the business plan that made Pete successful. But John, the boy who worked with Pete, couldn't be so hard-boiled. In "Getaway Day," Daniel Fuchs tells the story of the struggle between the conflicting views of an old man and a young boy, and what came of it.

YOU can't argue with us about who's got the best swing band in the land. We have. It's the All-America Swing Band, personally selected by Master-Maestro Paul Whiteman from the sendingest senders in or out of the world. It's a jitterbug's vision of Paradise, that's what it is, complete from baton to bull fiddle, and it plays its first engagement in next week's Collier's. We hand it to you and run.

THE match was played at Forest Hills, but a man in a black uniform seated in a tremendous office in Rome was the closest listener. For Count Umberto di Teubner was playing more than a game of tennis: he was fighting for the glory of his adopted country. If he lost he couldn't go back—and he had a wife and daughter there. And his opponent? Rod Carr was fighting for something too—a girl. In a magnificently dramatic story John R. Tunis takes you along to watch the match.

YOU can't teach an old dog new tricks, they say, and down in Washington that scintillating master mind of the glamor boys, Mr. Tommy "The Cork" Corcoran, is finding it out. What Mr. Corcoran started out to do was to overhaul and elevate the political ideals of one James A. Farley, with, so far, a singular lack of success. To Jim, a vote is still a vote, and a Democrat of any hue is still a Democrat. Walter Davenport reports on the family squabble.

WHEN Rachel Borden rented Sam Marbury for the week end it was the thoughtless and arrogant gesture of a girl who had always had more money than was good for her. She got more than she bargained for. The exciting results are recorded by Robert Spafford in "Predatory Debutante."

GENE SARAZEN, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Ruth Carson, Frederick Skerry, John August, Freling Foster, E. Phillips Oppenheim and others enliven the pages. Be on your guard.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Sailor's Tale. Dunnevan and Linn help out an officer. Page 15

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Seeds of Discord. Hearts and flowers. Page 18

MICHAEL FOSTER
Man from the Sea. Romance on a shanty boat. Page 20

THOMAS B. COSTAIN
Bad Scout. Assignment in Oshkosh. Page 32

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Adventurer, by Richard Hoffman. Page 23

SERIAL STORIES

JOHN AUGUST
Troubled Star. The first of ten parts. Anything can happen at a university. Page 9

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Spymaster. The third of ten parts. The lovely conspirator. Page 44

ARTICLES

BEHIND THE MARBLE MASK
Squalor in Washington. Page 11

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Dictators on Dynamite. Europe's jittery strong men. Page 16

GEORGE LOTT
Tennis Money. The amateur racket. Page 22

JACK MOSHER
Drummer Boy. The story of Gene Krupa. Page 24

●

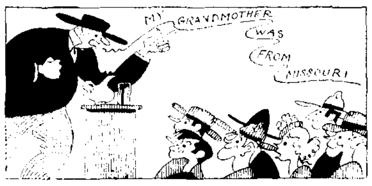
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Tips on the universe. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Redheads to the Rescue. Page 58

COVER DOUGLAS H. HILLIKER

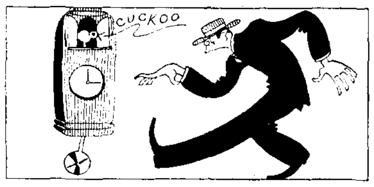
Any Week

ANY rumors you may have heard that Mississippi is running short of vigor are, of course, untrue. All doubts were removed for this department by Mr. Abe Pappenheimer of Meridian, who says that—but take it from Mr. Pappenheimer. Writes he: "Politics are going to be hot down here when our senators and congressmen get ready to rerun. We are going to build some roads at last. Gov. White went to Washington to see our President and he got our Pat to go with him to see the President to see about getting the money as he had to go to Washington to see Pat as Pat only comes down here once every six years when it is time to run again and lo and behold up jumps Bilbo and says the gov. treated him mighty bad as he ought to took him up there with him to see about the money which the government is going to give or loan us as he was right there on the spot as he said he lived here in Miss. and he was a 100-per-cent New Dealer and he could done better with the President than Pat but he was going up there and help get the money anyway and the gov. said he don't care who gets the money all he wants is the money. Now jumps up all the congressmen and says we had as much to do with getting the money as Pat and Bilbo so we ain't got the money yet and if we do get the money and get the roads we will find out who got the money for us *in the next election*." That's the way it looks to Mr. Pappenheimer.



AND Mr. George Truecross of Fort Smith, Arkansas, adds a bit of evidence that statesmanship has seldom been on a higher plane. Mr. Truecross was listening to an aspirant for Congress barking for votes. "The time has come for Arkansas to demand her rights and get them," roared the orator. "Arkansas is away down at the bottom of the list when it comes to money handed out by the federal government—away below our neighbor Missouri. What are you going to do about that, my friends?" And somebody in the audience had the answer: "Hire some mug from Missouri to represent us in Congress." But the aspiring patriot was not to be confounded by such idle logic. "Yes, my friends," cried he. "I'm your man. My maternal grandmother was born in Missouri."

OUR views on public questions do not always coincide with Mrs. Madalyne Terribush's. Mrs. Terribush lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, "with four dogs, three turtles, a number of cats and five cuckoo clocks." One of these clocks may be ours soon. Mrs. Terribush says she's going to give it to us. "I am sending it to you," says she, "because I think cuckoos must be close relations of yours. A New Dealer like you ought to live in a cuckoo clock."



OF COURSE you don't care what Mr. Dan McGovern calls us. Neither does Mr. McGovern. In his resolute paper—the King County Democrat of Renton, Washington—he swings from the floor because we published a letter wherein the finer qualities of a group of gentlemen employed on an Arizona WPA project were not glorified. He likens us to a "gin-swigging stockbroker" and accuses us of having made "many millions" by virtue of "taplines running into the pockets of the American workingman." But we can't drink gin and we haven't even one million. Maybe we should emulate the late Huey Pierce Long, who, after we'd said something tart about him, called us up and bellowed: "Listen, chum, you got your racket and I got mine; let's be friends."

AND yet we have our little usefulnesses. Brother Will Gronner of Los Angeles, California, The Hollering Prophet, reports that he spends "all day Saturday reading Collier's and all day Sunday reading the Bible—between preachings." Scoff if you must but, adds Brother Will Gronner, "this has made me a well-rounded man."

WITH just a little more urging we might come out for the Honorable Jack Feller for President. Mr. Feller, the Republican postmaster of Rochester, Minnesota, became involved lightly in a political controversy wherein a voluble Tory was doing battle with a garrulous Liberal. Mr. Feller was inclined toward the liberal side. "I'm with you," said he to the Liberal voice, "up to a certain point. But remember, the minute you get Red we part. In fact the first Red syllable out of you and I'm going to the postoffice and tear up your fan mail."

WE GET Pan Mail. W. D.

Vol. 102, No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1938, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

STEPPING ALONG WITH THE LEADER

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

MOBILGAS

CONTINUES TO BE U.S.A.'s MOST POPULAR GASOLINE

Here's Why

A YOUNG COUPLE in Kansas find driving more fun... a Boston lady starts her car at first touch... a New York salesman gets longer mileage—

That's the "why" of Mobilgas popularity—*it gives you more for your money!* The 1½ million who stop daily for Mobilgas have proved this. They know it pays to "step along with the leader"! Next time... fill up with Mobilgas.

MOBILGAS AND MOBILOIL

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

AFFILIATES: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY—GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

NOTHING HAS BEEN CHANGED BUT THE PRICE!

Our Prices are Lowered....

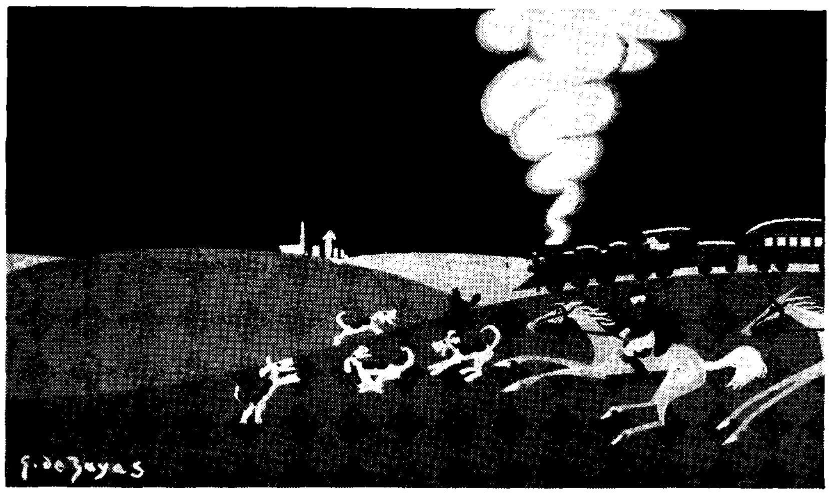
ESTABLISHING A NEW STANDARD OF FINE SHOE VALUE!

Your dollar goes farther than ever now in Florsheim Shoes. Florsheim prices are substantially reduced . . . but the quality's right up top where it's been for nearly fifty years! Same extra wear as always; same surpassing standards in leather and labor; same comfort, fit and fine appearance. Nothing has been changed but the price . . . not a stitch has been sacrificed, not a lift of leather lost. We're betting on new *value* to build up new *volume* . . . and *you're the one* who wins! *Illustrated,* The LELAND, S-505, *in brown Russia calf; also in black,* S-504. *Retails at $10.*

$8.75
MOST STYLES

The
FLORSHEIM
Shoe

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Fox hunts in England, during the hunting season, have the right of way over railroad trains. Not long ago, an inconsiderate fox led a pack of hounds and hunters across the path of a crack London express and delayed it—and several hundred passengers — for eight minutes. — *By R. V. Crowley, Ridgewood, New Jersey.*

"*Rock of Ages*," one of the most popular Protestant hymns, was composed under unusual circumstances. In 1775, in England, Augustus Toplady, during a storm, took shelter in the cleft of a large rock at Barrington Coombe in Somerset and, while waiting for the rain to stop, wrote this famous song on the only piece of paper he could find, a playing card, the six of diamonds.

Since 1918 nearly fifty countries have been swept by revolutions or serious revolutionary movements.

The medical world has more than 250 theories on how to influence the sex of unborn babies, but not one, so far as is known, has proved to be practicable.

Seeking to improve the emulsion used on motion-picture film, a Rochester scientist constantly studies it for specks of foreign matter, which he removes and dissects. Most of these impurities have to be magnified 200 diameters to be seen and most of the tools are so minute that they can be passed through the eye of a small needle.—*By Joseph R. Hellmer, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

In many parts of the world, pigs replace dogs as pets and hunting companions. Many act as beasts of burden, and some know tricks, such as spelling with letters, ringing peals of bells and working pump handles with their mouth.

The first of the five commandments of Buddhism, whose adherents constitute about one fifth of the population of the entire world, is "Thou shalt not kill any living creature." Moreover, Buddhism has been free from religious warfare, with one exception, since it was founded about 2,300 years ago.

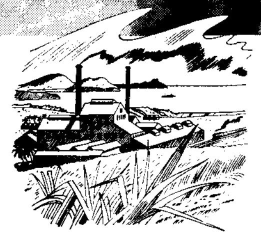
Englishmen are the only people who are permitted by Tibet to climb Mount Everest. Despite the fact that the odds are fifty to one against ever reaching its peak, at least $500,000 have been spent on five unsuccessful expeditions and one flight since 1922.

Ships as well as sailors have a "sweetheart" in nearly every port. Known as The Ship's Husband, the "sweetheart" is the gentleman who, as a representative of the owners, attends to the provisioning, repairing, entering and clearing of the vessel while it is in port.

Gold stars not only were presented to the American mothers whose sons were lost in the World War, but also to the female homing pigeons whose offspring were killed while carrying messages for the United States Army over the battlefields of France.

One of the oddest bequests on record was contained in the will of the American astronomer, Prof. J. C. Watson (1838-1880), who discovered 23 minor planets. As such heavenly bodies, owing to their small size, are often lost and forgotten, [illegible] professor left a special fund to pay for continued observations and records of his own little asteroids.—*By Phillips Temple, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



Down the smooth road from market to home—With smiles on their faces—Marketing done, they are homeward bound, to face their tomorrow lighthearted.

Here are present contentment and future security, at once the foundation and the fruits of a great *American* industry. For this is an *American* family, living in the *American* Territory of Hawaii. That smooth, pleasant road between market and home begins on a cane sugar plantation.

This young *American* father is one of approximately 50,000 workers engaged in producing cane sugar in the Hawaiian Islands. Life is pleasant for him and his wife and children. He and his fellow producers are building a typical *American* community. Fine schools—wholesome recreation—a good place to raise a family. A community true to the *American* tradition.

The welfare of this little family—and of thousands of others in Hawaii—is determined by the welfare of the Territory's sugar industry. *And their welfare is directly linked with—and directly affects—that of the families of all America.*

For every pound of Hawaiian sugar sold to housewives and manufacturers of the nation helps to pay for food, clothing, building materials, cars, radios, machinery—products of other American industries—to fill the ships that come back to Hawaii. And this must not be forgotten—

Hawaii's industries can perpetuate the American standard of living and maintain the flow of trade from all parts of the country only when they enjoy—along with all other branches of the nation's industry—the American standard of fair play.

For our whole national economy rests upon this simple truth—In every part of our nation, the road between market and home will be kept open and smooth . . . *only if all branches of American industry are prosperous.*

◆ ◆ ◆

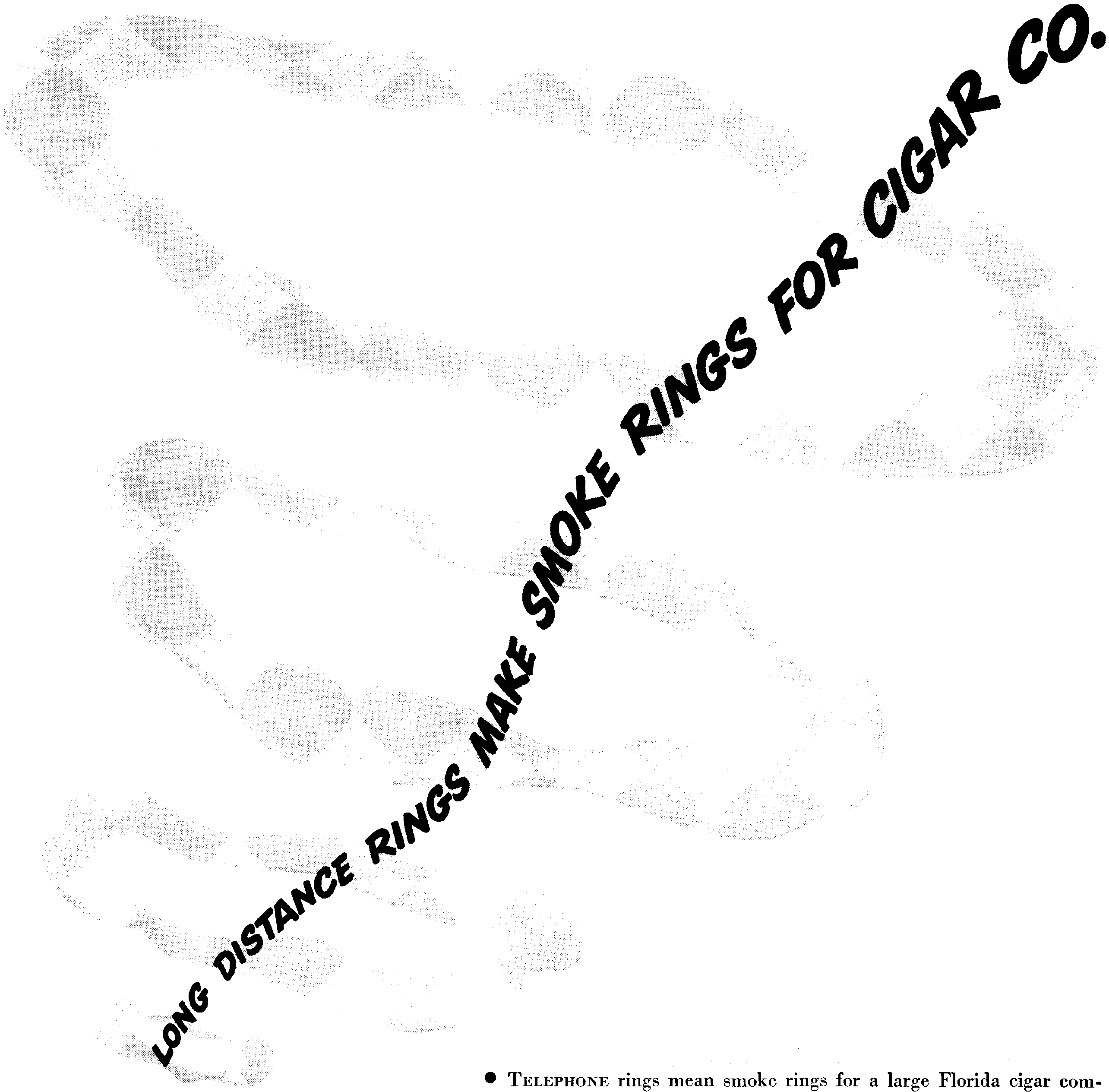
INFORMED PUBLIC OPINION—The most effective conduct of public affairs derives from an *informed public opinion.* That is the reason for this series of advertisements. It enables you to know the facts about the Territory of Hawaii and her industries—facts of importance to every citizen because all are interested in encouraging industrial progress in every part of the United States.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING—The ideal working community, sociologists say, is one that may be taken out into the country and made to provide permanent employment with adequate consideration for matters of health and social opportunity. ★ This accurately describes the cane sugar industry of the Territory of Hawaii.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U.S.A.

A VOLUNTARY ASSOCIATION OF PRODUCERS, PROVIDING YEAR-ROUND EMPLOYMENT FOR 50,000 PEOPLE IN THE PRODUCTION OF CANE SUGAR, PAYING THE HIGHEST AVERAGE ANNUAL FARM WAGES IN THE AMERICAN SUGAR INDUSTRY


LONG DISTANCE RINGS MAKE SMOKE RINGS FOR CIGAR CO.

● TELEPHONE rings mean smoke rings for a large Florida cigar company. Its president has built up the business and keeps it running smoothly by day-in, day-out use of Long Distance telephone service.

He says, "We have 34 branches, from Texas to Virginia, with which I keep in constant touch by telephone. If weekly sales reports don't seem satisfactory, I telephone at once. If I want to swing a special deal, I find I can handle it a lot *better* over the telephone.

"Besides the many calls I make, a lot come in to me. When a manufacturer closes a discussion by saying he'll advise me later, I answer, 'I want to know *now*, so think it over and give me a ring!'

"Long Distance keeps me on the firing line every day in widely scattered places. I get as good results as if I were there in person. And I'm convinced I've made *ten* dollars by telephone, where I'd have made *one* by other methods."

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Collier's The National Weekly for September 3, 1938

Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Beginning a vivid and provocative novel of our times — a story of life and love in an American university

LATE October at Morrison University. The oaks were russet and Shagbark Pond was darkening toward its winter blue, and the perfume of burning leaves was never absent from prairie air. Morrison moved smoothly.

But, "Anything can happen at a university and sooner or later everything does," Dean Oliver Hannan remarked gloomily to President Bradford, saying goodby to him at the railroad station. What had been happening for a month was a violent attack on President Bradford by the Zimmerman papers, a chain that covered the state and was owned by Henry Zimmerman, who was mayor of Benton and intended to be senator. In the eight years of his presidency, Stephen Bradford had made Morrison over and brought it close to leadership in the Middle West, but his scalp appeared to be essential to Henry Zimmerman's campaign. But, a brilliant educator, the president had proved an enthusiastic fighter too. The mudslinging attack had petered out and, clearly the winner, President Bradford could go East for a few days.

"Just keep out of the papers, Oliver," he replied to the older man.

Susanna Bradford, the president's daughter, who had driven them to the station, said, "I think the dean would like to get into the papers. 'Elderly Dean Murders Senator-to-be'— Would you like to make that headline, Uncle Oliver?"

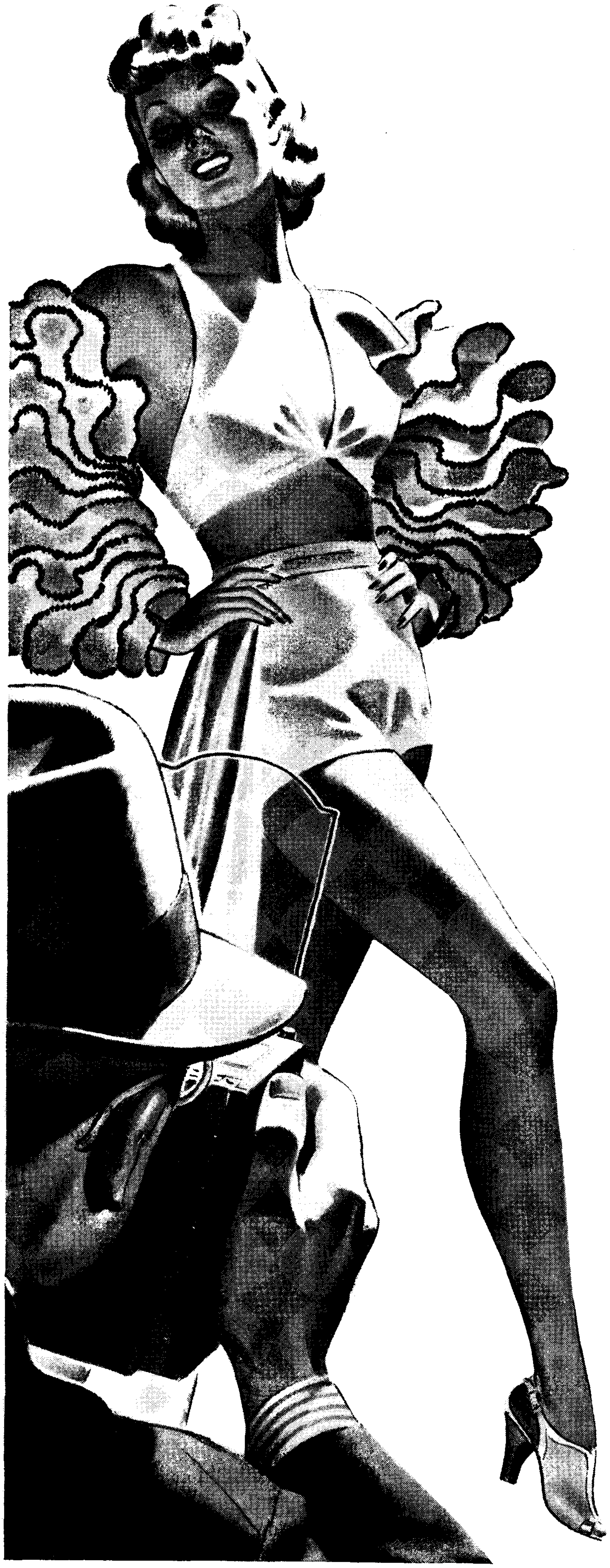
"I am not your uncle, Susanna," the dean said cheerfully, "and I have no criminal impulses. We do not need to murder Henry Zimmerman. Your father is having him elected a trustee—which effaces him far more effectively."

The dean had thought that a new impatience overlay Susanna's beauty this fall. Widowed and childless, he had watched her grow to womanhood with an affection no uncle could have spared, and yet he knew only her surfaces and shallows. Driving away from the station with her, he marked again something melancholy but mutinous in her bearing, too nebulous to have a name but like embers smoldering dangerously. He wanted to say something, yet had nothing to say, and, to his annoyance, Susanna wanted to talk about politics.

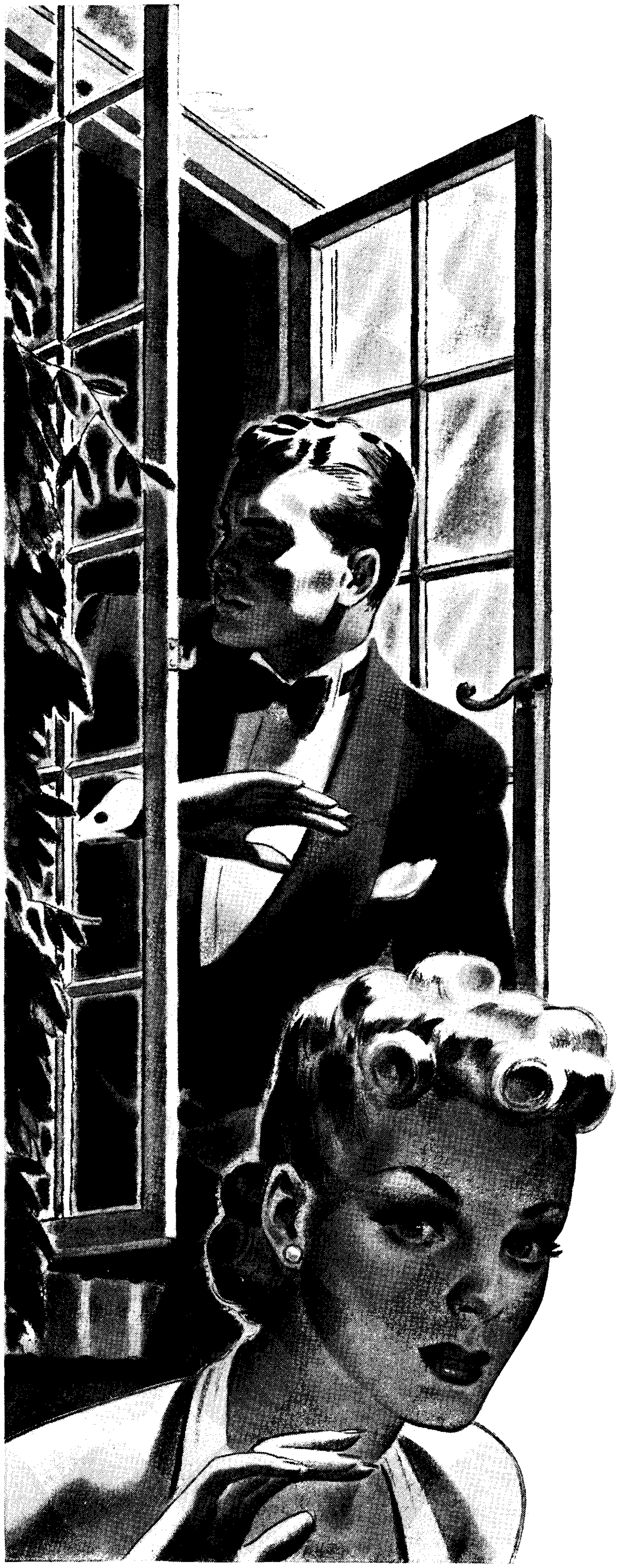
"I would rather call you to the dean's office and direct you to fall in love with some outrageous young man," he said testily. "Why, no, this isn't a victory, it's only a skirmish won. You don't beat a politician, you only hold him off. Morrison University is a football to be kicked around by anyone who wants to point the finger of scorn in the hope of votes. We've won this round. The next round will open when the legislature meets in December and the bills to reorganize our finances come up. They are the capstone to the arch your father has been building. Zimmerman will fight them with every device a shrewd, unscrupulous and practiced politician knows."

"Will we win?" Susanna asked.

"I am betting on Stephen Bradford," the dean said comfortably. "But ten thousand things can happen. Anything



He said, "That'll do. All right, Toots, how about some informal stuff in the dressing room?" "No dice," Betty said



The French windows opened to Alec's urgency. He shoved her through

can happen at a university. . . . Susanna, I would much rather discuss your heart with you."

"It has had a long dry season," she said. "This is a drought year." Her eyes were a level blue, and the dean of Liberal Arts was permitted to read nothing in them.

Anything can happen at a university! The next day, at a roadhouse on the Tetlow River, a newspaper reporter quarreled violently with the proprietor, but the dean could not know that. At the Gamma house, a senior girl agreed to sing and dance in the Foibles, of which another Gamma had already been made the lead, but he could not know that. Nor could he foresee that both events would grow and converge, and blend with a repugnant duty he performed later the same day when, meeting Professor Carl Gilson on the campus, he said to him, "It would be a great shame to refuse the Sowerby Foundation's offer."

Carl Gilson was the youngest full professor on the faculty, probably the youngest professor of sociology anywhere. His brilliant reputation had made him seem a great acquisition for Morrison two years ago, but it was now clear that a mistake had been made that must be rectified at any cost. The Sowerby offer to put him in charge of its research was a providential solution to an ugly problem.

Dr. Gilson was as handsome as he was brilliant. He was poised and cold but his eyes were violent when he said, "I've turned it down."

The dean said quietly, "In the thirty years I've been at Morrison, it has been necessary to ask only one professor to resign."

Dr. Gilson said suavely, "That's an excellent record," and moved away.

The dean sighed. If this unpleasantness had to be done the long, difficult and public way! He shuddered, remembering that anything could happen at a university.

THE first of November brought the president's annual dinner to the trustees. Susanna, who had been her father's hostess and the head of his house since her graduation from Smith and her mother's death two years ago, was principally interested in the behavior of Henry Zimmerman making his first appearance as a trustee. She was disappointed, for he was a model of decorum.

"Except," she said to her father in the drawing room afterward, "that I always wondered what he would look like in evening clothes, and he looks like a pig in a starched bib." She let a gold slipper slide off her foot. "I suppose I can't say that the pig also looked coiled and ready to strike."

The president smiled. "He can only strike in his newspapers until December." He kissed her forehead and, an hour past midnight, went to work in his study.

His praise warmed her but, going to bed, her satisfaction in it ebbed and the moroseness that had grown familiar of late took its place. White shoulders and round arms in a triple mirror were no reassurance; yes, the exterior was personable, abundantly feminine and desirable, but she was frostbitten within.

She lay awake remembering how she had stiffened with apprehension when someone mentioned Alexander Cornish at dinner. She had been alarmed ever since the government had sent him to Morrison on a research project. That she had been able to avoid meeting him for two months was sheer good luck. Inevitably they would meet sooner or later—and she must not dread it! She could be casual and remote—now. Six years had taught her composure: then she had been a schoolgirl but now she was a mature woman. At least mature, she thought bitterly, but no one had thought of her as a woman for a long while. She fell asleep thinking of Dean Hannan's advice. It had been a long drought in her heart!

IT CAME too patly the next morning, a heavy envelope with an astonishing communication inside:

"Be careful. Be more careful than you have ever been. Some of us who have the good of the university at heart are watching the daughter of its president. You would be wise to avoid anything we might disapprove. We do not threaten you. See to it that we have no cause to threaten you. And be intelligent enough to understand that you cannot hide from us anything we want to know."

Susanna had a moment of panic, then the small, careful penmanship roused a furious anger. Someone was playing a very stupid joke—or, for no reason, trying to frighten her. She read again, "than you have ever been," and her knees shook. Could that allude to an imprudence, a folly, ended six years ago? Then she laughed. This was just that she had offended some faculty wife by wearing too expensive a dress. But "we"—could there really be more than one? Some faculty group hostile to her father, some political allies of Henry Zimmerman? . . . Nonsense! It was just a college boy playing a joke on her. She would hear about it at some dance.

She had an impulse to destroy the note, then changed her mind and locked it in her desk. When her father's secretary, Frank Daniels, came to the house on an errand, she asked, "What do you do with anonymous letters, Frank?"

"Why, have you got one?"

"No," Susanna said, "but Father said something at the trustees' dinner. Does he get many?"

"Five or six a month. There's only one thing to do with an anonymous letter—throw it away. If it meant anything it would be signed. Only nuts write them. A college town is just a booby hatch, and all the inmates love to abuse the president. Half of them threaten his life, the other half just threaten his job or reputation."

That must certainly be the explanation. Some crank was trying to attack her father through her and could be ignored.

She came to understand that the frequency with which she encountered Carl Gilson on the Morrison campus or the streets of Webster was not due wholly to chance. His open reputation as a philanderer did not disturb her. His warmth was too ready, his admiration too stressed, so that one remembered how many women had felt them—but nevertheless they were warmth and admiration. So trivial a thing might break the drought.

"You'll be at the Law Faculty dance, Susanna?" he asked, meeting her above a curve of Shagbark Pond. "Don't dance with anyone but me—let's give the tea tables a real sensation."

"But the tea tables have been linking a senior coed with you, Carl. I mustn't intrude on her raptures."

His eyes were provocative. "Shall we make it a real headline? I can dispose of the coed easily enough, and you'll go to the dance with me. The president's daughter and the scandalous sociologist—there's a month's talk. It will make history."

His gaze was a caress and though she knew quite clearly that it was just his habit of approach, she felt an interest, an excitement even, that had been a stranger to her nerves for a long time. But she shook her head. "I won't enter competition with the very young, Carl."

"Then have dinner with me tomorrow night."

(Continued on page 39)

Behind the Marble Mask

Ella May Sales and her nine-year-old twin brother, [illegible], do their lessons by kerosene lamplight in their slum home a few hundred yards from the Army War College. The Real Property Inventory found more than 10,000 homes with neither electricity nor gas, though located in the city limits. Candles are frequently used, adding to the fire hazards in the many ramshackle slum buildings

THEODORE HORYDCZAK

ON YOUR right, ladies and gentlemen, you have Washington the beautiful, a city of lush parks, broad avenues and magnificent marble monuments; a city well fitted to be the capital of a great nation. "Gateway to God," it's called in a song popular at civic celebrations.

On your left you have Washington the filthy. You have a city of slums, blighted areas that give Washington one of the highest death rates in the country; areas that make it, along with the health centers of Arizona and New Mexico, one of the focal points of tuberculosis; areas that foster venereal diseases at the estimated rate of 27,000 new cases a year; areas that produce criminals in such quantities that the city last year ranked fifth among American cities in the number of burglaries, seventh in robberies and auto thefts, eighth in assaults, thirteenth in murders and among the first five in larcenies.

The 3,500,000 tourists who come into Washington every season by everything from plane to pogo stick seldom see the slime behind the town's official "sights." The street slums, with their ramshackle houses and outdoor toilets, are a few squares removed from the regular routes of the rubberneck wagons. The rooming-house slums seem from the street no worse than middle-class dwellings—the casual visitor cannot see the bathrooms used by scores of people packed into the buildings at the rate of four and five to a room, or the old-fashioned oil stoves that pass for heating plants, or the colonies of scuttling water bugs in every corner of the damp "apartments."

The alley slums, real heart of Washington's social problems, are even better concealed. Between 150 and 175 of the city's alleys contain dwellings. Some are complete communities; all are sheltered by surrounding buildings. The Negro residents are clannish—inclined to resent violently the intrusion of folks from outside. Police, at night, go into the alleys in pairs, whisking through in automobiles. Squads of half a dozen are mobilized on the frequent occasions when a murder or serious brawl must be investigated. Alley children often make a regular habit of thievery, working themselves up gradually from robbing other children to big-time crime.

All the alley houses are more than 30 years old, and some antedate the Civil War, having once been slave and servant quarters for the street houses. Rents average about $14 a house, but sometimes the dwellings are let by the room, one family to a room and no limit on the size of the family. The alleys became a social problem after the Civil War when 30,000 liberated slaves followed the ancient custom of coming to live with relatives in Washington. The present alley population is conservatively estimated at 10,000, but an exact count is impossible. A good percentage of the city's domestic workers come from the dirty alley communities.

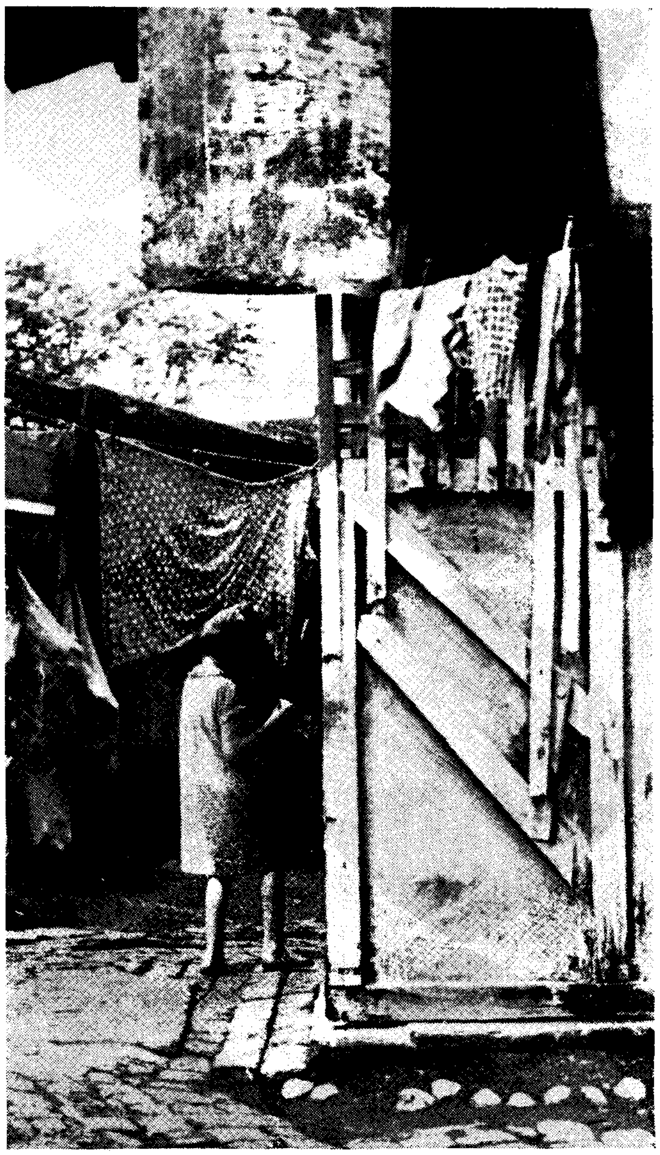
Washington has few tenement-type slums. Following a free-swinging plan worked out by L'Enfant in 1791, the town is designed with the roominess of an old limousine. Building lots are generally deep, and the height of buildings is carefully regulated to prevent private structures from overshadowing the glorious federal offices. The generous use of land explains the existence of the alleys—when the city grew, it could no longer afford to have large waste areas in the rears of houses, so dwellings were put up facing the alleyways.

The whole slum area makes an unhealthy halo around The Mall, the vast park that runs through the heart of town, flanked by glittering federal buildings and bounded on the east by the Capitol and on the west by the Lincoln Memorial. The Capitol itself is the heart of the worst alley district, and the new Mellon Art Gallery will be guarded north and south, at a respectful distance, by some of the dankest slums.

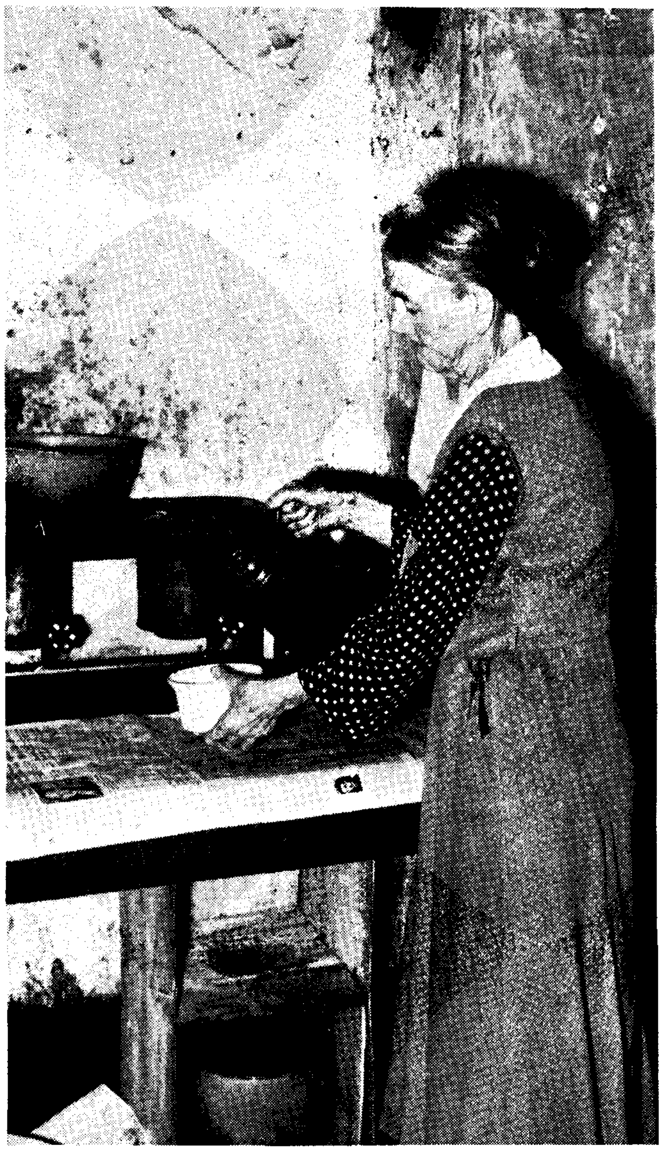
Despite the comparative abundance of light and air, the city's residences are overcrowded, even in the better neighborhoods. Some 40,000 living units, more than one-fourth the city's total, are estimated to have more than one person to a room, counting the kitchen as a room. Yet rents are among the highest in the country. It is virtually impossible to get a vacant house with inside toilet and running water for $25 a month.

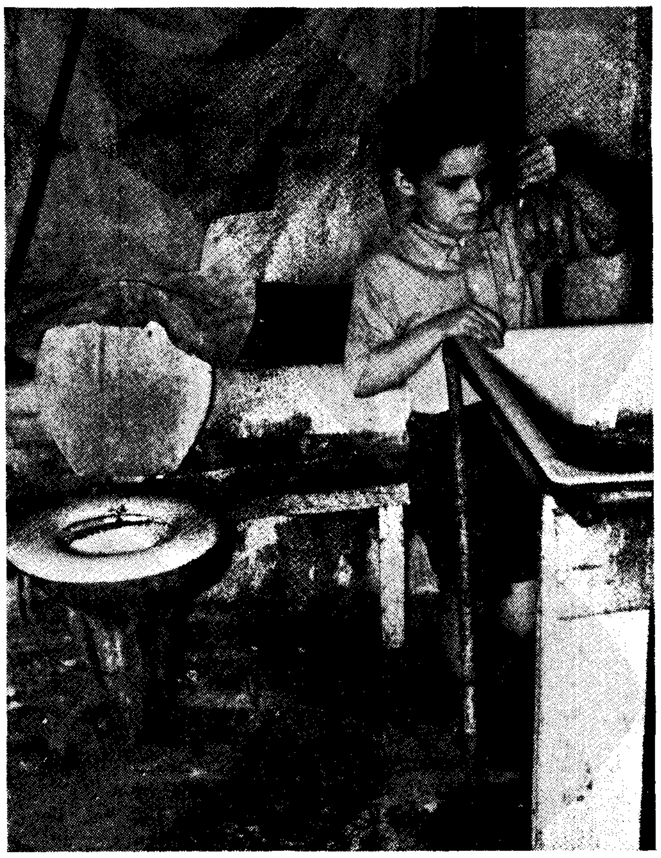
Little has been done before about Washington's slums, even while millions were being poured into gilt and granite public buildings. The Alley Dwelling Authority, created in 1934 and

Little Ida May Van Sciver's back yard adjoins a stable, where horses are rented out for rides in near-by Potomac Park. The Van Scivers are bothered by the stable's flies, but they have the consolation of being close to the new $13,000,000 Interior Department Building

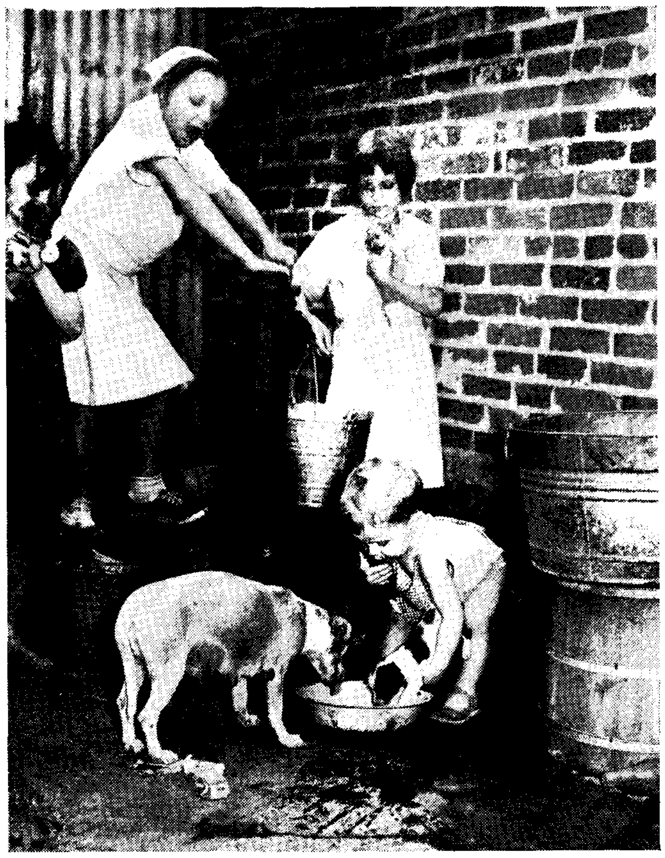


Mrs. Martha Mitchell, 74 years old, shares one room with her son and two grandchildren. She says that the walls leak badly in wet weather, which explains the peeling plaster and the moldy smell. She considers the $10-a-month rent that she pays for these quarters too high



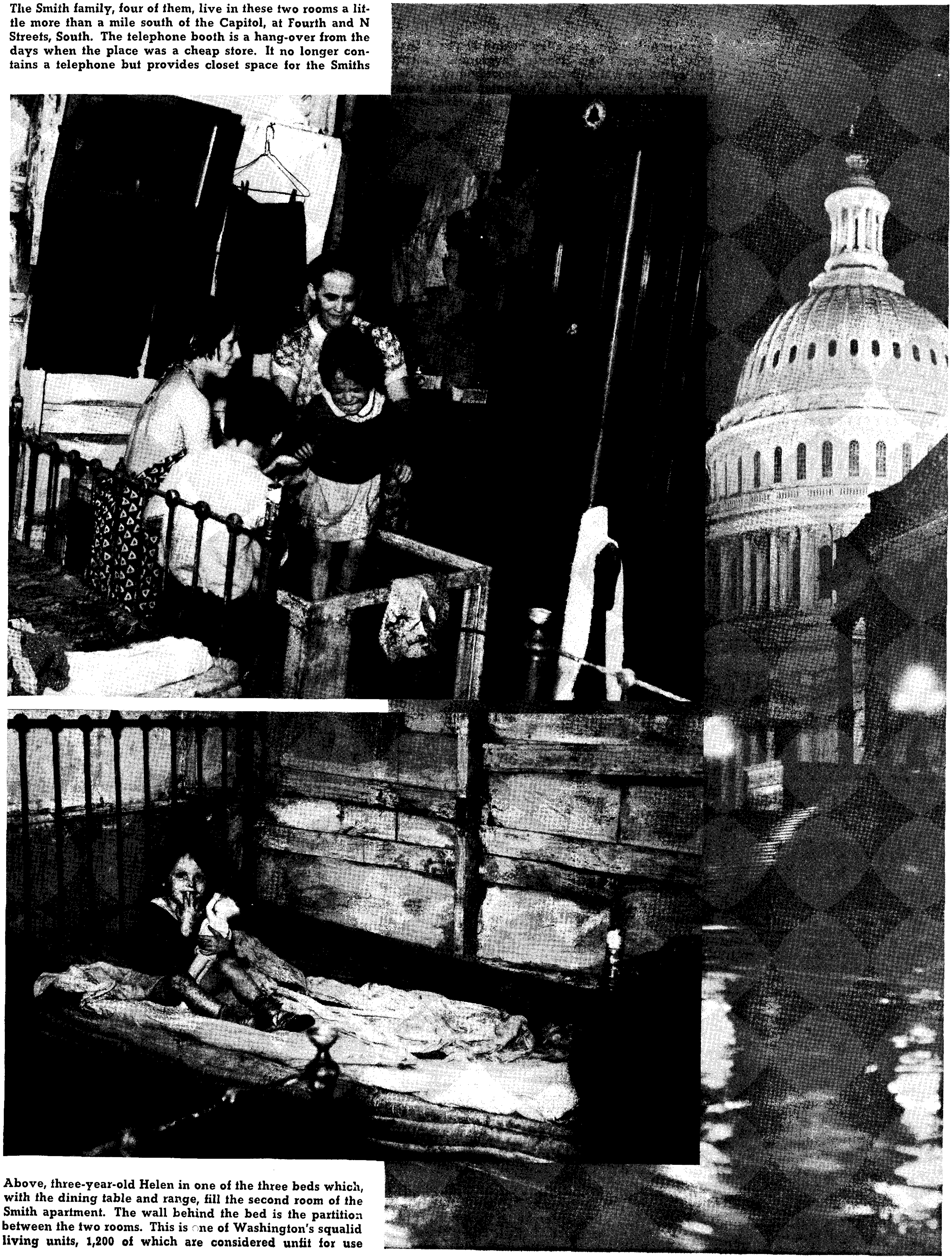


Some of the indoor toilets in the slum dwellings are almost as bad as those outside. In numerous cases, 15 or 20 people use a single toilet. One of the most persistent complaints to the local health department is that even the few indoor toilets fail to operate



Nine people and nine dogs live in one tiny house in historic Georgetown, across the street from the old Chesapeake & Ohio canal which the government plans to make into a park. The house, like 4,000 others in the nation's capital, has no indoor water supply

The Smith family, four of them, live in these two rooms a little more than a mile south of the Capitol, at Fourth and N Streets, South. The telephone booth is a hang-over from the days when the place was a cheap store. It no longer contains a telephone but provides closet space for the Smiths



Above, three-year-old Helen in one of the three beds which, with the dining table and range, fill the second room of the Smith apartment. The wall behind the bed is the partition between the two rooms. This is one of Washington's squalid living units, 1,200 of which are considered unfit for use

THEODORE HORYDCZAK

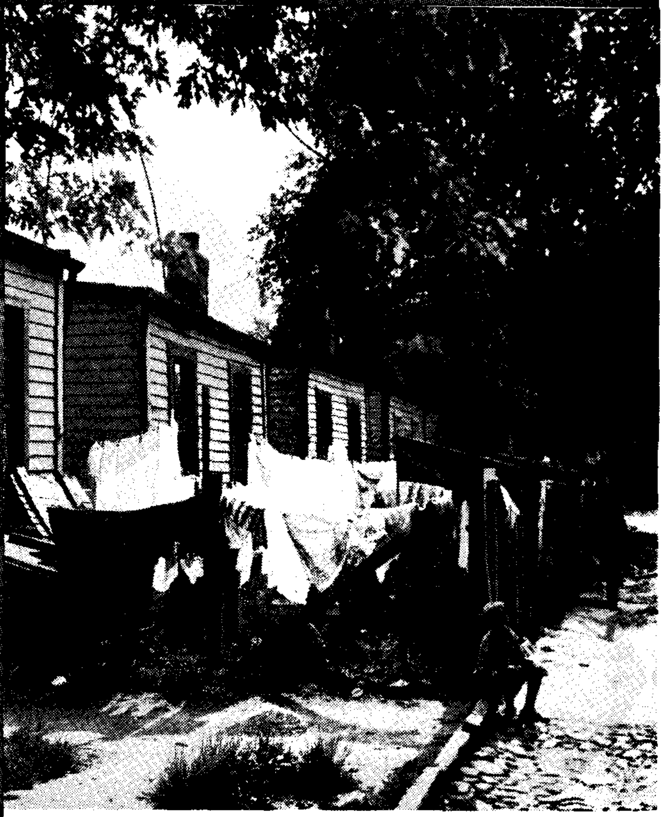
HORYDCZAK

endowed with the magnificent sum of $865,000, managed in four years to rehouse, at high rents, less than 100 of the 20,000 families in need of rehousing. A single PWA apartment house took care of another 274. Completely voteless under the Constitution, the city had no senators and no congressmen to press for federal slum-clearance money. It lacked even elected local officials who might have bullied the politicians.

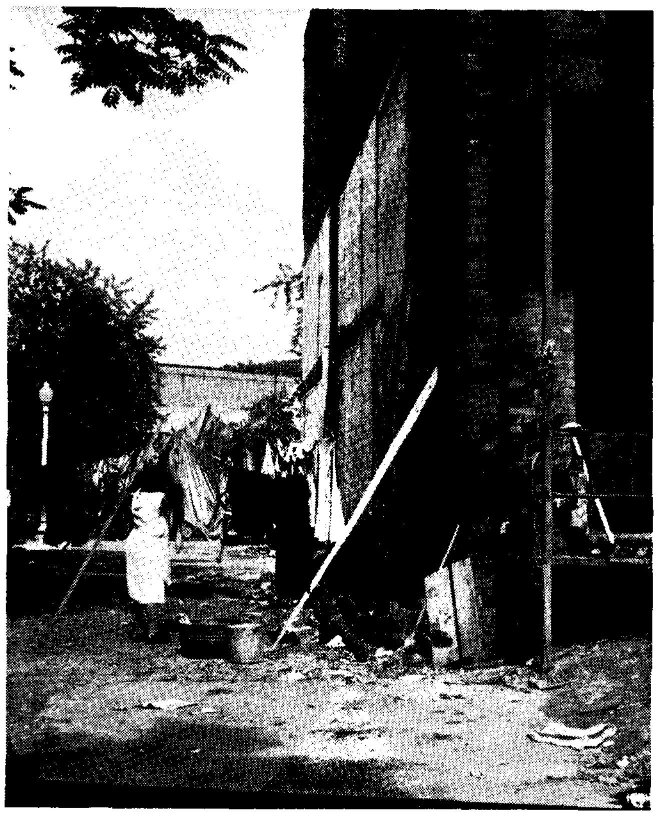
Nathan Straus, administrator of the new United States Housing Authority, stumbled upon the grim slums less than 300 yards from the building in which he has his air-conditioned office. With a characteristic leap of enthusiasm he decided to do *something—fifteen million* dollars' worth of something.

Detroit has either received or has been promised $34,700,000 for slum work; Philadelphia rates $34,100,000; Chicago, $32,000,000; Cleveland, $28,700,000; Los Angeles, $25,000,000. Washington's $15,000,000 would take care of about 3,000 families—a small part of the squalor behind the marble mask.

Between Congress and PWA, more millions will be poured into government buildings during the next few years. Most of them will be built where the worst slums are now. But the slums will not vanish. They will simply shift to another locality.

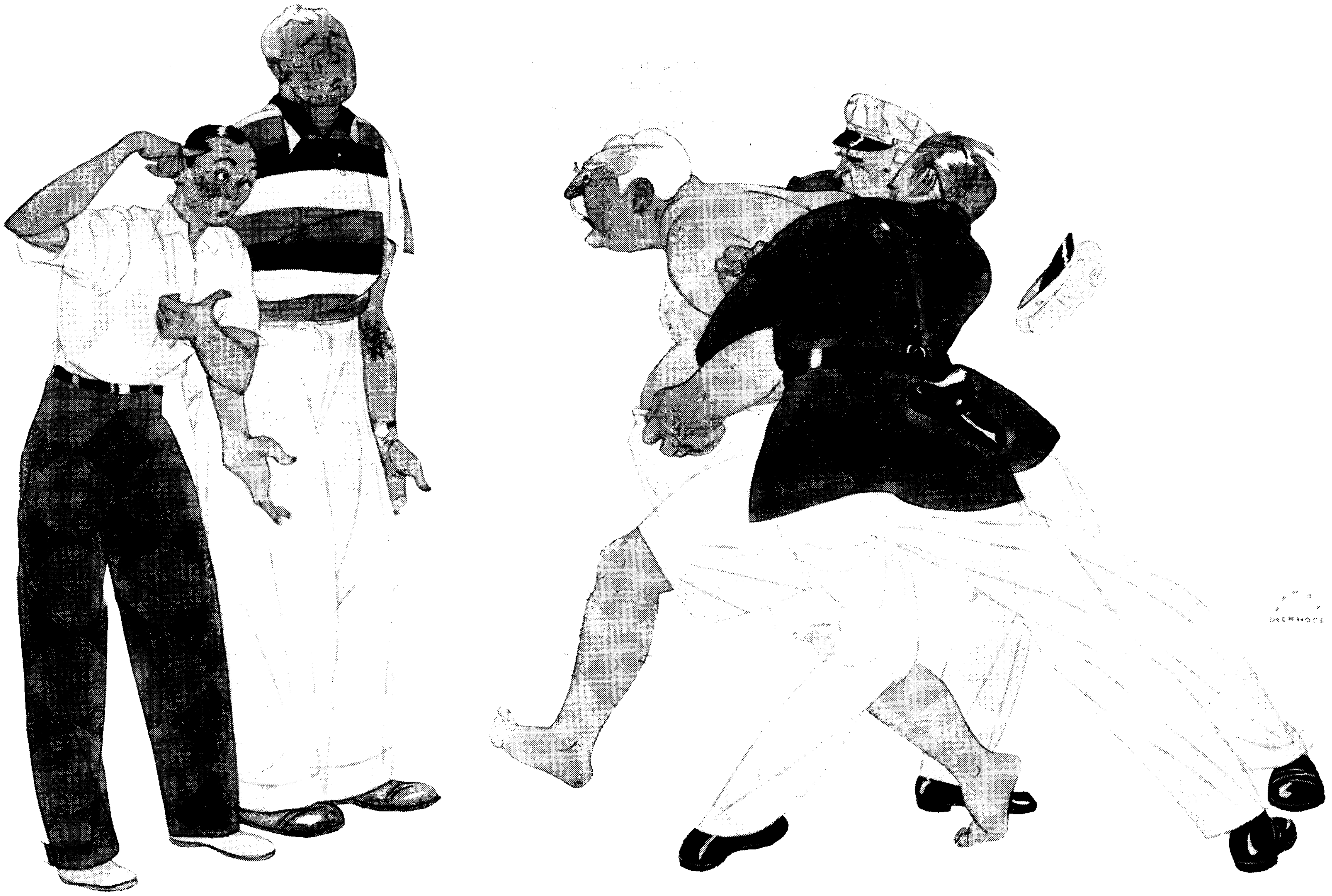


Willowtree Alley playground for Negroes looks out on scenes like this. Years ago, Congress discovered that Senate barbershop towels were being laundered here, razed the alley and built the playground that is now well surrounded by the rears of slum houses



Washington's Washwoman's Row. The Row is part of Logan Court, a large alley community just off Pierce Street near North Capitol Street. It has its own gin mill, and police, at least after dark, visit it in pairs. The alley is supposedly the hideaway of many criminals, and its residents sometimes go to extremes to protect their brethren

PHOTOGRAPHS OF WASHINGTON'S SLUMS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



"Take it easy, Uncle," the sergeant said. "We'll soon have you back safely at the Bide-A-Wee"

Sailor's Tale

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

More monkey business for the stalwart firm of Dunnevan & Linn

A PASSIONATE red sun was sinking behind Point Loma while all around Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, as they sprawled on the beach at Coronado, sex reared its empty head. But the firm of Dunnevan & Linn, Force *and* Brains, Inc., was occupied with sober economics.

"Benny?"

"Yeah."

"It comes to eleven bucks and sixty-three cents and that's plenty fer us to do a forty-eight liberty on, unless Millicent and Georgine go to ordering steaks."

"Steaks! Not whilst *I'm* conscious they won't."

Ordinarily this assurance from Seaman Linn would have brought a happy sigh of relief, heartsease and balm to Fireman Dunnevan. Just now, however, Fireman Dunnevan was too sorely oppressed by what poets have called "the relentless bludgeonings of dull facts." And the facts were that Millicent and Georgine would undoubtedly want to order steaks; that Tim and Benny were not any too solid with these ladies due to previous necessary economies, and that Fireman Dunnevan, never one to borrow trouble, saw stormy seas ahead.

"Them three-horse parlays is too risky," lamented Fireman Dunnevan. "We should've bet on only one horse, Benny. Yerse!"

Seaman Linn, regarding the Pacific Ocean as if it were his private duck pond, grinned with a lofty nonchalance.

"God loves U. S. sailors if their hearts are pure, Tim!" he said.

"Yerse, but Millicent an' Georgine ain't—"

A quick gesture from Seaman Linn silenced him. On the other side of the pile of black rocks that marked the end of the Hotel del Coronado breakwater, a man and a maid had paused to quarrel:

"... it's an awfully mean trick to play on your dad, Sharon!"

"Pooh. He's played lots of meaner tricks on Mother and me."

"But are you sure it will work?"

"It's got to work, Mike! Unless Daddy is cured he'll never make Admiral—"

"But darling, I'm only an ensign—"

"Rocky's going to help us—and he's only a flying cadet."

"That guy!"

"He's got courage."

"Oh, I'm not afraid. But it seems such a terrible risk to take—I mean the whole scheme might backfire and do your dad more harm than good—"

"Very well. Rocky and I will do it alone!"

"I can't allow that, Sharon."

"Oh, you can't?"

"Rocky is unworthy to associate with you—and certainly not to be trusted in a dangerous practical joke where the slightest slip might be disastrous."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Sharon, wait . . . Sharon . . . I'll do it! . . . I'll help you . . . of course, I've got to help you. . . ."

The voices faded into the roar of surf and the gabble of bathers around the hotel pool. Seaman Linn cautiously peeked over his rampart of boulders. He winced and signaled for Fireman Dunnevan, who, blinking, took a look at the couple now strolling hand in hand across the sandy esplanade. The statuesque and brunet beauty of the maiden left Fireman Dunnevan unmoved but he snorted with indignation as he identified the young man with her.

"Agh! . . . it's our Mr. Noonan. Benny!"

"Yeah. With Sharon Chalmers."

Benny and Tim exchanged worried glances. Ensign Mike Noonan was the "baby officer" of their ship, the Destroyer Trimble. A naïve and sentimental Irishman, he had gained great popularity with the Trimble's enlisted personnel. Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, always in need of a gullible advocate, had adopted Ensign Noonan as their especial pet.

"Agh, now—that dizzy Chalmers gal!" blurted Fireman Dunnevan. "Pickin' on Mister Noonan that don't know his way around yet, daggone her!"

Seaman Linn spat disgustedly.

"She was talkin' him into pulling some kind of a gag on her old man, Tim."

"She was? What'd they say, Benny?"

"Wasn't you listening?"

"Yerse, but they only said it wunst."

The gist of the conversation

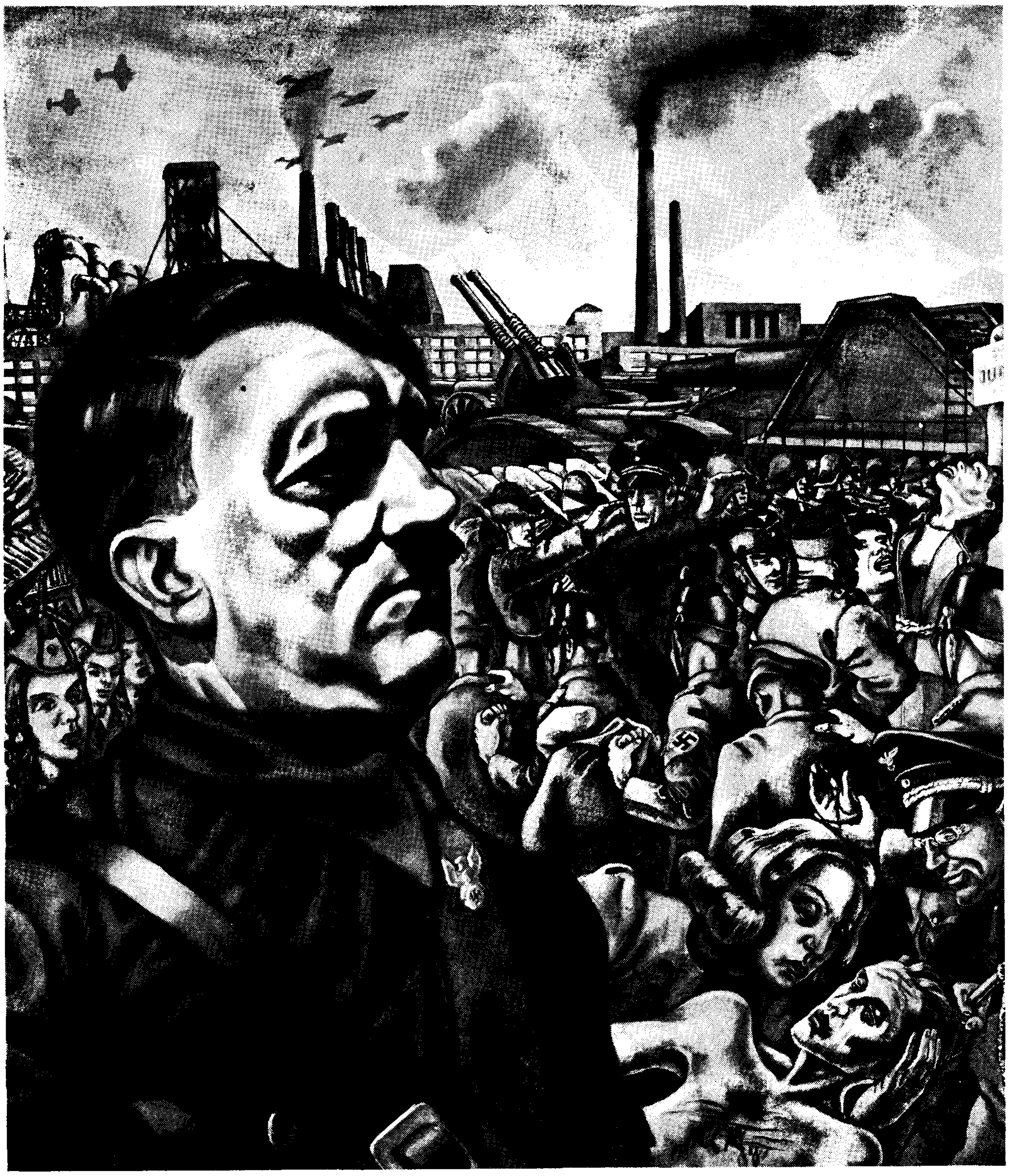
(*Continued on page* 33)

Dictators on Dynamite

By Winston Churchill

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDOLF CARL VON RIPPER

"The dictatorship will last a thousand years!" That's the most modest estimate made by any of Europe's strong men. But their actions betray them—a hint of criticism sends them into a paroxysm. And there's good reason for these jitters. Under the official censorship, force is silently building up—and there's no release except explosion



Germany today has well-trained armies and a gigantic air force. From her arsenals pours an endless flow of war materials. But behind is the blight of a rigid state control that destroys enterprise

JUST over thirty years ago a youth of seventeen presented himself at the Academy in Vienna. He had only ten dollars in his pocket, but under his arm was a roll of drawings with which he hoped to win wealth and fame. The drawings were praised but rejected, and the youth became a builder's laborer. The son of a customs official and a woman of some taste and culture, he had little in common with the men among whom he worked. Every instinct in him revolted against the crude Marxist catchwords that they mouthed so glibly. They, in turn, laughed at his Bavarian dialect, and tried to force him to join their trade union. He refused—and was unmoved by threats of physical violence. Even the fact that his non-unionism made employment difficult to obtain could not shake him.

He spent five years in Vienna—years of poverty and unhappiness. He felt himself born to greatness, but here his every ambition was thwarted: all that he believed in was mocked and despised. Round him flowed the gay, colorful life of the Hapsburg capital. He saw it all as a dance of death—the death of that Germanic spirit to which, under the Wagnerian spell, he had dedicated his life. The font of German honor, he told himself, was being poisoned. He looked for the poisoners—and found the Jews. When, in 1912, he came to Munich as a painter in water colors he was convinced that Socialism and International Jewry were the twin dragons that he, a new Siegfried, was called to combat.

In these same prewar years another young man was serving his apprenticeship to battle. He, also, had been a bricklayer's assistant. But he did not shrink from his workmates. There was no bitterness in his labor, only the joy of craftsmanship. He is still proud that he knows how to build a round-arched window. He, also, experienced poverty. He slept under bridges. He went hungry. But he clung always to the one small article of value he possessed—his "emblem of the ideal of humanity," a medallion bearing the image of Karl Marx. And nothing could quench his vitality, not even prison into which he was thrown as a vagrant, an agitator, the associate of anarchists. He studied, he wrote, he made speeches. He hewed his way to leadership. At twenty-nine he was editor of the one Socialist daily of his country. He was the acknowledged spokesman of an important section of Socialist opinion. Everywhere he was talked of as a coming man.

Events Make the Man

The war changed the lives of those two young men. The aftermath of war brought them opportunity. Both seized it. *Today, Herr Hitler is dictator of* Germany and Signor Mussolini is dictator of Italy. But there is between them one vital difference: had there been no war and no aftermath, Signor Mussolini would still have been great. There is a difference equally vital between the nations over which these two men rule. Under any government Germany would still be formidable. It is, perhaps, just as well for the world that Signor Mussolini was not born a German.

To say that is not to disparage Herr Hitler or to diminish his significance. Had not the hour called them and the onrushing current of events swept them to the summit, Cromwell would have lived and died a brewer, Washington a country gentleman, Robespierre a dry, dull provincial lawyer, drinking his glass of milk every morning and reading Rousseau in his study after the day's work was done. Like these men, Hitler is an instrument of destiny. He embodies the revolt of Germany against the hard fortune of war, the soul-compelling surge of a warrior nation against defeat, its passion for rehabilitation and revenge. Riding forward on this tide, he rules Germany today.

Signor Mussolini belongs to a rarer type. He is not the prisoner, nor the instrument, of forces outside himself. He follows no path but his own. He uses the events and circumstances of post-war Italy as he would have used those of any other clime and century. He is all-powerful not because of what he expresses or represents but because of what he is.

He owes something, of course, to his period. It has given him greater opportunities than more settled times would have afforded. It has added to the leadership that would have been his in any case as the pioneer—the discoverer. He it was who ushered in the epoch of the dictators.

The world can never be the same after Mussolini. Until he appeared the whole movement of revolutionary thought was international, and its momentum lurched, as it seemed, inevitably toward the left. Every demagogue, however violent, was always afraid of being outbid by some other agitator who would go farther and cared little if his country fared worse. If one declared he would turn the world upside down, another could cap him by promising to turn it inside out. Progressive society had got on the slippery slope. Great thinkers assumed far too readily that progress could take place only in one direction—from Liberalism to Radicalism, from Radicalism to Socialism, from Socialism to Communism, and soon to the frantic ranges of sterile, destructive thought.

Bolshevism Menacing Italy

This movement, born originally in the blood bath of the French Reign of Terror, found its culmination in the Bolshevik revolution that successively devoured all forms of moderate progress. On the morrow of the Great War, when millions of men, trained to arms, to whom slaughter was routine, looked for something new, Communist propagandists were everywhere, and the Bolshevik triumph a portent before which it seemed the whole world must succumb.

The Bolshevik fever threatened to spread beyond the bounds of semi-Asiatic Russia. By a supreme effort, defeated Germany threw it off. It menaced Italy with mortal danger. Everywhere in Italy one read scrawled upon the walls, "W LENIN," meaning "Eviva Lenin." The royal and parliamentary government could make no head against this flood. Everywhere in the streets and villages Communist bullies murdered their political opponents and terrorized the mass of the population. The workmen seized the factories and tried to work them, not even for the benefit of the community, but as private properties of their own.

Disorganization spread through every walk of life and every service of the state. The name of Italy was despised by the Italian people. Officers in uniform were insulted whenever they appeared, pulled out of trains and belabored. The trains themselves ceased to run with any reference to the timetables. The national flag was spat upon. Then, suddenly, a few hundred men, taking their lives in their hands, challenged all this squalid and ferocious truculence. They struck back. They entered the streets and confronted the Communists, ready to die and resolute to kill. At the head of this desperate band was Mussolini.

He was a revolutionary still. But Marx was no longer his prophet. Long ago, in his Socialist days, his acute and free-ranging mind had discerned the fallacies of this false internationalism, with its bleak denial of nation and race and tradition. He had laughed to scorn the attempt "to realize an ephemeral internationalism among workers who do not really feel themselves to be brethren," and roundly declared that it was "impossible to render those persons identical who are fundamentally distinct." To him patriotism was real; it was a passion in the blood. It had separated him from his Socialist colleagues. It had made him the supreme and successful advocate of Italian intervention in the war. It had sent him to fight in the ranks against the Austrians: to share the hardships and perils of the trenches, and to be wounded in his country's cause. It now steeled him to resist this monstrous Bolshevism against which Italian politicians and parties, the police and the armed forces of the crown alike seemed powerless and spineless.

In the twinkling of an eye, in a thunderclap, Fascism was born. Mussolini's appeal to the traditions of ancient Rome proved more potent and compelling than the promise of a Communist Utopia to be secured by killing the landlords, the capitalists and the employers, and having everything managed by officials. He found himself at the head of millions of men, many of whom six months before had scrawled "W Lenin" on the walls, and now as gladly scrawled "W MUSSOLINI." He marched to Rome, where the constitutional king, but yesterday the butt of Communist malevolence, welcomed him with tactful and timely confidence. The first Fascist state was born. The world had learned that democracy, taken in the best way at the best moment by the best men, could just as easily be led to the right as to the left.

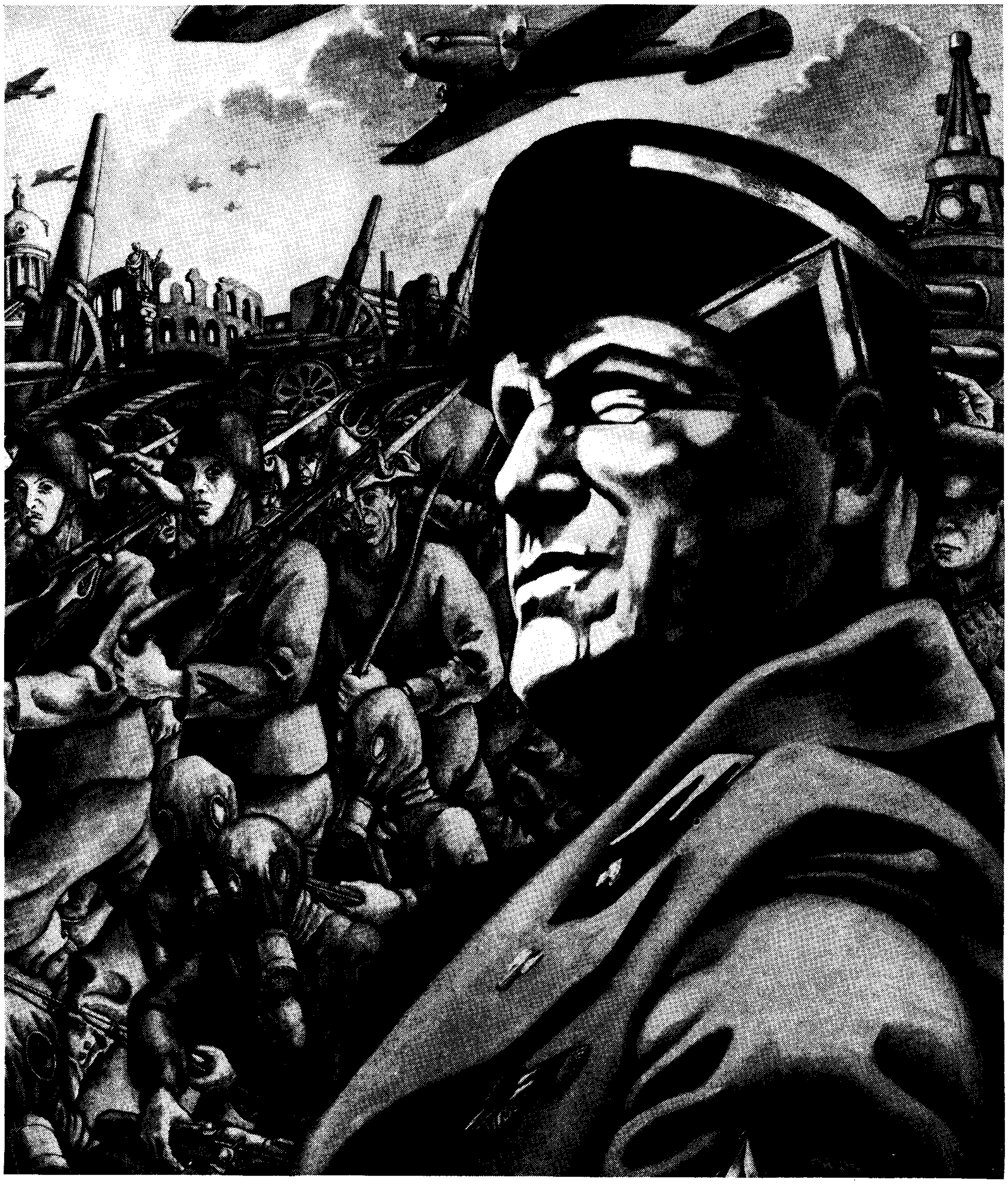
Not for Anglo-Saxons

We may be thankful that nothing like this has happened in Britain or the United States. It would be intolerable to the Anglo-Saxon nature to live under a Fascist regime. No community of the English-speaking people, long trained in citizenship, has been found willing to surrender its ancient freedoms to the unchecked, absolute rule of one man, however wise and just. But if we have our traditions of parliament and democracy, the Italians might look back to the far older Roman tradition of dictatorship in time of peril.

In Italy the arrival of Mussolini at the summit of power changed the whole mood and vision of the Italian people. All, or almost all, set to work with enthusiasm to build up the greatness of their country. Authority was respected. The flag so lately trampled underfoot was hoisted by ardent and innumerable hands. The trains ran punctually. The factories resumed production. The peasants tilled their fields with a new vigor and a new hope. Everyone individually felt proud to be an Italian. Nothing like this transformation had ever been seen in the secular history of the world. All the plastic crowds, which might have been regimented under the hammer-and-sickle of Asiatic Communism, were rallied in multitudinous assemblies beneath the fasces of ancient Rome. Liberty was lost, but Italy was saved.

All the world wondered how this ex-Socialist, ex-journalist, ex-serviceman, Mussolini, would stand the supreme test of dictatorial power. When, presently, it was seen that he could make a concordat with the Pope about religion and an arrangement with Soviet Russia about trade, it was evident that here was a

(Continued on page 26)



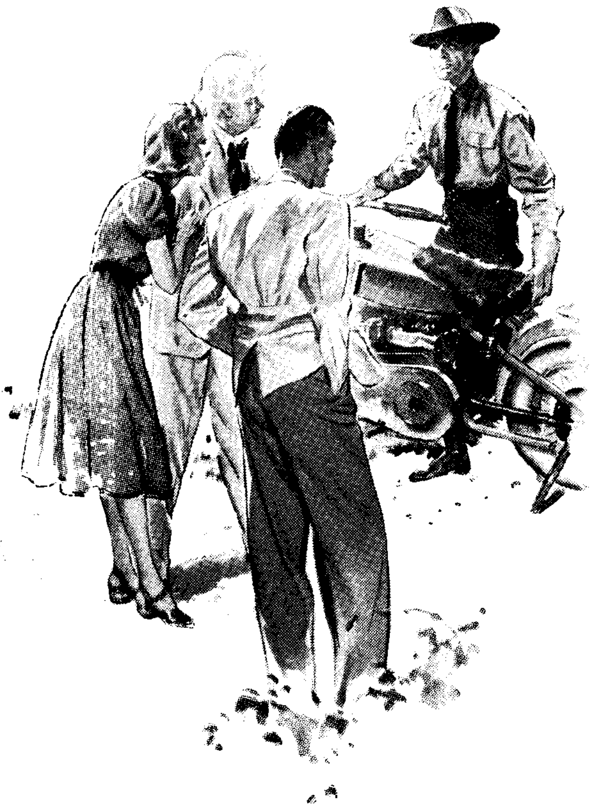
Mussolini can justly claim to have transformed Italy. But heavy has been the price in liberty and comfort for these advantages; hard the reckoning for African conquest and Spanish adventure

Seeds of Discord

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Neila Ballard thought the man she loved had lied to her. She had plenty of excitement in the next few hours



The inspector slowly split the seed and his lips formed the word, "Empty" once before he said it again, aloud

NEILA BALLARD came out of the house and drew a deep breath. The garden was perfect, daffodil and primrose yellows, soft pink, porcelain blue, with leaves wet and shining.

The morning was the sort for miracles. Like success in her father's endeavor to produce scarlet pansies, free from orange-brown wallflower hues. Like finding a way to bring lilies to early blossom from seed, replacing the slow process of bulblets and bulbs, on which Neila herself was working. Or like having Charley Ingram back from the Orient, saying, "How's crops, farmer? Let's grow turnips together." And having her father approve of it.

She waited on the brick walk for Dr. Ballard. . . .

Dr. Ballard, up sufficiently long to have started baking earth for seed boxes, paused as he rounded the house. When he thought, "More lovely every year," he meant girl as well as garden. The sun, as he watched, slanted across Neila's head, turning her hair to the same gold as the agathaea's central disk. Her eyes were blue as the flower's rays, and she was as graceful as any flower in the garden.

Girl and garden, the emeritus professor of botany felt, belong together. She was happy here. He was not a selfish man; he could not hope to keep her here forever, but, for her sake, he ought to insist on a proper environment for her. Neila was made for gardens, where there was only peace, quiet happiness.

One of the younger men in Ballard's old department would make an ideal husband, and the botanist believed Neila liked Martin Calderwood considerably. Mart was able to say words like calceolaria, but he had also been a fine halfback, kept up his tennis and was going far. Far in the sense of advancement. Not making a lot of money. But not forever dashing about heaven knows where, like Charles Ingram.

The emeritus professor chuckled, thinking of Ingram. Oh, a likable scamp, and successful. Dr. Ballard had been informed that the affairs of the Ingram bank, which Charles handled abroad, were of real importance. However, Charles was not the man for Neila. She would be acutely unhappy as his wife, once the flush of excitement dimmed. She needed roots, and not jaunts to Borneo, Japan, London, Rome.

Neila stood up; her father had not the slightest hint that she had been thinking of the same person as he. "Did you have your coffee before you came out?" she demanded. "And don't change the subject, either."

"Did you look? Yes? Well, then, I didn't."

Neila said, "A morning like this makes you want to sing."

"Imagine waking on such a day in an apartment."

If Neila flushed, her brown cheeks hid the red; she could imagine it. It was she who changed the subject: "The double camellia buds are going to blast again. So cottonseed meal didn't help any."

"I had thought that additional root strength might prevent blasting." Dr. Ballard glanced at the unaffected single varieties, the buds of which were preparing to open in every shade from alabaster white to crimson. "The next thing is to graft the doubles to a *wild rootstock*."

Neila sniffed. "That's what going without your coffee does to you. Where will you get wild camellia cuttings to make your stock? You can't import them. Why, it's even illegal to import the wild seed."

"A man can always slip seeds, even if they're large, into his pocket," Dr. Ballard said. "Or hide them in a package of cigarettes, perhaps. I'll wager that the customs people would never think of looking there."

"You asked Charley to do it!"

Dr. Ballard said placidly, "No, no. Absolutely not. I may have mentioned the difficulty in securing such seed, and in the course of conversation mentioned the name of a man from whom they could be obtained. But that was all."

"I hope you go to jail," Neila smiled. She added casually, "When's Charles coming back?"

"I've no idea." Ballard wondered how he'd started talking about Ingram. Neila showed too much interest. Didn't she see that the man who'd accommodate a friend by smuggling wasn't the sort to marry? A man like that would always be in trouble. It was comforting, however, to feel that Charles, if detected, wouldn't discuss the reason for having the forbidden seed, and the bank could get Ingram out of the mess, should he be caught. It wasn't anything to worry about. So, "He'll turn up," said the botanist. "Let's go to breakfast."

HE DECIDED, as they walked, to invite Martin for dinner.

"Flowers," said Dr. Ballard, intending to lead up to this decision and give it importance, "even have peaceful names. Take camellias: Apple Blossom and Snow Maid; Matsukasa, Dai Kagura; the double red Te Deum; the trailing White Dove. Our world," he went on earnestly, "is within our hedges. Outside, *there may be turmoil* . . . listen, right now, to some idiot attempting to elude a traffic officer on the highway! . . . and then look about us here."

"I know you love it," Neila said gently. "So do I."

"Love is the word for it. Love and peace are the same thing. I want both for you." He raised his voice, for the sounds, dominated by a siren, were closer, and noise battered back and forth in the valley. "Tell Fong," he said loudly, "to have an extra good dinner tonight. I thought I'd ask . . . . good heavens, a *man can't hear himself think!* It must be an ambulance."

As the din approached, and grew, along the highway beyond the hedge, Neila heard the high-pitched squeal of tires making a too-sharp turn, and then the sound of gravel against the undersides of fenders. The car, quite near, must have turned off the road and into some driveway.

She said, "Could that be Charles, with the revenue men after him?"

"Impossible. No steamer's arrived. Even if one had, and Charles were on it, and had the seed, and were followed, he would know enough not to come here."

Then Dr. Ballard swallowed whatever else he might have been going to say to reassure himself, because the machine was racing up his own driveway. Past the row of lilacs the car shot, and past the bare-branched persimmon. Brakes were slammed on, sending a hail of gravel against the steps. A man jumped out.

Dr. Ballard cried, "Charles! Throw them all away! Quick!"

Neila, even as Ingram turned and started coming toward them, knew that her heart was beating so that it hurt. No other man, including Martin Calderwood, had that effect on her. She didn't think anything about contraband seed.

THE siren's blaring smothered whatever Ingram called as he waved; then the motorcycle that had been pursuing him swerved up, past car and house, and the traffic officer spraddled off, leaving his front tire in the border.

"Just speeding," Dr. Ballard muttered. Thank heaven. It'd not have been pleasant to be connected with the smuggling of seeds from Japan, seeds that, unless properly treated, might have brought foreign pests or plant diseases to the country. No need to worry now. He called, "Keep them, Charles!"

The tall man might have nodded, although the botanist wasn't sure. Ingram did say, to Neila, "Hello, hayseed."

The officer spoke next, and he was angry. He snapped, "Look here—"

Dr. Ballard, completely relieved, said, "Young man, I'll thank you to get your motorcycle out of my flowers."

"Sorry, sir." The officer faced Ingram. "I just gave you a warning the first time, Mr. Ingram. And then just's soon as you thought I was out of sight you whoop it up again. Nice of you!"

Ingram said to Neila, "I was afraid you needed help in harvesting the onions, and that if you didn't get the crop in you'd lose the old homestead."

"Get in your car," the officer said. "And I'll follow you to town. The judge'll know what to do."

"Before you go," Dr. Ballard said, knowing that men were sometimes searched in jail, "have you . . . er . . . anything for me, Charles?"

"Yes, sir." Ingram took a small packet from his pocket. "Here you are."

Dr. Ballard promptly put the package out of sight. "Well, Charles," he said, "come see us when you can. Always glad to have you."

"That's gratitude," said Neila. To the officer, "You stopped him once and he did the same thing again?"

"Two violations in ten minutes." The officer added, "I was sorry I didn't pick you up the first time when I was just chasin' you. I mean it was an expensive new car, and you didn't have a driver's license, and the car might've been stolen from Mr. Ingram, in whose name it was just registered." He turned to Dr. Ballard. "He *is* Charles Ingram, sir?"

"Who else," Dr. Ballard snorted, "could start so much excitement over nothing on a beautiful placid morning?"

The officer had pulled out his pad. Grinning, he said, "He told me a good one, sir. Said he'd been followed ever since landin' from the Clipper, after flyin' the Pacific. Said somebody accosted him at the field. Said he was drivin' along nice and slow, enjoyin' the mornin', after he left San Francisco, and a car came up behind him; a man with a gun—he *said* —told him to pull over. *(Continued on page 53)*

"

Man from the Sea

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The story of a playboy who was lucky enough to be thrown off his yacht

CLINGING with weak hands to the barnacled pile, Jimmy had a solemn thought: he knew something that very few other living people knew.

He knew the feeling a man has at the instant of being murdered in cold blood.

Because it had just happened to him.

And it is a very simple feeling—merely a horrified, shocked disbelief. . . .

The ebb tide, whispering like a conspirator in the darkness, gently tugged his sagging body half away from the pile; but his hands, gouging for fingerholds among the slimy, cutting masses of barnacles, were out of water and as they dried they became sticky with blood.

After a long time, he found a big bolt driven through the pile and he shifted one hand to that rusty iron. It gave him a chance to look around a little.

Back out there, from where he had come, the running tide of the estuary was an empty blackness. The lights of the yacht were gone, vanished seaward while he had been swimming. The last warmth of the brandy-and-sodas had burned out into sick ashes of weariness, and his teeth began to rattle horribly. When he clamped his jaws, his whole head shook.

Letting the current slue him around a little, he stared in the other direction. Toward shore, and the lights he had been making for while the tide swept him past.

NOW that he had time to look at them, they seemed queer, detached from the shore, like the lights of a floating village. He could hear somebody playing an accordion, and a voice, raised in a bar of song, ended with a whoop and a burst of laughter. The lights caught bright points on the lively black waters.

But they were a long way off. Longer than he had thought. At least four hundred yards. If only he could rest here a little while, he might, just possibly, be able to reach them before he was swept on seaward, into the darkness.

But he doubted it. Terribly.

Afterward, he could never remember how long he had been clinging there before he heard the sound that meant a new life for him: the hollow *clunk* of oarlocks, out of the crawling night of the estuary. In a voice so weak that it sounded, even in his own ears, hardly more than a feeble mew, Jimmy said:

"Hey!"

The noise of the oarlocks stopped. Peering, Jimmy could see nothing. In a sudden panic of blindness he tried to move and his panting mouth dipped under water. Hauling himself up, strangling, he saw the lights of the floating village again. That steadied him, and he clung, shaking. Startlingly near, a throat was cleared loudly and a voice said:

"Eh?"

And there reached him a faint reek of black shag tobacco smoked in a corncob pipe.

"Hurry up," Jimmy said in a gargling whisper.

A shape—a skiff—monstrous and vague, floated down upon him and stopped with a crumbling grind of wood against barnacles. A face bristling with enormous white mustaches peered down at him. Then a pair of big hands had him under the arms and he was hauled over the stern and dropped on the bottom of the skiff. It was heavenly to shut his eyes and rest for a minute.

He heard the sound of a match being scratched on wood, and the slow gurgling noises of a careful smoker getting his pipe going again. The flaring of the match stained the darkness of his closed eyelids with a faint rosy light. Then the old man picked up his oars and started rowing. In a peace so deep it was almost unconsciousness, Jimmy listened to the lapping of water against the sides of the skiff. After a long time, the old man said, with a great dignity of logic:

"How did you get out there?"

Jimmy took a long breath. Some almost subconscious shrewdness told him to watch what he said until he'd had a chance to think.

"I fell off a ya— off a ship," he said.

"Oh. Mmm. What kind of a ship, Sonny?"

"A . . . coal barge," Jimmy said.

"In them white pants?" the old man asked with a tinge of irony in his voice.

"What? Well, I was . . . I was washing my working clothes," Jimmy said.

"Oh," the old fellow said. "Well, what's your name, Sonny?"

"Jimmy." And immediately he knew that that was a great mistake. He should have said "Fred" or "Jack." But he tried to make up for it by adding hastily, "Johnson. Jimmy Johnson."

The skiff bumped against something and the old fellow got up and climbed out. "All right, Jimmy," he said. "Hey, Judy!"

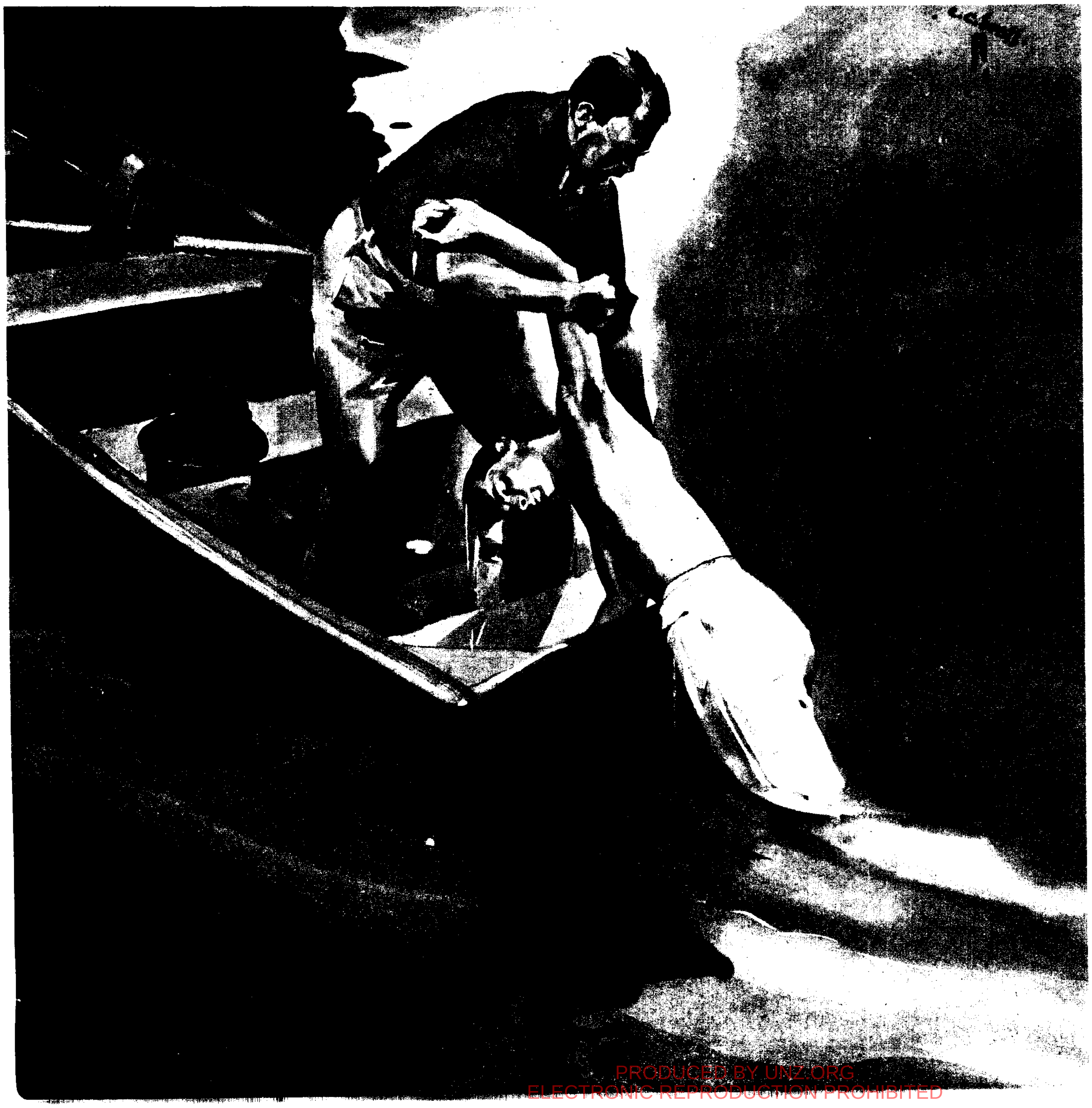
A clear voice answered, "Yes?" and Jimmy, opening his eyes for a fluttering instant, saw a woman's figure silhouetted in a lighted doorway.

That was about the last he remembered, except a confused dream of hands lifting him up into warmth and light, and a murmur of voices.

OPENING his eyes, he saw a starched curtain blowing against a window of blue sky. He was in a bed, covered with blankets and a very clean, bright patchwork quilt. Moving cautiously among the cool sheets, he found that he was lame but not injured, and also that he was wearing a voluminous old-fashioned nightshirt. It was white, with pink stripes. The bed—the whole neat little room—was heaving gently, and it was filled with the sounds of water slapping among logs.

He sat up. Through the outward window, he could see a wide reach of the estuary; blue, laced with windy white. A long way out was a single pile, probably driven for mooring tugs. He shivered. . . . Out the side window, he could see a confused huddle of little houses. On the plank float in front of the next house, across a narrow lane of water, a spry little old gentleman was sitting on an upturned bucket in the sunshine, smoking a cigar and peeling potatoes.

Jimmy became aware of an occasional thumping sound going on somewhere near at hand, and somebody was whistling in a clear lilt, like a boy's. As he got out of bed, his feet found a thick hooked rug. Wrapping the patchwork quilt around him like a toga, he went to the bedroom door and knocked. The whistling stopped.



A pair of big hands had him under the arms and he was hauled over the stern and dropped on the bottom of the skiff

"Oh!—come," a woman's voice said.

He opened the door. In a kitchen filled with sunshine, a girl was ironing. She stood holding the iron poised, looking at him with the most amused eyes he had ever seen. Her dark hair was ruffled in a funny little way, like that of a child who has been playing hard. There were red geraniums on the window sill.

"Oh," Jimmy said. "Er—hullo."

"How do you do?" the girl said. "I hope you feel better this morning."

"Oh. Yes. Thanks. Absolutely," Jimmy said. "Er—what's your name?"

"Judy."

"Oh. Mine's Jimmy."

"I know it," the girl said. "Jimmy Johnson. . . . Here are your trousers and your underwear."

"Eh?"

"I dried them and ironed them," she said. "They're a little torn. I was going to mend them, but you got up too soon."

"Oh. But thank you so—"

"Never mind," she said. "Run along and get dressed and I'll have your breakfast for you. Oh, I nearly forgot. My grandfather left one of his shirts and a coat hanging up for you in your room. Also, on the dresser, your money. Seven dollars and twenty-nine cents. And three tax tokens."

"Your grandfather?"

"Of course. Don't you remember him? He found you in the water last night."

"Oh, by all means," Jimmy said. "Where is he?"

"He went to work hours ago. What happened to yours?" the girl asked.

"My what?"

"Your shirt and coat."

"I pulled 'em off. In the water. So I could swim."

"After you fell off the coal barge?"

"Yes. That's it," Jimmy said.

"Well, hurry, now," Judy said. "Breakfast in five minutes."

She left him to eat alone at the kitchen table. He could hear her sweeping in another room, whistling in time to the swishings of the broom. When he had finished the last cup of coffee, he went to the doorway.

"Is there a store anywhere near?" he asked.

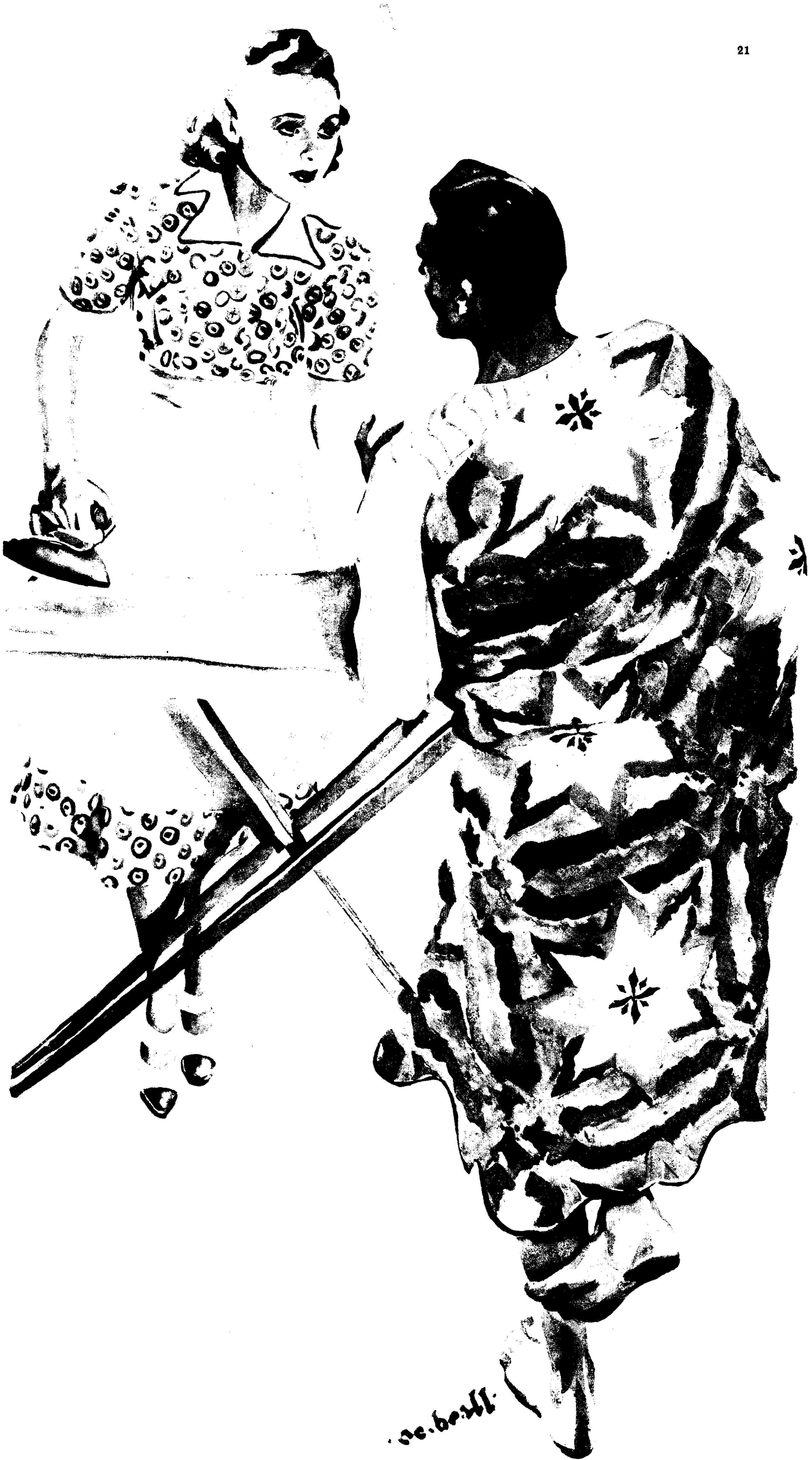
"Down the railroad tracks. About a mile." She pointed.

OUTSIDE in the sun and the wind he stopped, a little surprised to see how far he was from shore. The houseboat settlement was neither of the land nor wholly of the sea, though its level changed with the tides in obedience to the moon. The houses, moored in crazy clusters among a maze of floating plank walks, all had flowers blooming in boxes and washtubs and buckets.

Jimmy explored his way toward shore. He had glimpses of the high railroad embankment, fledged with the tender green of willows. Beyond that, the horizon was crowded with factory chimneys, and their smoke hung in the sky like banners. As he passed, little groups of children, some of them ragged but all of them clean, stopped their play to whisper; and women peered from their kitchen windows to stare at the man who had come from the sea.

It was a long walk down the tracks to the store, which was a sooty little frame building dwarfed among factories and steel mills. He bought a shirt, a package of cheap cigarettes and the afternoon papers. Halfway back to the houseboat settlement, he stopped and

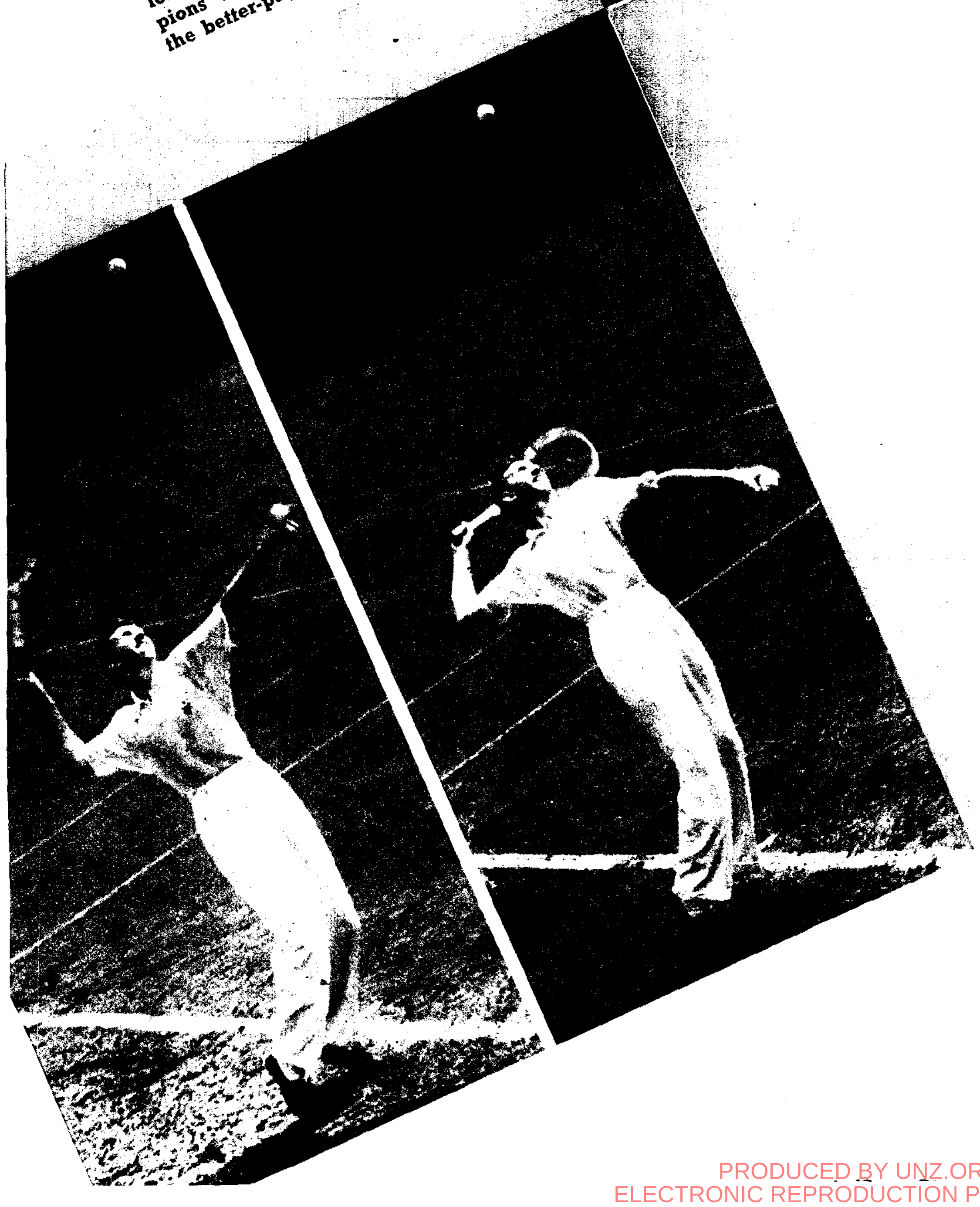
(Continued on page 50)



"I dried them and ironed them," she said. "They're a little torn. I was going to mend them but you got up too soon"

TENNIS MONEY

By George Lott



Don Budge will probably soon add his name to the long list of amateur champions who have turned to the better-paying pro game

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WALTER LEVICK

It doesn't pay to be an amateur. Mr. Lott, former Davis Cup player, claims that he was an expert at chiseling. And yet what did he get as an amateur? Chicken feed! He tells you candidly how he managed to get that and issues a warning—no one gets the bum's rush sooner than the tennis bum

DWIGHT F. DAVIS, former Secretary of War, started the Davis Cup racket. Big Bill Tilden developed it to such an extent that lawn tennis has become the most commercialized amateur sport in the world.

Less than forty years ago there was no Davis Cup. Now twenty or more countries throw their hats in the ring every year and challenge for this trophy in the greatest and most far-reaching of all international sports competitions.

It started simply enough in 1899. A young Harvard undergraduate from St. Louis went on a vacation trip to California. This was Dwight Davis, whose strong left arm had enabled him to win a place on the Harvard tennis team. Intersectional tennis matches were played on this vacation trip. Californians became hysterical about the skill of their native sons. They turned out in droves to see the matches.

Returning East to resume his studies at Cambridge, Davis began to mull over the excitement and hatched an idea that was to have ever-increasing reverberations in sport.

Back in the "Yard" at Cambridge, he expressed his views to Holcombe Ward, then his teammate and now the president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

"If matches in California can create so much interest," he said, "just think of the possibilities of international matches. I'd like to put up a cup for British-American competition. What do you think of such an idea?"

Ward liked its possibilities. Davis talked the matter over with Dr. James Dwight, first president of the U. S. L. T. A., who corresponded with the British authorities, and in 1900 the first matches were played in Brookline, Mass. Davis and Ward played on the winning American team.

A low picket fence surrounded the Longwood Cricket Club's modest grounds in Brookline for those inaugural matches. A crowd of 10,000 overflowed the wooden bleachers surrounding the courts. *(Continued on page 28)*

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY [illegible]

The Adventurer

By Richard Hoffman

HALFWAY through dinner, the girl with the golden head and the young brown eyes turned to the Russian at her other side. She glanced at the row of miniature medals across his lapel, then at the white tie that was irrevocably yellowed by age, then at the lean, compact head with the wires of white in the close black hair.

She said, "You are Prince Mikhail Borotrev. I've heard about you."

His eyes, bold and humorous over shadowed crescents, appraised her loveliness and he said, "I hope you have not believed everything."

"Why not?" she asked, her look directly questioning his.

"Because I have heard of you too, Miss Faith Page, and I had hoped we could be friends. Some of the things they say about me are not pretty. What have you heard?"

There was slight derision in Faith's look before she said, "They say you are irresistible to women, and know it, and—and use it. In England you used it very well until there was a hell of a scandal and you couldn't stay. So now you are here—to try your luck under a new name."

Mikhail watched her, unoffended. "And in this did anyone say whether I tried to give value for what I received?" he asked.

"No," she said less securely. "Would you like me to tell you what you've heard about *me?*"

"There is nothing I would rather hear you talk about than yourself," he said without trace of irony.

"You've heard I was engaged to a man my father didn't approve of," Faith said, "and he sent me around the world to forget him and, in two weeks after I'd started, the boy married someone else, who also had money of her own."

"He was very silly," Mikhail said quietly.

"He was very broke," said Faith in wry, removed amusement.

Mikhail studied the young defiance of Faith's eyes a bare instant, and he said, "We could be good friends, I think."

"What would it depend on?" Faith asked, dropping her glance as if it didn't matter.

"You," Mikhail said quietly. "I am already your friend, if you will have me."

"Why?"

"I do not know a 'why'; I can only feel it. Surely you have had that happen to you."

Faith shook her head. "Yes—once I found a friend like that. But it could only happen once."

"You would tell me something about this once?"

"She was Russian too," Faith said, her look more personally on his. "She heard that my father wanted someone for a chaperon for me on this trip. She came to me—I didn't find out till long afterward how badly off she was, how desperately she needed anything to do: she came as if I had asked her for tea. I loved her from the first minute. She was beautiful and gentle and good, and I have never been so happy with anyone." The light of this memory had come slowly forward in Faith's young eyes, taken them wholly and gently, until it might have seemed they were caressing Mikhail with their thanks for such a person. Then she saw how his eyes were receiving that from her, pretending to share it with her, and she withdrew behind a disinterested courtesy.

"Do not go away," he said quickly. "Please tell me more. It is so lovely, when you think of her. Where is she now?"

"She is dead," Faith told him in all simplicity. "She died in Paris, which she loved—in the spring. She had always been so sure she would meet her fiancé again, there in the spring. She hadn't seen him for twenty years—since the revolution—hadn't even heard anything sure about him in that time. But she was sure, always, and—loyal; and she knew he would be too."

"Twenty years is a long time," Mikhail said. "Do you think any man is worth so much?"

"Perhaps," Faith said, "if he was the man she said he was: brilliant and brave and strong. And they had been so happy. I'd know him anywhere. I'd—I'd try so hard to make up to him—a little—for losing such beauty as Stephanie's."

Some special thought quickened behind Mikhail's attention, and in conscious idleness—to give himself an extra instant with it—he said, "Stephanie?"

Faith caught that start of interest behind his assured eyes, and her look took up its subtle derision again. "Wouldn't it be a coincidence," she said, "if you turned out to be—well, to have known her somewhere?"

"It would," Mikhail said restrainedly.

"Her whole name," Faith told him, "was Stephanie Davidowa Trogarin. Did you know her?"

Mikhail said, "I have heard of her," and there was a new inflexibility in his look such as frightened people use to simulate candor. "She was lovely," he said.

Faith's glance tightened on him. "I don't like trying to trap people. There's one thing you should know before you—you say anything else about—about having known her, or—"

Her look stayed level. She said, "When Stephanie knew she was going to die, she gave me a little sort of ikon—a triptych, you know, with three panels that unfold so you can stand it up. The side panels are in enamel and jewels—so beautifully done: but the middle place is quite plain—just an engraving of St. Michael and the dragon on the gold there. Over that belongs the real panel, to match the side ones: St. Michael with jeweled armor spearing a jeweled dragon. Stephanie's fiancé has it—for a charm and a talisman. She was sure he would bring it back where it belonged—for their safety and their happiness, together." She watched him calculate all the possibilities behind what she was saying, and then quietly she said, "Have you got that?"

He hesitated. Then, with a slight, reluctant sigh of decision he said, "No, I have not got it. I am not the man."

Her eyes relented and there was something like tenderness in her smile as she said, "I'm glad you didn't do it. We couldn't have been friends if you had."

"So I am very glad I didn't too," he said. He watched her gentle, young loveliness for another instant, then avoided her eyes.

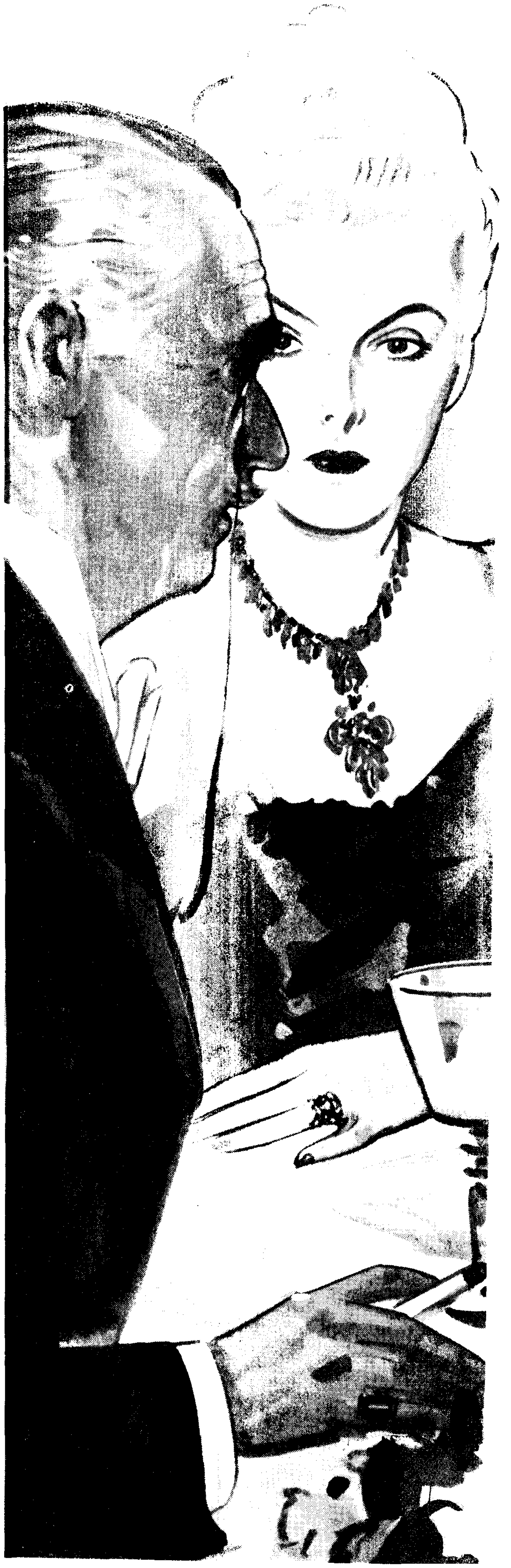
IT WAS over half an hour before the men came into the living room, and Faith knew that Mikhail wasn't with them even before she looked. Celia Blodgett caught her for bridge, which she didn't want to play because of the restiveness that had been growing in her. But she played, and the first time she was dummy the butler brought her an envelope with her name on it in large, quick characters. Something made her excuse herself and she hurried to Celia's bedroom to tear open the envelope. The note inside ran:

"My very dear Faith—I have a journey to make. I have felt so sure she was dead, but I did not know until tonight. I did not lie to you. For a long, long time I have not been the man she loved, and I am badly ashamed. I wish that I could myself give you the St. Mikhail to put back where it belongs—where it will watch over your loveliness and protect you from hurt, from men like me and from yourself. Please find it and please have faith in it.

"You do not want my thanks for being good to Stephanie before she died. But I must thank you for giving her back to me. God and St. Mikhail bless you as they should.

"I shall be on my journey when you get this. Please to keep it our secret, as good friends. There is nothing to do: no one knows where to find me."

In this dream, which she couldn't yet comprehend, Faith saw pinned to the bottom of the note a bent, shabby ticket—from a London pawnshop. Then the tears came and spilled over and she couldn't see, couldn't feel anything beyond the huge filling of her heart that was at once grief and aspiration.



She said, "You are Prince Mikhail Borotrev. I've heard about you." His eyes appraised her and he said, "I hope you have not believed everything"

Drummer Boy

By Jack Mosher

Statistical note for the jitterbugs: Gene Krupa breaks twenty-four drumsticks a week and ruins dozens of drumheads every year. That just about makes him the madman of swing music

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

PERHAPS you were there. Perhaps you can still hear the way he beat those drums that night up at that theater on West 49th Street. I can. For that night Gene Krupa went right out of the world. Up through his wrists, his arms, through all of his body traveled spasms which found crashing, jungle-mad rhythm in those magic skins of his. The act brought down not only the house but the whole of a nation-wide hookup. Radio announcers had to tune the program off minus the usual plug for a well-known brand of cigarettes. And a lot of people thought, as Gene took bow after bow, that he was crying.

He was. When I met him in the lobby a few minutes later my "Nice going, Gene!" was lost on this sad-eyed drummer boy who was heading for the nearest cab. "What's up?" I asked a fellow who was with him. "His brother's dead. The telegram came just when we were going on for the last half of the program. He's flying to Chicago tonight. . . ."

That brother? He would be one of those nine lusty young Krupas who had tried their best, a few years before, to make a wreck of the family grand. Succeeded so completely that by the time a tenth was tall enough to chin the keyboard Old Man Krupa, who was an alderman and a public-spirited citizen besides, refused point-blankety-blank to kick in for any more piano lessons.

"Which," claims Gene, who was number ten, "made me a drummer. See what I mean?"

Quite frankly, I don't. Because, for one thing, this able-bodied young skin-banger, until recently top man in Goodman's line-up and now swinging out in great style with a band of his own, is no mere drummer. He is the most energetic practitioner known to the trade and to the public. He smashes a drumhead every single week, breaks sticks at the rate of a hundred monthly, and manages to sweat his way through several dozen suits of waterproofed clothes in the course of a working year.

So it's probably just as well, for another thing, that Gene went out for baseball and boxing in a big way before taking up his lifework.

Growth of an Idea

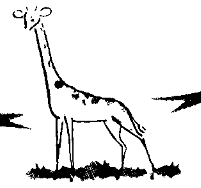
It was at age nine that a brushy-haired, rather dreamy-eyed young Krupa, having been denied access to the family piano, got the idea he'd like to beat a drum. That was when his dad took him to a carnival showing on a vacant lot not far from their South Chicago home. The idea grew and grew as Gene scuffed his way through grade school into high school, turned out to play football and went to dances, where he took more interest in drums than girls.

"I wanted," he recalls, "to get playing one. But every time I tried it some musician kicked me off the stand."

Now it takes six cops with Brooklyn accents to keep the crowd away from Gene's own stand whenever he leaves it alone long enough to get a drink at the nearest soda fountain. He has a sentimental attachment for such places because it was while jerking sodas at Wisconsin Beach ten summers ago that he landed his first job as a skin-banger. That was a dime-a-dance joint where the manager got all he could out of both customers and musicians, and when the drummer fainted right across his fountain one night Gene jumped at the chance to sub for him. "It's not true," he asserts, "that I put something in that

(Continued on page 56)

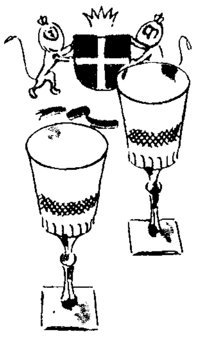
Weight and balance are important in drumsticks and wire brushes, and here is Gene Krupa selecting a new batch to replace last week's casualties



"I like 'em *Tall*" said Mr. Wicker

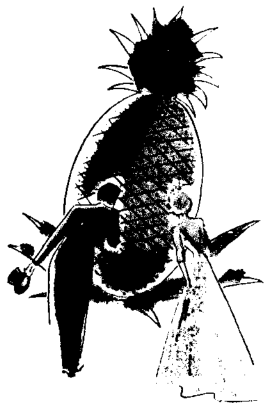
And believe it or not, the lady by his side (five-feet-two MRS. Wicker) *smiled.* And nodded.

She likes 'em tall, too. Tall, golden glassfuls of Pineapple Juice. Canned Del Monte's way.



She *prefers* to sip it daintily from etched glassware. But (home late from the theatre one night) she rallied 'round the refrigerator and drank delicious deep draughts—*from a coffee cup,* of all things.

Just goes to show you the witching come-hitherness of Del Monte Pineapple Juice—about the most appealing, fresh-tasting bracer that ever braced anybody.

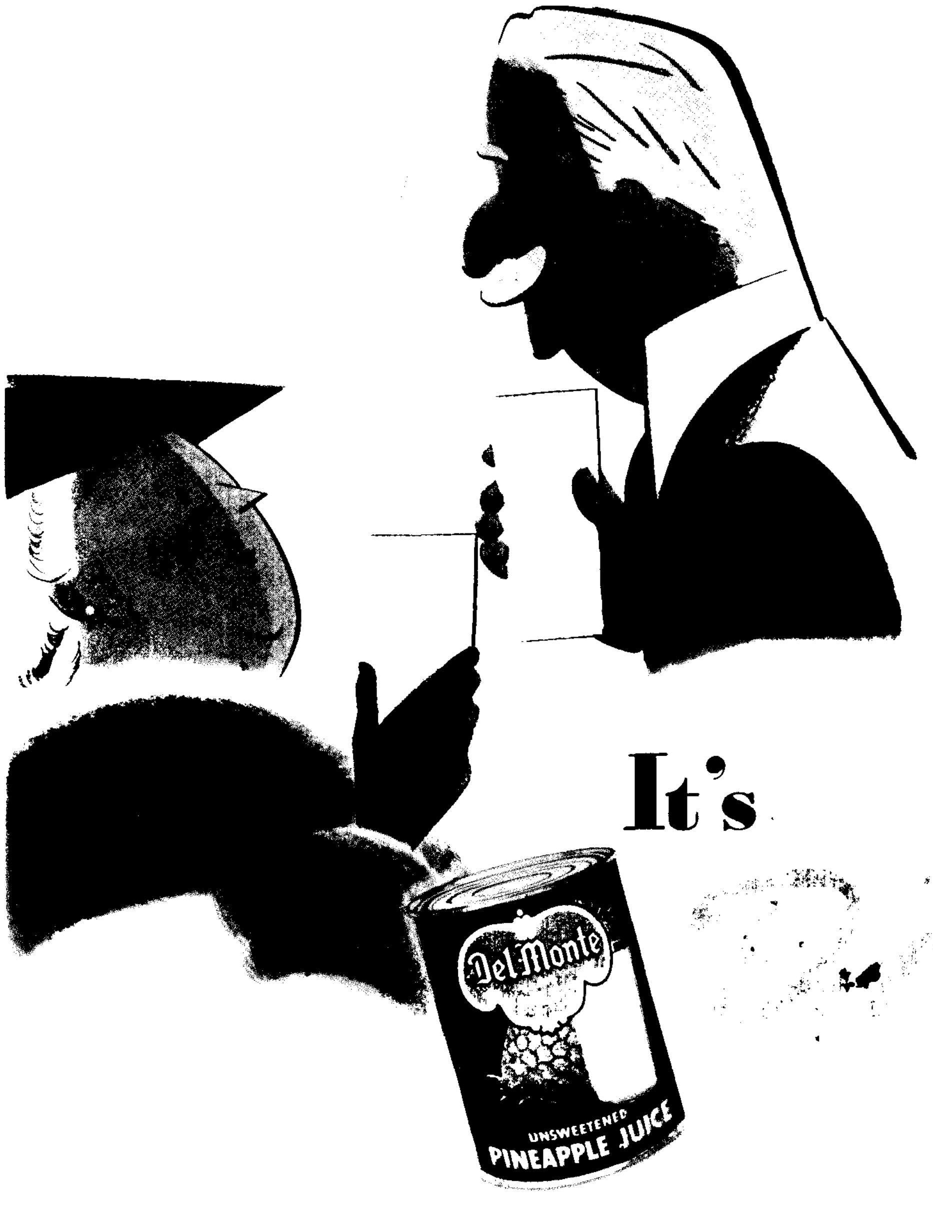


And that's exactly what Del Monte planned. Using none but social register pineapples—big, juicy ones grown placid and bulging with rich, sweet flavor under streaming tropical sunshine. Once they're *gloriously* ripe (not a whipstitch before) off they're carted to spotless canneries.

Then de-juiced and sealed—fresh, natural, unsweetened—in about a *tenth* the time it takes Mr. Wicker to play the front nine (when he's really grooving them). That's how important flavor-freshness is to Del Monte.

No wonder "tall ones" are a rite with the Wickers. A salute to enjoyment—to refreshment. Morning—noon—between meals. Always Del Monte, of course.

Because—*like you—the Wickers want the best!*



It's

Del Monte

Pineapple Juice

Dictators on Dynamite

Continued from page 17

man who was the ruler of slogans and not their slave. But again it was asked: Would he last?

Three and a half years elapsed between the birth of Fascism in the spring of 1919 and its triumph in the autumn of 1922, when Mussolini received the royal commission to form a government. Now, in 1938, we have entered the twentieth year of Fascism and approach the seventeenth year of Fascist rule. Mussolini is still the master of the Italian people. That, indeed, is only just. It is meet that the creation should honor its creator. And Benito Mussolini has made modern Italy. It is the expression and the instrument of his will.

Adolf Hitler, on the other hand, is Fuehrer because he exemplifies and enshrines the will of Germany. He looms enormous on the world stage today because Germany looms enormous. He is the child of the rage and grief of defeat. He is the embodiment of Teutonic reassertion, and it may well be of Teutonic revenge. When that imperial government which had been for more than fifty fearful months the terror of almost all nations collapsed ignominiously, then it was that this Austrian corporal set out to regain all.

Victory for the Vanquished

The tale he had to tell of a Germany betrayed, her soldiers stabbed in the back by Communists and Jews, was more pleasant to German ears than the truth. And the dream of a greater Germany, which only Hitler then dared to voice, thrilled the fighting men whose world had fallen into ruin. He marched forward fiercely, attended by a gathering throng. He revived the strong by leading them to the attack of the weak and the unpopular. He united the Socialist and Nationalist conceptions. The example of Mussolini taught him how to organize his adherents, harden them in street fighting, and use them in the struggle for power. He harnessed all prejudice and all difficulties to the wagons of wrath and hate.

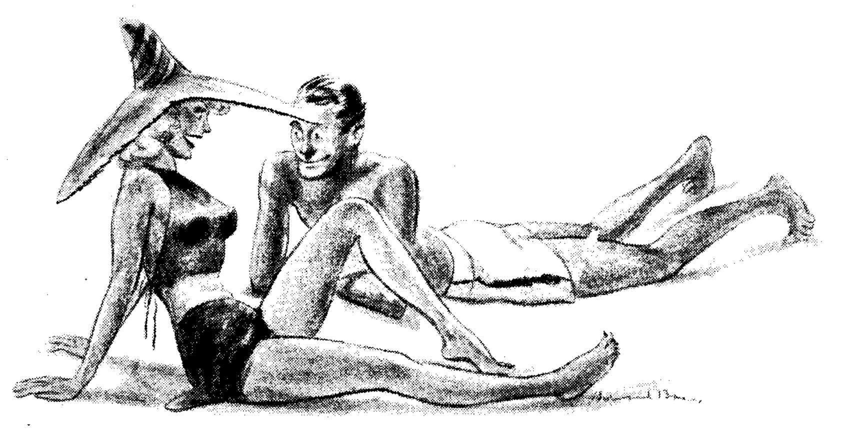
And so the indomitable march went on. It carried the Austrian corporal, the dabbler in watercolors, to the life dictatorship of the entire German nation of nearly seventy million souls, constituting the most industrious, capable, militaristic and resentful race in the world.

Hitler broke the paper bonds with which the now chattering and divided Allies sought to restrain this colossus. He put arms in its hands once more. In five years he had restored Germany to the most powerful position in Europe. When Hitler began, Germany lay prostrate at the feet of the Allies. He may yet see the day when what is left of Europe will be prostrate at the feet of Germany. Austria has fallen to him without a blow. As a conqueror, he has entered the famous capital he left in penury and insignificance. With cold-blooded and scientific police measures he has quenched the gaiety with which Vienna once mocked his embittered youth.

Here was indeed a dazzling triumph. The incorporation of Austria into Germany would in itself have rewarded a successful war. Here were new resources of men, arms and money; here were Jews in plenty to maltreat. These achievements outshine Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia and Italy's successful defiance of the League of Nations and its sanctions.

History will no doubt give to Hitler's predecessors—the men of the Weimar Republic—a larger share of credit for the rehabilitation of Germany than is allowed them now. When, at the head of the National Socialist movement, Herr Hitler arrived at supreme power, the secret organization of German industry and aviation, which the German General Staff, and afterward the Bruening government, had built up, was in fact ready to be put into operation.

So far no one had dared to take this step. Fear that the Allies would intervene and nip everything in the bud had restrained them. Now Hitler and Goering, reaping what Bruening had sown, gave the signal for the most gigantic process of secret rearmament ever known.



"I don't know why but people just naturally take to me—especially men!"

HOWARD BAER

When Resistance is Aroused

From the year 1933 onward the whole available energies of Germany have been directed to preparations for war not only in the factories, in the barracks and on the aviation grounds but in the schools, the colleges, and almost in the nursery. Every resource of state power and modern propaganda has been used to prepare and educate the whole people for a new death struggle of the nations. This vast fighting machine is growing and perfecting itself as the months pass by.

But as the enormous preparations of Germany became apparent, and the aggressive designs of both Germany and Italy imprinted themselves upon world-consciousness, very great forces of resistance began slowly and cumbrously to set themselves in motion. World opinion was revolted by the racial and religious persecution in Germany. The whole system of dictatorship, whether Nazi or Fascist, excited the spontaneous hostility of the working classes in the parliamentary countries. Nowhere were these feelings more vehemently expressed than in Great Britain and the United States. Indeed, it may be said that the repulsion of the free countries for Nazi-ism is as great as against Communism, and the need of resisting Nazi-ism appears at the present time much more urgent.

These reactions in France, Britain and the United States make their impression upon Germany and its rulers. It is not possible entirely to isolate a highly educated race like the Germans, whose commerce brings them into contact at ten thousand points with the outside world. The most severe censorship cannot altogether prevent foreign newspapers, especially from Switzerland and Scandinavia, circulating among thinking people in Germany. One may be sure that in spite of ceaseless propaganda and parade, thought is still alive. Political action is impossible, private conversation may be hushed, but men and women have ways of interchanging opinion that no secret police, however vigilant, can prevent. Thus, the dictators, for all their power, are extremely sensitive to the penetrative force of ideas. They feel themselves challenged in the very center of their power. In spite of all their armies and legions, they feel, and to some extent are, abashed. It was natural, in these circumstances, that they should reach out hands to one another.

The seizure of Austria, which Mussolini was powerless to prevent, has brought Hitler's Greater Germany to Brenner. Even without any new act of aggression, German influence in Eastern Europe is bound to increase as a result of the Anschluss. Moreover, in the south Tyrol, in the land where Andreas Hofer fought and died, a quarter of a million Germans look to Germany for deliverance from the Italian yoke. Besides, the Mediterranean sparkles as a lure to ambitious German eyes. Even if Hitler keeps his word, he may have a successor who will claim to start free.

If Mussolini has reason to fear the growing might and new proximity of Germany, Germans do not forget the great Italian betrayal, as they regard it, of the Triple Alliance in the Great War. Quarrels there may be to divide France and Italy; but they bickered also before 1914. It was an Italian who wrote in that terrible autumn: "France, we have forgotten everything you contrived against our fleet two years ago! France, we love you!" That Italian was Mussolini. Finally, the German General Staff have the poorest opinion of the quality of the Italian army. Nothing has wounded Mussolini more than the disparaging report presented early this year to Hitler by his generals, a copy of which found its way to Rome.

A Dictator Must Hurry

Although our dictators despise those who plan for less than a thousand years, they are themselves always in a hurry. This is understandable when the tasks they set themselves are contrasted with the slender span of human life. Not only slender indeed—but precarious. For who can tell when the assassin's bomb or bullet may pierce the circle of their secret police and guards, or whether one day these guards themselves may not become the agents of a rival? Thus, there is always at the dictator's heart the need to hasten. His achievements must be more striking, more spectacular, to justify his greater power.

And much may be accomplished, astonishing changes may be wrought, in a single generation. The corporative state may still be only a skeleton, and the standard of life of the Italian workers may still be low, but Mussolini can justly claim to have transformed Italy. New motor highways, new railways and new canals have improved communications out of knowledge. A national system of waterworks brings pure drinking water to every village. Great electrical development schemes have been put into operation. Marshes that have defied reclamation for two thousand years have been drained, and peasants now reap their harvests in what were formerly fever-infested swamps. Thousands of square miles of waste have been made to blossom and bear fruit. At the same time, the schools have been improved, education has been made available to all, and the physical well-being of youth has been the special care of nationwide organizations.

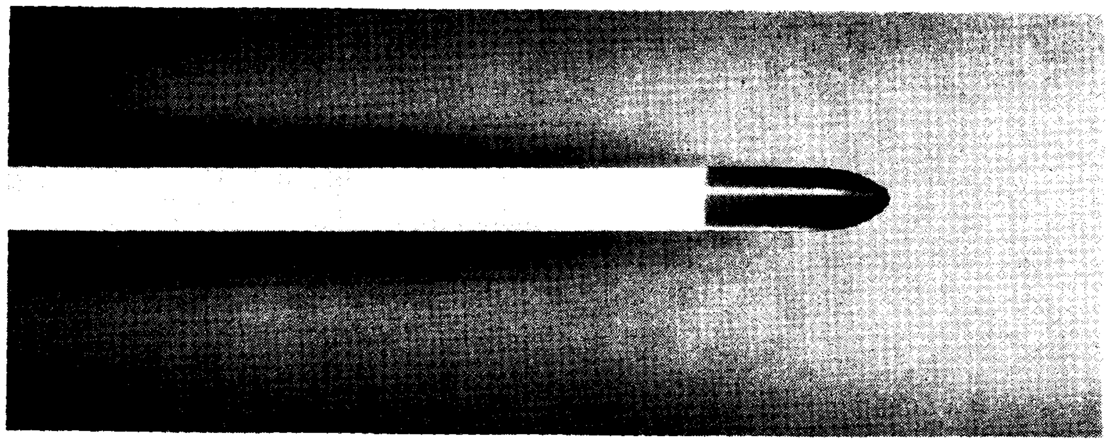
Achievement at Great Price

In Germany, also, the achievements of the dictatorship have been bought at a heavy price, and many of the aims of the Nazis are still far from being realized. Herr Hitler made "autarchy" one of his goals. He had the vision of a self-supporting and self-sufficient country. In fact, the acreage of wheat, rye, barley and oats is less than in 1914, the grain crops of the last four years have not been as good as the average of 1929-33, and the German people are now being officially urged to eat less bread and worse bread, and more potatoes. At the same time imports of butter and edible fats have increased, and to combat this Germans are asked to substitute jam for butter and margarine. But, in spite of all this, very large imports continue to be necessary.

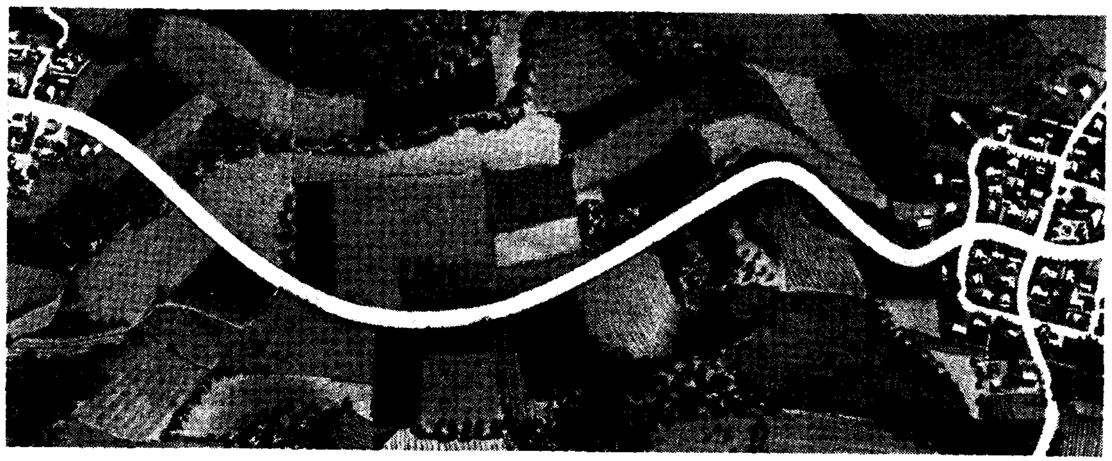
Germany today has well-trained armies and a gigantic air force. She has submarines and the beginnings of a fleet. And from her arsenals and factories there pours out an endless flow of war material of all kinds. But behind these is weakness; there is the blight of a rigid state control that must, in the long run, destroy even German enterprise and make of even German efficiency a mere mechanical routine.

Dictatorship nurses within itself the canker that must destroy it. The dictators wear out their countries. They demand permanently what men and women are only willing to give in an emergency. And in the end they kill those very qualities of leadership that make them redoubtable. Mussolini and Hitler both learned, as leaders of revolt, how to be rulers of a nation. Their lieutenants, like themselves, have all been trained under a democracy. What will happen when, in the course of nature, they have to be replaced by the highly drilled, mass-minded "yes men" that dictatorship breeds and trains? Can—even now—an army that applies political tests to its personnel be as efficient and formidable as one that prefers professional skill to Fascist or Marxist orthodoxy?

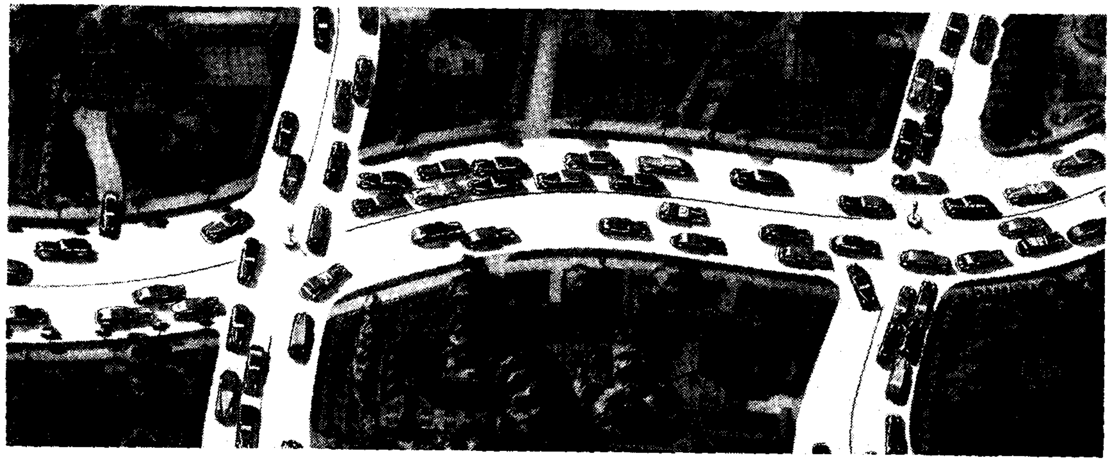
The shadow of the dictatorships lies heavy today across the world. But the democracies may draw comfort from the fact that the deeper reserves of strength and leadership are with them, and that it is only in an atmosphere of freedom that mankind reaches the full measure of its stature.



2 miles straight as a shot =



3 miles as the road runs =



4 miles by STOP and GO

In STOP and GO, a mile STRETCHES

In low and second, your engine makes up to 3 times as many revolutions as in high—***uses 3 times as much gasoline***

STOP-AND-GO driving fools your speedometer—while your car is going a mile, your engine may go the equivalent of *two*.

The number of extra revolutions your engine makes depends on how many times you stop and start—how much of your driving is in low and second gears.

You can't avoid stop-and-go driving, but you can do something about its high cost.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you ⅛ of a mile.

To cut this costly waste, they rearranged the chemical structure of gasoline. They make every drop of Super-Shell "motor digestible"—every drop usable in stop-and-go driving.

There is a Shell dealer near you. Use Super-Shell regularly and your savings count up.

SUPER-SHELL

SAVES ON STOP AND GO

SHELL

Tennis Money

Continued from page 22

The competition was a success from the start and it is now big business.

I doubt very much if Dwight Davis realized that this competition would spread to all corners of the earth. In those distant days tennis was a summer pastime. The impetus provided by the Davis Cup has developed the game into a year-round job for hundreds of good players and spurred the aspirations of thousands of others.

Twenty-five years after the Cup was placed in competition I was playing in a tournament at an Eastern club and Dwight Davis was present.

"Tennis has given me a great deal of enjoyment," he told his listeners, "but I sometimes wonder if the Davis Cup was a good thing. It has become too big. It requires too much time of young fellows who ought to be thinking of the serious problems of life. I wonder if it has been an asset or a detriment to sport."

When the donor of the Cup raised the question as to whether the Davis Cup had overreached its original purpose, America held the trophy and seemed destined to do so for many years to come. Tilden was in his heydey. Everything was booming. Money flowed like water. It did not seem important in those pre-depression days whether a few young men neglected opportunities to work out their economic independence.

I happened at that time to be on the fringe of big-time competition. I was determined to become a Davis Cup player, to enslave myself to a game that would leave me beached when my playing days were over. Yet I went into the game with my eyes wide open. There was exhilaration in swinging a racket, and it was sport to match strokes and tactics with the world's greatest players.

Making Ends Meet—and More

You couldn't expect a boy in his teens even to glance around when such a rosy future beckoned. I know fellows who did quit before becoming slaves of the game. Chuck Garland, Bud Chandler, Arnold Jones, Johnny Doeg—to mention a few—tossed aside their rackets and got down to business. But I, among hundreds of others, was too enamored of the easy living to follow their good example. I didn't have sense enough to digest Dwight Davis' note of warning that there is danger in making tennis the main business of life.

In retrospect, an explanation for my attitude is simple. I was an amateur athlete at heart, for a few years anyway. I was welcomed into the homes of the rich and mighty. I was becoming a tennis drawing card, little realizing that glamor can disappear quickly. It became a simple matter to "get by" financially.

In my early years in the game, my father contributed $1,500 to $2,000 a year to keep me going in tennis. Then I discovered how to apply a bit of pressure that would produce "expenses." I realized a person would never get rich as a tennis amateur, but I also discovered methods to make both ends meet, and how to obtain a little on the side.

My education began in a Midwestern tournament. I held two legs on a $1,500 trophy. One more victory and it was mine. The committee cogitated on the prospective passing of its handsome bowl. "Let's get Tilden," they said. "Then we won't have to buy a new cup next year."

Tilden they found in a receptive mood. Yes, he would play, but the committee would have to make certain concessions. Tilden was concerned with the future of the game. He wanted promising young players to have a chance for experience. If the committee would permit him to bring along four young "Davis Cup prospects," he would be glad to compete—and "save the cup."

The "prospects" were brushed aside early. Tilden and I advanced without trouble to the final round. How the committee must have squirmed when I led Tilden two sets to one and 4-2 in the fourth set. Bill then put on one of his characteristic rallies and the cup remained in the custody of the club.

Everybody Made Money

A year later Tilden was abroad when this tournament was held. He probably wouldn't have been invited to return anyway. I won the tournament, retired the trophy, and left there with a determination to make tournament committees meet my demands in the future.

One year I went south and won a singles event. The following year the committee became restive when I failed to forward my entry. The round-trip railroad fare from Chicago was less than $50. I sent my entry in pronto when I was offered $350 for "traveling expenses." They also paid my hotel bill for the week of the tournament, entertained me royally, and I accommodated by winning the tournament again. The affair drew large galleries and everyone was satisfied, as we had all made money.

Occasionally the United States Lawn Tennis Association makes a gesture that leads the public to believe they are endeavoring to curtail the activities of the leading players. Let us examine some of these moves and see what they have produced.

When Tilden was in his prime the national officials adopted a rule that prevented players from writing about tournaments they played in until forty-eight hours after the final match had been played. This rule was in force in 1928 and by breaking it Tilden was barred from the American championships. He was in France at the time preparing for the Davis Cup Challenge round. Public opinion in France against the ruling was so great that the U. S. L. T. A. was forced to allow him to play in the Challenge round. The rule in question seemed to me to be a very stupid ruling, inasmuch as the game isn't an amateur sport anyway. It was certainly a much more honorable method of earning money than the practices followed by our present-day leaders.

More recently there was the eight-weeks rule. The implication of this edict was that players were devoting too much time to the game. They could accept expenses for eight tournaments at any time during the playing season, and the rest of the time they had to pay their own way. Time on the Davis Cup team was not included. I know several players who ran out of "weeks" early in June, but continued playing tennis right on through the season, and I know these boys were in no position to finance themselves.

The U. S. L. T. A. received no co-operation whatsoever from their member clubs. If a tournament committee wanted a leading player who had already received eight weeks' expenses, they would get around it by various means, resorting to the subterfuge of promising that the player would be "taken care of." This rule was simply impossible to enforce and died a natural death.

This year the national association has issued stern warnings to its member clubs that no "lump sums" be paid amateur players for any tournament. This rule has about as much chance of success as the eight-weeks edict. If a tournament wants a headliner badly enough it will resort to undercover methods and pay him in such a manner that the transaction will not appear in his expense account. Such lack of co-operation with the national body breeds a spirit of contempt on the part of the players to all restrictive measures.

Occasionally some member of the national association will become inquisitive about expense accounts, but action seldom is taken against the player, especially if he is of Davis Cup caliber. I can think of only one exception. About ten years ago a ranking player was invited to a small Midwestern tournament. He made the mistake of putting in writing a demand for a $25,000 life-insurance application as part of the requirement for his entry. The tournament officials, astonished at such high-pressure salesmanship, turned the damaging document over to the U. S. L. T. A. and the player was indefinitely suspended.

"The bloodhounds got away!"

JAY IRVING

I well remember my first visit to the "carpet" in the U. S. L. T. A. offices at 120 Broadway, New York City. It was on the eve of the departure of the 1928 Davis Cup team for Europe, of which I was a member. John Hennessey, my doubles partner, and I received an invitation to meet the executive committee. We were ushered into the board room and sat down comfortably, expecting to be praised for our play in the American zone matches. What a shock it was to have the pompous chairman of the finance committee demand an accounting of my expenses on a recent trip through the South. I was still a piker in the expense racket at that time and the discrepancy was only $40 for a period of four weeks.

"What was the $40 for?" asked the inquisitor.

I wasn't conscience-stricken, but felt I was in danger of being thrown off the team after years of effort to make the grade. So I replied that I merely had followed the lead of other players in charging a little extra.

"Didn't you realize this might result in your disbarment?" demanded the official.

Hennessey broke into the discussion, suggesting that I meant no harm.

"We were going to get around to you a little later, Hennessey," came the reply. "Did you mean any harm by charging $40 extra on your last trip through the Midwest?"

Hennessey, always brash, was unaffected by this new tack. The upshot was that we had to return the extra expenses with a stern warning to sin no more. I paid my $40 in cash, but Johnny had to go back to the hotel to get a check. He forwarded the money and enclosed a note to the investigators in which he stated:

"Enclosed please find check for $40, which I suggest you divide up among yourselves. (signed) John F. Hennessey."

We were satisfied the committee was merely trying to throw a scare into us. We certainly did not permit the incident to affect our future conduct in the matter of expenses.

When Tilden Was Boss

More than any other individual, Tilden was responsible for lifting tennis into the big time. But Bill always gave value received by keeping the turnstiles clicking merrily. Many a small tennis club has come out of the red due to Tilden's willingness to play exhibitions. Once Tilden rounded up eight of America's "First Ten" for the Illinois State championships at the Skokie Country Club at Glencoe. It was the best tennis Chicago has ever witnessed because those were the days when the ranking players of America were far superior to the present-day crop and before professional tennis had made any inroads into the amateur ranks.

One of the internationalists in this tournament who possessed a fine sense of humor took a small room, but charged a suit of clothes to his hotel bill, which the committee paid without complaint because the show produced a fat profit.

With the increasing popularity of lawn tennis throughout the United States the game has become an all-year-round proposition. Full credit for this growth traces to Tilden's willingness to display his skill in the highways and byways of the nation. Tilden loved to play tennis and he'd play at a whistle-stop town with as much enthusiasm as he'd compete at Forest Hills. It was Tilden who started the parade to the Pacific Coast, stimulating the interest of the movie colony in Hollywood—a favorable development for the Pacific Southwest tournament from the viewpoint of publicity, for this event has become the second largest in the United States.

Several of the amateurs today are on the pay roll of a large sporting-goods house. All they do in return is to use the tennis equipment of that firm. Several years ago when this concern's leading employee-player was in Florida for the January play the firm's promotion manager let it be known to the various tournament committees that he was almost positive he could persuade the world's leading amateur to play in their events if a certain brand of tennis ball were used. Otherwise, he didn't think the player would be available. Needless to say, the committee yielded to this subtle pressure and the tournaments were all successful.

During my last year in the amateur

ranks I was paid $900 by a tennis-gut company to use its string and to induce as many leading players as possible to do likewise. The winner of a national championship that year agreed to use the string for a guarantee of $250. I did not pay him, but I know he received the money, because he paid me the ten per cent he had promised me for arranging the transaction. Incidentally, no leading amateur has to buy his tennis rackets. They are furnished by various sporting-goods houses for advertising purposes and this practice is not frowned upon by any national association.

As I look back on my trips to Europe as a member of six American Davis Cup teams, it has always been a mystery to me how a group of men in New York can hope to select a winning team by remote control. Certainly we had far stronger teams than the 1937 group that brought back the Cup, but some of the earlier combinations were mismanaged. I knew very well that in 1929 I should not have been selected as the second singles player against France in the challenge round. Frank Hunter was the other candidate for the position and should have been chosen. That is, if common sense had been used. Hunter, a veteran internationalist, had defeated Jean Borotra in the Belgian championships a month before the Challenge round and had won both the singles matches in the interzone final against Germany in Berlin. Borotra was to be one of France's singles players and what could have been more logical than to choose Hunter as one of our players?

I believe the strongest American squad in the past ten years was the 1933 team, composed of Ellsworth Vines and Wilmer Allison in singles and John Van Ryn and myself in doubles. Yet this team was defeated by England in the interzone final, losing all four singles at a time when Vines was capable, in condition, of beating any player in the world.

Lunch for a Champion

Why did we lose? We were undertrained and overfed. We should have known better ourselves, but the fact remains that our captain had no idea of how to prepare a team for Davis Cup play. The pay-off came when Vines fainted at match-point against Fred Perry, but at that time we had lost the tie. The explanation of Vine's collapse was announced to the press as due to the unusual heat, but as I had watched our champion and main hope devour his luncheon three hours before he was to take the court, I knew that the terrific sun was only lighting the fuse that led to a keg of dynamite.

I don't know whether Ellsworth thought he was ever going to eat again, but from the conglomeration of food he ate at lunch I think he figured it was to be his last meal. His luncheon consisted of: Tomato soup, roast pork, cucumbers, cauliflower au gratin, lettuce and tomato salad, vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce, iced tea.

That was the last Davis Cup match Vines ever played. We came back from Europe disappointed and disillusioned and plunged immediately into the American tournaments. The first stop was at Newport, an event the players never skipped, for they knew they would be wined and dined like millionaires by millionaires.

When a tennis player crosses the thin line separating amateurs and professionals he leaves the casino and kindred associations behind him. No longer does he attend the Astors' luncheon or play bridge with the business giants, but there are other compensations. Ellsworth Vines gave impetus to the professional movement by touring with Tilden after the 1933 amateur campaign, and Elly's earnings for the tour alone were in excess of $60,000. Coupled with testimonials and outside things, his income that year reached the neighborhood of $75,000.

Professional tennis is a hazardous enterprise, because it cannot get along without an annual "shot in the arm." The life of an amateur is anywhere from three to ten years, whereas few outside of the topnotchers can hope to survive more than two seasons as professionals and make livelihoods out of it.

The most recent "shot" professional tennis has received was when Fred Perry provided the necessary big name. The Englishman's earnings in 1937 exceeded $100,000 from all sources, proving anew that a player who builds up a reputation on the amateur courts can still cash in on it if he selects the propitious moment.

You Can't Live on Memories

The burning question of the hour is not whether Don Budge will turn professional, but when. He is a close friend of Vines, and Ellsworth has undoubtedly enlightened him concerning the profit to be made from a tour with him. Then again, Budge's parents are exerting pressure on him to turn his efforts to cash. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that another "match of the century" will be held the coming winter, provided Budge maintains his supremacy over the amateurs.

Certainly my advice to Budge would be to turn pro at the conclusion of this year's play. He can establish himself for life financially and assure himself a pleasant future. On the other hand, if he continues to play on and on, there will inevitably come a time when someone will pop up to beat him and he will be left high and dry, with nothing but a few memories. And believe me, they are very difficult to live on!

Many people who read this will say that I am a fine one to be telling these stories out of school. They will say that I got mine, and now am making it hard for the present crop to get theirs.

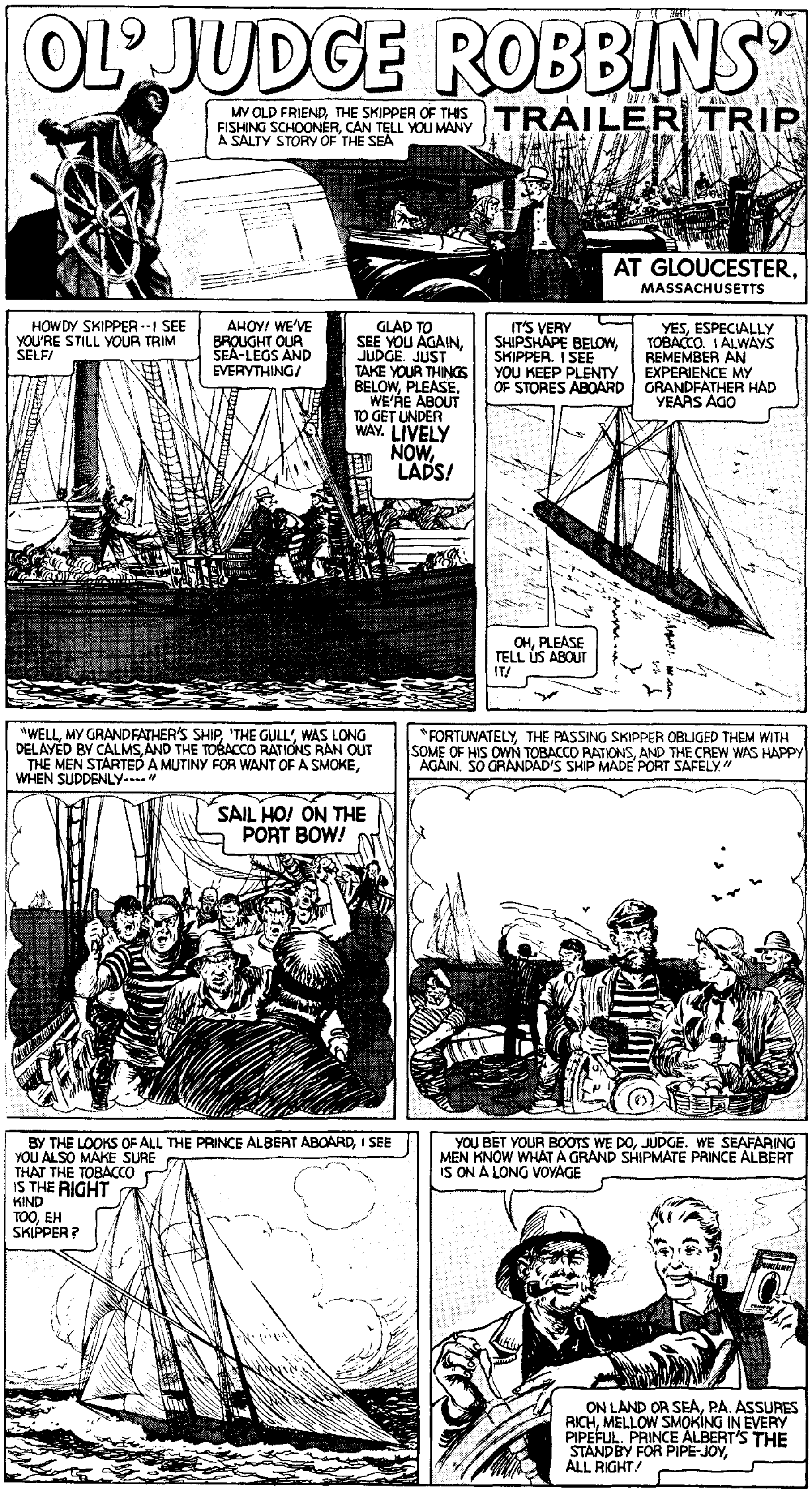
I was probably the leading chiseler of my time in the tennis racket. That I admit. My purpose in telling this story is to warn the younger generation of tennis potentials. I know the characteristics such a life will develop in these boys. They'll be very satisfied with themselves at the time of their tennis life, but when they are finished with the game as headliners they will be kicking themselves all over the lot. Out of the coming hopefuls only one of many thousands can hope to be as successful as a Perry or a Vines.

Why not treat the game as it was originally intended? It doesn't deserve to occupy the best years of your life. Play a year or two of tournament tennis, put it down to experience, develop contacts that may help you establish yourself in the business world, and play tennis during vacation, but think at all times of your future.

The best example I know of a boy's using his common sense in putting tennis where it belongs is Johnny Doeg. John banged around the country for several years making the tennis rounds and was well on his way to becoming a very fine example of a tennis bum. He was drifting and getting nowhere, but he realized it. He called a halt. It probably seemed to be a very difficult decision to make, as the life was pleasant, but he knew he was on a blind road. He married, went to work, and is now one of New York's most promising young bank executives.

One of the best definitions of success I have ever heard is "a successful man is one who owns his own fireside."

Stop and think, young up-and-coming tennis star. Do you own your own fireside? If not, are you on the way to doing it?


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP
MY OLD FRIEND, THE SKIPPER OF THIS FISHING SCHOONER, CAN TELL YOU MANY A SALTY STORY OF THE SEA
AT GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
HOWDY SKIPPER--I SEE YOU'RE STILL YOUR TRIM SELF!
AHOY! WE'VE BROUGHT OUR SEA-LEGS AND EVERYTHING!
GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, JUDGE. JUST TAKE YOUR THINGS BELOW, PLEASE. WE'RE ABOUT TO GET UNDER WAY. LIVELY NOW, LADS!
IT'S VERY SHIPSHAPE BELOW, SKIPPER. I SEE YOU KEEP PLENTY OF STORES ABOARD
YES, ESPECIALLY TOBACCO. I ALWAYS REMEMBER AN EXPERIENCE MY GRANDFATHER HAD YEARS AGO
OH, PLEASE TELL US ABOUT IT!
"WELL, MY GRANDFATHER'S SHIP, 'THE GULL', WAS LONG DELAYED BY CALMS, AND THE TOBACCO RATIONS RAN OUT THE MEN STARTED A MUTINY FOR WANT OF A SMOKE, WHEN SUDDENLY----"
SAIL HO! ON THE PORT BOW!
"FORTUNATELY, THE PASSING SKIPPER OBLIGED THEM WITH SOME OF HIS OWN TOBACCO RATIONS, AND THE CREW WAS HAPPY AGAIN. SO GRANDAD'S SHIP MADE PORT SAFELY."
BY THE LOOKS OF ALL THE PRINCE ALBERT ABOARD, I SEE YOU ALSO MAKE SURE THAT THE TOBACCO IS THE RIGHT KIND TOO, EH SKIPPER?
YOU BET YOUR BOOTS WE DO, JUDGE. WE SEAFARING MEN KNOW WHAT A GRAND SHIPMATE PRINCE ALBERT IS ON A LONG VOYAGE
ON LAND OR SEA, P.A. ASSURES RICH, MELLOW SMOKING IN EVERY PIPEFUL. PRINCE ALBERT'S THE STANDBY FOR PIPE-JOY, ALL RIGHT!

SMOKERS! MAKE EVERY DAY A HOLIDAY FROM TONGUE-BITE!

PRINCE ALBERT IS **NO-BITE** TREATED—SMOKES **COOL** AND **MILD WITHOUT** HARSHNESS!

P.A. IS CRIMP CUT—TWIRLS **FAST** INTO **TRIM, MELLOW** 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES TOO—I GET AROUND 70 TO A TIN

PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OZ. TIN
SO MILD—SO TASTY
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

MONEY BACK IF YOU SAY SO

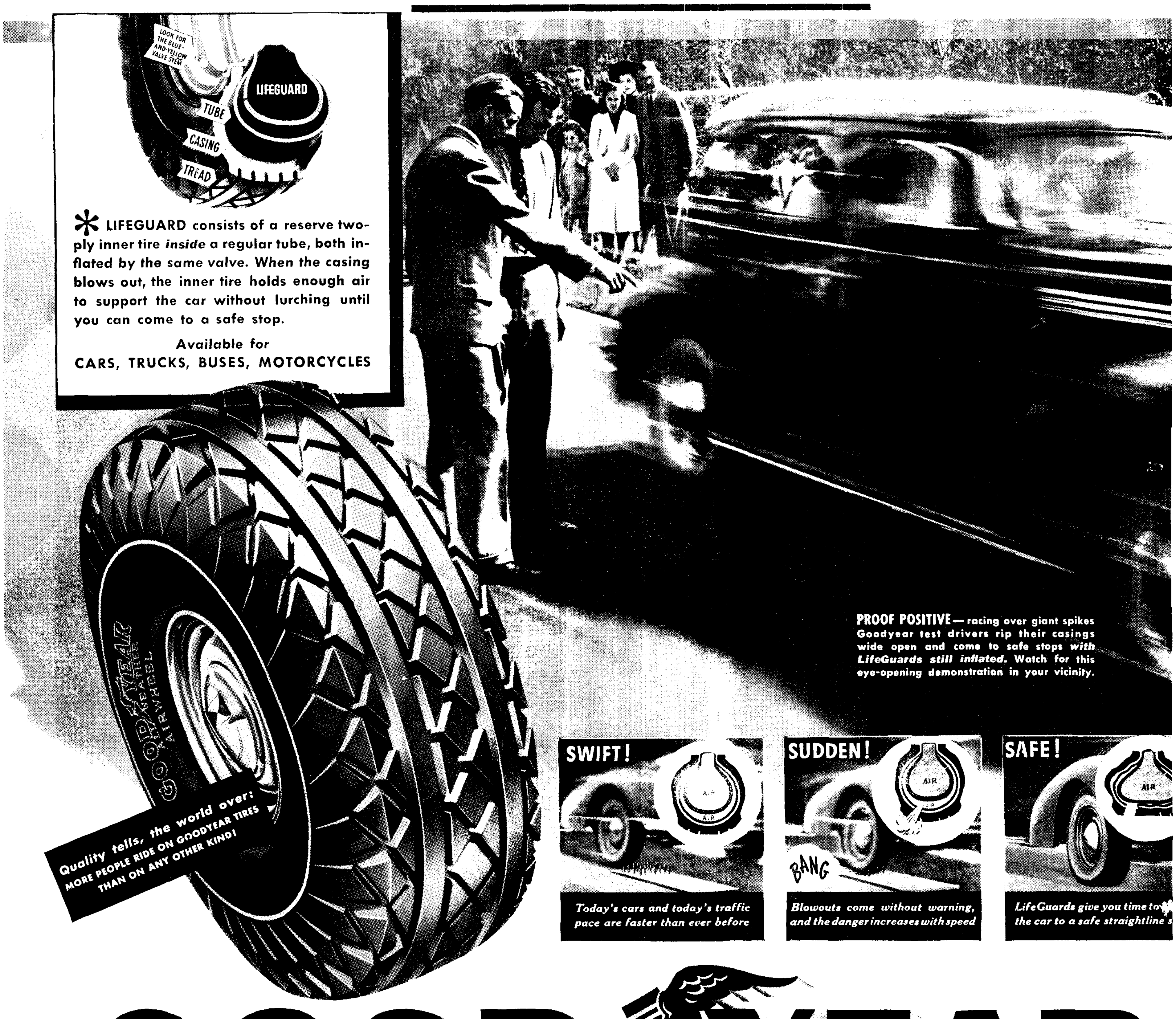
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

TO BE COMPLETELY
THIS MODERN TIRE


LOOK FOR THE BLUE-AND-YELLOW VALVE STEM
LIFEGUARD
TUBE
CASING
TREAD
GOODYEAR
ALL-WEATHER
AIRWHEEL
SWIFT!
AIR
SUDDEN!
BANG
SAFE!

*** LIFEGUARD** consists of a reserve two-ply inner tire *inside* a regular tube, both inflated by the same valve. When the casing blows out, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car without lurching until you can come to a safe stop.

Available for
CARS, TRUCKS, BUSES, MOTORCYCLES

PROOF POSITIVE—racing over giant spikes Goodyear test drivers rip their casings wide open and come to safe stops ***with LifeGuards still inflated.*** Watch for this eye-opening demonstration in your vicinity.

Today's cars and today's traffic pace are faster than ever before

Blowouts come without warning, and the danger increases with speed

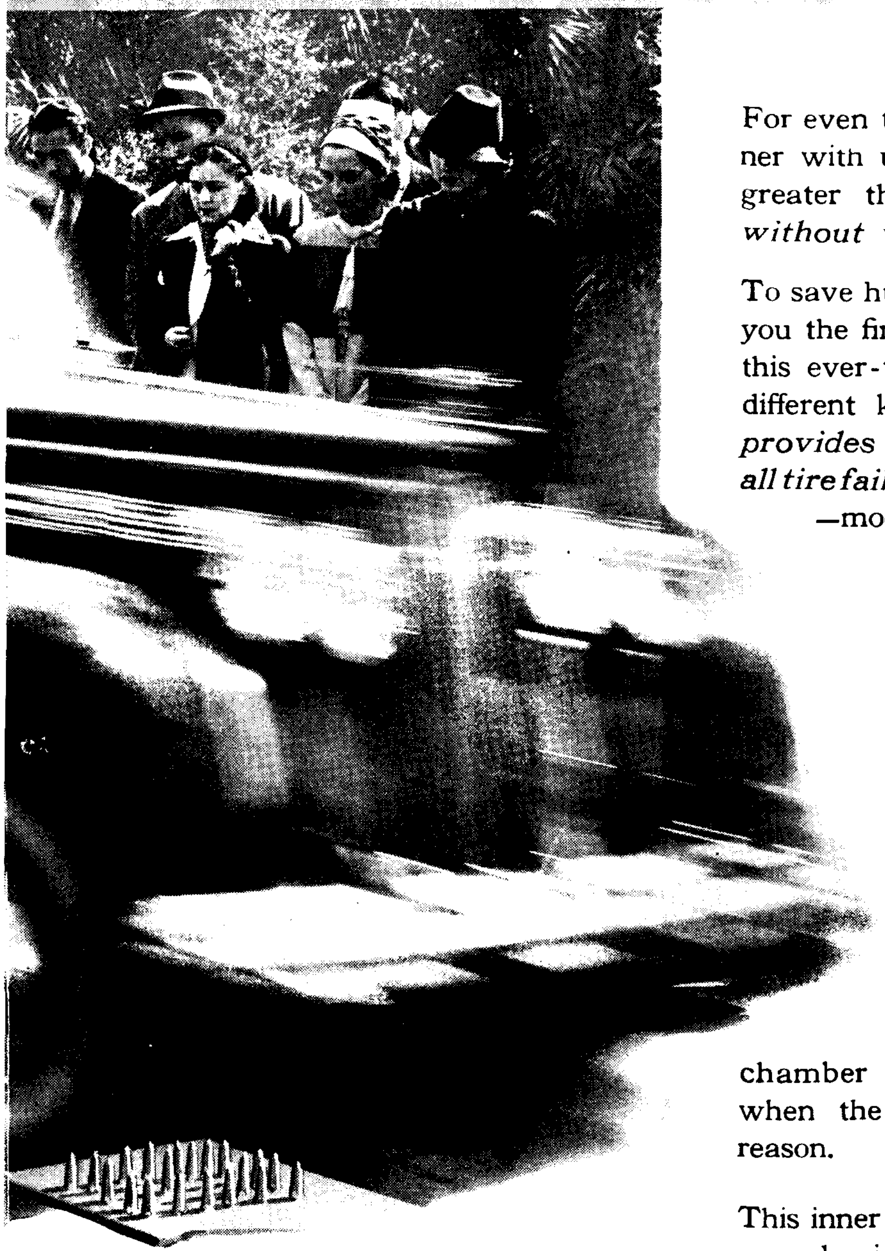
LifeGuards give you time to
the car to a safe straightline s

Quality tells, the world over:
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

GOOD YEAR

SAFE YOU MUST HAVE

TO 4-wheel brakes, safety glass and the all-steel body, progress now adds another great safety bulwark—an entirely new kind of tire combination designed to meet 1938 driving hazards. This modern wheel-equipment is no longer merely a casing and a tube. It is a casing and a Goodyear LifeGuard—the only infallible protection in the world against the peril of blowouts. Today's speeds make LifeGuards a safety "must." Though slightly higher priced, they cost you far less in the end.*



YOU don't have to be told that there is no such thing as a blowout-proof tire. Every day new highway tragedies add evidence to that.

Today's faster travel multiplies the danger. And the frightening thing is: *the peril of tire failure grows greater with every mile you drive!*

For even the finest tire built wears thinner with use. The thinner the tire, the greater the danger — *and it strikes without warning.*

To save human life Goodyear now brings you the first unfailing safeguard against this ever-threatening menace—a totally different kind of tire equipment *that provides infallible protection against all tire failures*—the Goodyear LifeGuard—modern successor to the inner tube.

SAFETY-WISE the LifeGuard is the most spectacular of many notable engineering advances that have made Goodyear tires the world's first choice for 23 years.

With LifeGuards the conventional inner tube is replaced by a vital new safety factor — an invulnerable reserve air chamber that acts as a spare tire when the outer casing fails for any reason.

This inner tire is always inflated. It holds enough air to support the heaviest car. Even when a casing rips wide open you feel no lurch—no side-swing—no wheel-drag as the LifeGuard goes into action. It makes the worst blowout as harmless as a slow leak!

LifeGuards keep you going in your own traffic lane—with the car under effortless control—until you can slow down to a safe normal stop.

WORLD'S FIRST CHOICE —ON EVERY COUNT

The finest casing in which to install LifeGuards is the famous Goodyear All-Weather. For 23 consecutive years it has outsold any other tire in the world — so conspicuously does it stand out in value!

In this time-proved Goodyear you get **MAXIMUM NON-SKID MILEAGE** from the road-holding All-Weather tread, the safest tread design ever developed. **MAXIMUM TRACTION** from grip in the center of the tread. **MAXIMUM CARCASS DURABILITY** from patented Supertwist cord in every ply, the stoutest, most enduring construction to be had in any casing.

Now, by adding the matchless blowout protection of LifeGuards, Goodyear offers you the only really modern tire—a combination of *utility* and *safety* not to be had elsewhere at any price!

THIS modern safeguard has already been in use for several years on thousands of cars. It has met every conceivable kind of test—spikes, glass, punctures, blowouts —*without one single failure to function perfectly!*

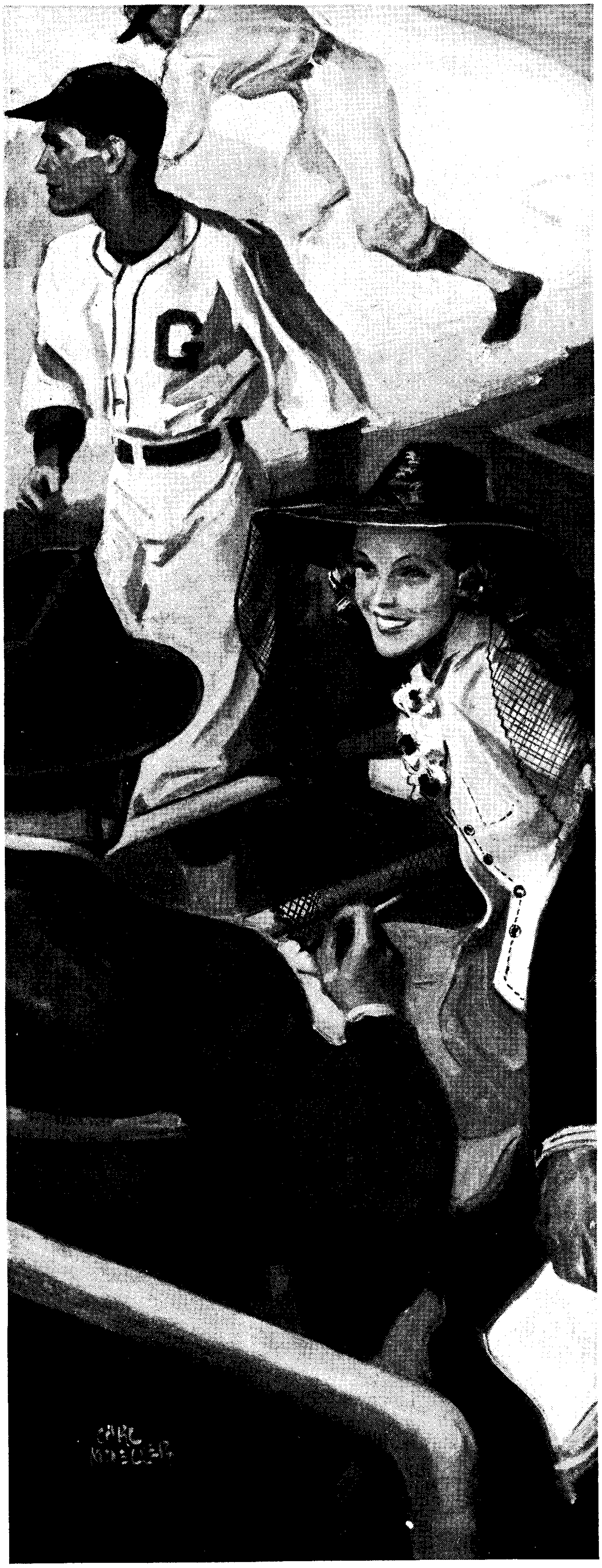
What's more — you can't wear out the LifeGuard's safety. It "floats" inside the casing, protected from all road hazards, giving you unfailing protection until the last tread-bare mile is worn out of your tires.

That is why we say you *must* have LifeGuarded tires to be completely safe — because no other tire in the world affords this infallible lifetime protection.

No — you don't have to buy new tires "all around" to enjoy LifeGuards' priceless security — you can put them in your present casings. Better see about getting them today — *you can't buy better protection to save your life!*

LIFEGUARDS

LIFEGUARD, *a registered trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, fully protected by patents*



When Marsh walked out, that girl turned a pretty shade of pink

Bad Scout

By Thomas B. Costain

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

The sad experience of Chet Bannock, who knew when to let love interfere with business

DEAR CHET:

You have been scouting for this ball club now for exactly two years and one week and, if I had shown any sense, I would have fired you two years ago to a day. Instead, here I am sitting down to write you a letter a mile long to make sure you understand what you are to do when a ten-word telegram would make the whole thing clear to any other scout in the business.

To find out where you were, I had to send out for a copy of Variety. I read there that Delia Larose was playing in Chillicothe this week and so I am taking a chance and addressing this letter to you there. I have noted also that her next engagements are in the towns of Gettysburg, Akron, Chambersburg, Sinsikket, Clarksburg, Waynesboro and Harpell. I am going to keep this list on my desk for ready reference.

And now for another thing. When Young Nick Dawlish bought this club a year ago, he said he wanted a championship team and that money did not count. I have spent nearly six hundred thousand dollars out of the millions Old Nick left him and I have built up one of the strongest teams in the league. But there are two weak spots still and we won't have a chance to cop this year unless we plug them up. We need another outfielder who can hit the apple and a good left-hander.

I know you disagree with me about the need of another left-hander but that only serves to make me dead sure I am right. I hear the Phillies want to sell Dinny Malone and when Young Nick came to the office this morning I was all set to strike him for sixty grand to make a deal. But right away I saw it was not the time to talk more money to him. This owner of ours would not bat an eyelash if I paid out a hundred grand for a pitcher with a glass arm but he gets all hot and bothered if we are overcharged fifteen cents on our laundry bill. He had all your expense slips in his hands and he was burning up.

"Bill," he said, "we've got to do something about this Chester Bannock. Do you realize he has made a mistake in the cost of every railroad ticket he has bought in a year and that, by a most curious coincidence, the mistakes have been in his favor every time? I find also he has charged us an average of five dollars a meal, including breakfasts."

I tried to tell him you had to do quite a little entertaining, but he swept that right aside. "Bill," he said, "they tell me this swindle sheet genius, this human boa constrictor, who eats fifteen dollars' worth of food every day of his life, is a pet of yours because you were boys together in school. But I don't think you ought to let him nick me for five-dollar breakfasts just because of old-time memories."

"Boss," I said to him, "this Chester Bannock is the luckiest lug that ever went hunting for ivory. He could fall down a sewer and come up with a trade agreement for Joe DiMaggio in his pocket. When an ivory hunter has that kind of luck, you can't afford to chuck him out, even if he is a robber."

"If I catch him padding his expense accounts again, his luck will be over," said the boss.

So, from now on, if Delia Larose gets a craving for guinea hen under glass, you can pay for it yourself.

After we got through discussing you, which took some considerable time, I was informed a Miss Melissa Harper was waiting to see me. Young Nick said I had better see what she wanted, so I said to send her up. When she came in, our worthy owner, who shares one of your many failings—he's a sucker for blondes—nearly fell out of his chair. Chet, she was the nicest, prettiest little yellow-topped trick that ever crossed one knee over another in a business office. We kidded with her for a while and then it came out she had inherited a baseball franchise from an uncle out in the corn belt and they were losing money hand over fist. They owned a sensational left-hander and she wanted to sell him to balance the budget.

To hear her tell it, this Harry Marsh has more steam than Lefty Grove at his peak. I got all the details from her and I was trying to figure out some way to shake Young Nick and date her up for lunch when somehow he double-crosses me and walks her off under my very eyes. He doesn't come back until after four o'clock and there is a queer look in his eyes.

"Bill," he says, "it's happened to me at last. I've fallen in love with this girl. Bill, she's wonderful. I've promised to buy that pitcher of hers."

THAT certainly threw me into a panic and I pointed out to him that we could only carry one more pitcher and that he would have to be good or we could kiss our chances goodby. I told him this Harry Marsh was probably a rank busher with an arm like a limp rubber hose. I finally talked him into agreeing to have you go out there and give this bird the once-over before we made any move. If he is any good at all, I am afraid we will have to buy him.

When you have read this letter over at least twice, pack up and catch the first train for Onondauk, Kansas. Look this Harry Marsh over and send me a full report by wire. Don't lose any time and don't delay to give me any more arguments about left-handers.

And now for a final word of warning. The next time you pull anything raw on me you're fired! If you don't find me a good left-hander in two weeks, you're fired! If you go to look at ballplayers in any of these towns—Gettysburg, Akron, Chambersburg, Sinsikket, Clarksburg, Waynesboro and Harpell—you're fired!

Yours, very much in earnest,

BILL.

Chillicothe, Ohio
May 18

W. CLEMENT
Manager, White Shirts

Just got your letter. There is a pitcher in Gettysburg who packs a wallop like an elephant. I should see him. Against

(Continued on page 37)

Sailor's Tale

Continued from page 15

between Mike Noonan and Sharon Chalmers, being repeated, caused Fireman Dunnevan to breathe noisily and gulp.

"But, Benny, they can't do that! Sharon's old man is Captain Happy Chalmers. They can't play no joke on a four-striper that's No. 2 guy in the command besides—"

Mr. Linn made an abrupt downward motion of his right thumb, thus indicating he had begun to think. Fireman Dunnevan waited patiently while awe and admiration shone in his St. Bernard brown eyes.

"Tim."

"Yerse?"

"Mike Noonan believed us in Coco Solo and we skinned past a court. Right?"

"Yerse! An' he got us outa the brig fer St. Patrick's Day in Frisco. He is a good Erish lad, Mike Noonan!"

SEAMAN LINN nodded and prepared to deliver judgment. His prominent Adam's apple moved resolutely up and down his scrawny neck and his bright blue eyes gleamed as "with the holy fires of logic all consumed."

"It's been our well-considered policy, so on an' so forth, Tim," he said, "not never to monkey with officers. Right?"

"Y-yerse, exceptin' Rhino Roscoe that time—"

"Our well-considered policy still stands as far as Happy Chalmers an' his daughter is concerned. Happy Chalmers is a dizzy guy himself and the worst practical joker in the U. S. Navy. So any trick his dizzy gal wants to try on Happy is strictly okay by us. Right?"

"Yerse!"

"But it ain't our well-considered policy to stand idly by whilst Mike Noonan that's gone to bat fer us time an' again gets hooked into Sharon Chalmers' gag that prob'ly is sure to go sour an' cause the kid to get kicked outa the U. S. Navy? Right?"

Hypnotized, Fireman Dunnevan nodded.

"We gotta warn Mike Noonan not to have no part of it, Tim! Right?"

"Yerse, Benny—" Then Fireman Dunnevan remembered to be a realist. "You mean warn um in so many words to his face?"

"Yeah."

"B-but Benny, he's apt to get orful sore. An' besides, we got a date with Millicent an' Georgine an' it's time to meet—"

This mild demurrer brought a bitter outburst from Seaman Linn, who said: "Okay, Tim, okay. You take half the dough an' go ahead an' enjoy yourself. What's our well-considered policy regarding Mike Noonan or the best interests of the U. S. Navy to you? An' as fer a U. S. officer getting into a big scandal, why, that's jest swell propaganda fer the Communists—"

"But, Benny, I only said—"

"Here, take half the dough. Give Millicent an' Georgine my best regards—"

"Ner! I'm going with you, Benny."

"An' keep your mouth shut? An' let me do the thinking?"

"Yerse, Benny."

"Okay. C'mon!"

They found Ensign Noonan seated in Miss Sharon Chalmers' roadster on the west drive. His face, as he gazed toward the sunset, wore a rapt and rather sappy expression.

"Mr. Noonan, sir?"

"Oh . . . uh . . . hullo, Linn . . . Dunnevan—"

"I an' Benny was jest passin' by—"

"Pipe *down,* Tim. We got a well-considered policy, sir, that when a young officer that the whole ship is proud of is headed for trouble, so on an' so forth, we oughta warn him fer his own best interests—"

As Ensign Noonan flushed and Seaman Linn struggled for more words, Flying Cadet Rocky Camberwell came loping across the lawn, tennis racket in hand and sweat shirt draped around his neck. He was a brash, big-mouthed lad with roguish eyes.

"Isn't Sharon ready *yet?*" he demanded, hopping on the running board. "We've got to pick up some camping stuff and help the cap'n pack. He wants to shove off by five in the morning." Then, Mr. Camberwell chuckled, "If the old boy only knew what he was in for he'd—ha-ha-ha-ha—I get a laugh every time I—"

Ensign Noonan cleared his throat significantly and nodded to indicate the presence of Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan. But this only caused Flying Cadet Camberwell to chuckle again and whoop: "Oh, you're bodyguarded, hey, Noonan? Howdy, boys!"

"Linn and Dunnevan from the ship," said Ensign Noonan, stiffly. "They—er—brought a message."

Mr. Camberwell grinned derisively.

"Oh, you want out of it, hunh?" And seeing Sharon Chalmers on the hotel steps, he burbled: "Hey, Sharon, our pal Mike is taking a run-out powder on us! He's just got a message from the admiral!"

Immediately all was confusion, with Ensign Noonan insisting he was stanch and true and Miss Chalmers scolding Rocky for ribbing "poor, timid little Mike" and Rocky loudly announcing that they would all be hanged together by the Secretary of the Navy in person.

Just as Miss Chalmers, giggling, yanked the roadster away from the curb, Ensign Noonan remembered his shipmates of the U. S. S. Trimble.

"I . . . uh . . . will see you men later," he called weakly.

Stricken, Tim and Benny watched the roadster skid into Ocean Avenue and disappear.

"Benny?"

"Yeah."

"Mr. Noonan sure is done fer, Benny. He is orful in love with Sharon but she likes that Rocky guy better an' is gonna break Mr. Noonan's heart."

Seaman Linn made a vulgar sound.

"Force *and* brains, Tim," he stated cryptically. "C'mon!"

A FEW minutes later, Tim and Benny dismounted from a battered motorcycle near a certain residence on Alameda Boulevard. In the spacious yard they could see an automobile with luggage trailer. A portly gentleman wearing a golfer's hat cocked at rakish angle and nondescript civilian clothes whistled happily as he stowed camp duffel into the trailer.

"It's Happy Chalmers, Benny. We ain't gonna actually—"

"Pipe down an' c'*mon!*"

Anyone acquainted with the Happy Chalmers legend would have pardoned Fireman Dunnevan's hesitation. This man working so innocently in the early summer twilight was our Navy's most notorious — and successful — practical joker. So adroit had Happy Chalmers been that, officially, no one had ever caught him red-handed. Thus it was only a *rumor* that Happy Chalmers was the man who hired an actor, attired as an Indian rajah, to visit the British battleship Queen Elizabeth and receive the

CALL IT "TOMAHTO JUICE"
CALL IT "TOMAYTO JUICE"
GARDEN-FRESH FLAVOR

You'll pronounce it perfect

if it's Campbell's!

IT ISN'T how you say "tomato juice" but *whose,* that makes the difference. Once you taste the garden-fresh flavor of Campbell's Tomato Juice, you're set—and satisfied.

When Summer vines sag with sun-soaked tomatoes . . . rosy-red and firm and round . . . Campbell's pick and pack without delay. A *light* press to get the finest juice, then a *quick* seal. Campbell's special canning method keeps the flavor garden-fresh . . . retains the valuable vitamins.

Take a frosty can of Campbell's Tomato Juice from the refrigerator, pour its treasure into a glass. Tip it and sip it and taste the grandest tomato juice that ever matched a thirst, that ever spurred an appetite.

Campbell's
TOMATO JUICE

FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Mothers who know their "growtheries" give their children Campbell's Tomato Juice with the garden-fresh flavor. A rich source of Vitamin "C"—a good source of Vitamins "A" and "B".

Campbell's

TOMATO JUICE

with the garden-fresh flavor!

Even men with fifteen valets—give
Ingram's thrifty cream their ballots!

Give your face the bracing KICK of Ingram's!

INGRAM'S big, billowy brushfuls of speedy, wilting lather give you the luxury that even a banker would envy. For Ingram's is a real high-hat shaving cream with a bracing quality that gives a "wake-up and grin" kick to your face. That's what makes Ingram's different—it's a shaving cream and a lotion all in one. And with all its luxury and ease *you save money* because Ingram's is concentrated—it goes further. Get the thrifty tube or economical jar at your druggist's today.

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S Concentrated SHAVING CREAM

A little goes a longer way

full honors due a prince of the empire.

Happy Chalmers was merely *suspected* of responsibility when the ship's band of the Wyoming cut loose with "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" just as a president of Haiti was leaving the flagship after a fleet review. Nor could the cipher experts of the BuNav in Washington ever *prove* that Happy Chalmers had inspired the mysterious fashion letter in code that broke a war-game radio silence and ended with the famous tagline: "Mrs. Roosevelt is not aboard!" But some day, anxious friends said, Happy Chalmers' foot would slip.

"Cap'n Chalmers, sir?"

"Hello, sailors. Lost?"

"Oh, no, sir. I and Tim thought you oughta know—"

"Ner! Not me . . . I ain't in favor of it!"

Captain Chalmers listened to the ensuing argument conducted in husky stage whispers with amused tolerance. He liked sailors and never played any practical jokes on them. . . .

"I'm gonna tell him—leggo, Tim—"

"Ner!"

Happy Chalmers laughed.

"At ease, men, at ease!" he said. "Now, Little Poison, you go right ahead and tell me. This is still the land of the free speech!"

Seaman Linn shook off his buddy's restraining hand.

"Thank you, sir; as I was sayin' when Tim hadta go an' . . . well, as I was sayin', there's a plot cooked up to play a joke on you, sir!"

Hearty laughter shook Happy Chalmers' jovial rotundity.

"Capital acting, boys!" he applauded. "Now you go and tell that daughter of mine to pay you double what she promised! Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!"

"She didn't send us, sir," said Seaman Linn, desperately.

Still chuckling, Happy Chalmers handed Seaman Linn a sack of bananas.

"You lads are good!" he said.

"But, Cap'n, sir—somepin might happen any minute that'd—"

"Oh, I've cut my eyeteeth, boys. Don't you worry about me! Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!"

And with a genial nod, Captain Chalmers left them. Tim and Benny shuffled back to their motorcycle, glowering.

MORNING lay bright and fair upon the rocky hills of San Diego's back country. Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, wearing slacks and sports shirts, sat in the shade of an olive tree. It had been a long, rough ride, trailing Captain Happy Chalmers' outing party, and the motorcycle that had carried Tim and Benny over hill and dale lay on its side, smoking.

"Benny?"

"Yeah."

"You got an idea yet, Benny?"

Seaman Linn saw something in a canyon far below the highway. He clutched Fireman Dunnevan's arm and pointed, saying: "Aw-aw, lookit, Tim, lookit!"

Four tiny figures had appeared on the shore of a wilderness lake, deserted and forlorn. There were three men and a girl. They ran splashing into the water.

"They're going swimmin'," Fireman Dunnevan said. "What's wrong with that, Benny?"

"It's the pay-off. I got a hunch."

A fat male figure detached itself from the other swimmers and, with trusting naïveté, struck out for the middle of the small lake.

"Agh!—they won't try *that*, Benny."

"The big chump! He's falling for it!"

With relentless inevitability the drama unfolded. The unsuspecting swimmer's companions *stealthily left the water*, quickly snatched up articles of clothing in their arms and bolted through the brush.

"Hey, Cap'n Chalmers—"

"Pipe *down!*" Then, Seaman Linn snorted grimly. "Champeen wisecracker of the U. S. Navy, an' he falls fer the oldest gag in the world! Ju-das priest, is that guy dumb!"

Stunned by this simple crisis, Fireman Dunnevan heaved to his feet and squinted to see Happy Chalmers' companions.

"They're headin' fer the car, Benny! They're gonna leave Happy flat! . . . Lookit, Benny, they're starting off. . . . Hey, Cap'n Chalmers! They're ditchin' you! They're ditchin' you!"

Whether Happy heard the warning bellow or whether he became suspicious of the abrupt silence ashore could not be determined. But he stopped swimming, trod water for a few seconds and then, after taking in the situation, thrashed wildly across the lake. He emerged clad only in a pair of white shorts. His frantic search for clothes was an obvious pantomime that even Fireman Dunnevan correctly interpreted.

"They didn't jest tie knots in 'em, Benny," he reported. "They *took* 'em!"

SEAMAN LINN nodded and stood up. It was his moment to point a moral and adorn a tale.

"There's a captain in the U. S. Navy with nothing but pants on an' miles from nowhere, Tim," he said. "He ain't very peeved yet, but in a hour he'll be plenty peeved. So we'll go down an' rescue the guy an' save Mike Noonan from getting the works. Now ain't you glad you let *me* do the thinking?"

Fireman Dunnevan was definitely impressed.

"You sure are smart, Benny," he said.

Then, with appalling swiftness a new development stunned Tim and Benny.

Happy Chalmers, instead of sitting down and waiting for the conspirators to weaken and come back for him, lost his head. He went plunging through the brush in the general direction of the spot where his car and trailer had been parked.

"Hey, Cap'n . . . wait . . . they've gone . . . wait!"

Yelling in unison, Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan tried to halt Happy Chalmers. But obviously he did not hear their warning shouts.

"Oh, Ju-das priest, he'll get lost! We got to catch him! *C'mon!*"

But Captain Chalmers had a start of three quarters of a mile and he did get lost. It was nearly an hour before Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, flailing through greasewood and mesquite, stumbled out upon the main highway and almost bumped into Happy Chalmers. He was limping along in the wrong direction and muttering to himself.

"Ju-das priest, Cap'n, sir, didn't you hear us yelling?"

Seaman Linn's *ordinarily* cocksure voice quavered and Fireman Dunnevan was so overcome by the spectacle Happy Chalmers presented that he could only gape. One brief hour in the wilds of San Diego County had left its mark upon Captain Chalmers.

"Oh . . . *you!*" he gasped.

"Y-yes, sir."

"They'd better come back for me!" the captain exploded, "I don't mind a joke—in fact, I like a joke. But this has gone far enough, far enough!"

Seaman Linn nodded.

"Yes, sir; it sure has." He turned to Fireman Dunnevan. "Tim, give the Cap'n your shirt. An' go get the motorsickle—"

"No!" Happy Chalmers roared. "I'm going home in my own clothes and in my own car! Those young jackanapes, *Noonan and Camberwell*, had better be on their way back for me. I'll give them just five minutes more, just five minutes more!" Then, he added in a terrifyingly quieter tone, "I'm sorry you fellows let them talk *you* into this."

Fireman Dunnevan gulped audibly while Seaman Linn said in almost tearful self-righteousness: "We wasn't in on it, sir. Fact is, I and Tim tried to warn you last night they might pull somepin like this—"

"H'mph! We'll see about it."

Whereupon, Captain Chalmers started limping along the sandy shoulder of the road. Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan shuffled after him:

"Cap'n, sir, we could take you to the nearest telephone on the motorsickle—"

"Ah, here they come now!"

But the approaching car did not contain Sharon or Rocky or Mike. It was a patrol car of the state highway police. The two cops in the front seat jammed on the brakes and goggled. With a wicked gleam in his eye, Captain Chalmers walked over to the cops.

"I am Captain Chalmers, United States Navy," he announced. "I was held up and robbed by two young men and a girl. They took my clothes and car and trailer and headed toward San Diego. California license No. 76-3777. Let's go get 'em!"

This quick twist—the revenge of an inveterate practical joker—was Happy Chalmers' undoing. For, while Captain Chalmers continued to supply other details of the robbery, Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan had put their heads together.

"He's gonna get Mike Noonan pinched, Benny!"

"Not whilst I'm conscious he ain't. You back me up in everything I say."

"Yerse, Benny."

Seaman Linn, squaring his narrow shoulders, stepped up to the patrol car.

Nodding to indicate Happy Chalmers, Seaman Linn made a screwy motion with his right forefinger.

"Oh," said the cop, and nudged his companion. "These guys say different, Sergeant."

Happy Chalmers laughed shortly.

"These are enlisted men of the United States Navy," he said, "and will, I think, identify me as Captain Chalmers."

The sergeant looked at Tim and Benny.

"You guys sailors?" he demanded.

Seaman Linn's eyes were bland.

"Who . . . *us?* Oh, no, sir. We work at a filling station in San Diego." Then, as Captain Chalmers gave a sharp outcry, he continued smoothly: "I don't say you ain't a captain in the Navy, sir. All I say is you didn't tell us that down to the lake. You said you was General Custer—"

"Yerse! He tried to sculp us . . . an'—"

"Pipe down, Tim—"

Happy Chalmers could bear no more. He drew himself up to quarterdeck bearing and thundered: "I'll have you men *in irons for this!* Deserters, that's what! Officers, arrest these men and hold them for the naval authorities—"

THE cops had slipped quietly out of the car during this tirade. They stepped up on either side of Happy Chalmers and firmly grasped his fat arms.

"Take it easy, Uncle," said the sergeant. "We'll soon have you back safe at Bide-A-Wee."

"Sure," said the other cop, sympathetically. "You want to go back to Bide-A-Wee, where all your pals are."

Captain Chalmers suddenly became deadly calm.

"Take me to a telephone," he said. Then, as he saw Tim and Benny edging away: "But I insist that those men go with us. We'll soon get at the truth!"

The cops, intent only on getting Uncle back to Bide-A-Wee quietly, ordered Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan to accompany the party. As the sergeant explained to Seaman Linn, out of the corner of his mouth:

"You guys may be in for a reward!"

"We don't want no reward an' we left our motorsickle—"

"Get in!" said the sergeant.

It was but a short drive to the Bide-A-Wee Sanitarium, a large, homey place tucked away in a pleasant valley off the main road. Captain Chalmers was ominously silent.

"He ain't one of ours!" said the attendant at the front door. "We got two admirals here but no captain."

"Where's the phone?" rasped Happy Chalmers.

The sergeant said he would do the phoning. While Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan waited like condemned men, the sergeant called Captain Chalmers' home in Coronado:

"This Captain Chalmers' residence? . . . Oh . . . is this Captain Chalmers *speaking?* . . . Oh . . . this is a police officer. We picked up a guy who said he was you. I guess he ain't. Sorry—"

Happy Chalmers became violent at this point. He said his daughter Sharon had bribed the yardman to impersonate him. He demanded that his aide, Lieutenant Jarvis, be called immediately. He demanded that the admiral be called immediately. He said it was all a practical joke—

Fireman Dunnevan weakened.

"We better tell the truth now, Benny."

"I guess we better . . . no, wait—"

Two rather distinguished-looking men had entered the anteroom to have a look at Happy Chalmers, who was being held in a chair. An attendant addressed one of the men as Dr. Margram.

"Bring the vice-admiral in here," said Dr. Margram gently.

Happy Chalmers, now speechless, was escorted into Dr. Margram's office. The cops and Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan waited. . . .

"It seems to be a case of schizophrenia," Dr. Margram announced, emerging with his companion. "He is suffering from shock and exposure. I suggest that we let him rest in a soothing bath and he may return to his other identity. I think if you officers return in three hours we may have more definite information."

"Okay, Doc," said the sergeant.

He turned to Tim and Benny.

"You guys can go now," he said.

As Seaman Linn led the way to the door, he heard a woman office employee address Dr. Margram's companion as "Congressman Margram" and hand him several telegrams. Seaman Linn's chin perked up and he asked the door attendant: "Is that guy who looks like Dr. Margram a congressman from Washington?"

"Yeah," said the door attendant, "that's Doc's brother. He's visiting here."

Trudging back to find their motorcycle, Fireman Dunnevan was amazed to see the jaunty, cocky swagger return to Seaman Linn's walk.

"You jest tryin' to die game, Benny?"

"Die? Who said anything about dying, Tim?"

Fireman Dunnevan gulped.

"Maybe they won't let Happy Chalmers hang us when he gets out, Benny—but he'll sure give us plenty of time in Portsmerth. Yerse!"

Seaman Linn laughed.

"God loves U. S. sailors if their hearts are pure!" he affirmed. "You jest foller along an' watch it come true, Tim!"

WITH Seaman Linn at the handle bars and Fireman Dunnevan hanging on for his life, the motorcycle dashed back to Coronado. Flying Cadet Camberwell, Ensign Noonan and Miss Sharon Chalmers were sitting on the captain's front porch when Tim and Benny dismounted.

"Mister Noonan, sir?"

"Yes, Linn?"

"It's about Cap'n Chalmers, sir—"

The three conspirators got to their feet.

"*Arrested?*"

"No, sir, not exactly. They put him in the Bide-A-Wee Sanitarium—they think he's nuts, sir."

"Yerse!"

Sharon Chalmers and Rocky Camberwell burst into laughter. Rocky was so amused he rolled down the steps and lay kicking on the grass. Sharon clapped her hands and shrieked: "Goody, goody! Oh, this is priceless! Daddy in a booby hatch! Let's let him stay there all night!"

Ensign Noonan stared at her.

"You would do a thing like that?" he said.

"Would I? Just would I?"

Slowly the spell was broken, the horrid illusion shattered: Ensign Noonan stood forth a free man.

"Well, *I* won't!" he snapped. "Linn . . . Dunnevan, you come with me!"

"Yes, sir!" said Seaman Linn happily.

And when the three of them arrived back in Dr. Margram's office, it was Seaman Linn, not the doleful, lovelorn Ensign Noonan, who took charge of proceedings. He faced Congressman Margram with masterful dignity.

"Your brother, the Doc, has muffed one, sir!" he said, levelly. "He's declared Captain Chalmers nuts an' put him in a bathtub an' held him prisoner against his own free will. Mr. Ensign Noonan here can identify Captain Chalmers an' so can I and Tim. The well-considered policy of the U. S. Navy is to ask heavy damages—"

Congressman Margram sprang to his feet.

"Come with me!" he croaked.

They found Happy Chalmers, not in a bathtub, for he had passed that phase; Happy Chalmers was in what is technically known as a "cold pack." Dr. Margram was psychoanalyzing him.

Congressman Margram delivered himself of quite a speech, eloquent and emotional, anent the stupidity of psychiatrist brothers and the ghastliness of the blunder that had been made. He was so forceful that Seaman Linn guessed, quite accurately, that he was a silent partner in Bide-A-Wee.

"I hope, Captain Chalmers," the congressman concluded, "that you can find it in your heart to forgive us."

Then Happy Chalmers made the wisest wisecrack of his career.

"Ho-oh-oh-oh-oh," he laughed, "I should stay right here in Bide-A-Wee. Your brother, sir, has made me a vice-admiral!"

Tears of relief flooded Congressman Margram's eyes.

"I can do better than that, Captain," he said. "You wait and see!"

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan turned their motorcycle once more toward San Diego, the U. S. Navy and Millicent and Georgine. Fireman Dunnevan, for whom events had passed too swiftly, stood there in a daze.

"Benny?"

"Ju-das priest, hop on. We already kept them gals waiting a whole day—"

"Yerse, but I got to know, Benny. I can figger why Mr. Ensign Noonan is gonna get our liberty extended—he knows we saved him from makin' a orful mistake about Sharon Chalmers. But why did Happy Chalmers fergive us after what we done to um?"

Seaman Linn snorted.

"*Fergive* us? Lookit, Tim!"

"Hully gee—a h-hundred bucks—"

"Half from Margram an' half from Happy!"

"But *why*, Benny?"

"That congressman is a big shot on the House Naval Affairs Committee, you klunk! He's gonna make Happy a rear admiral an' send him to the Asiatic squadron. They need a guy like Happy out there—a guy that can keep his temper, see?"

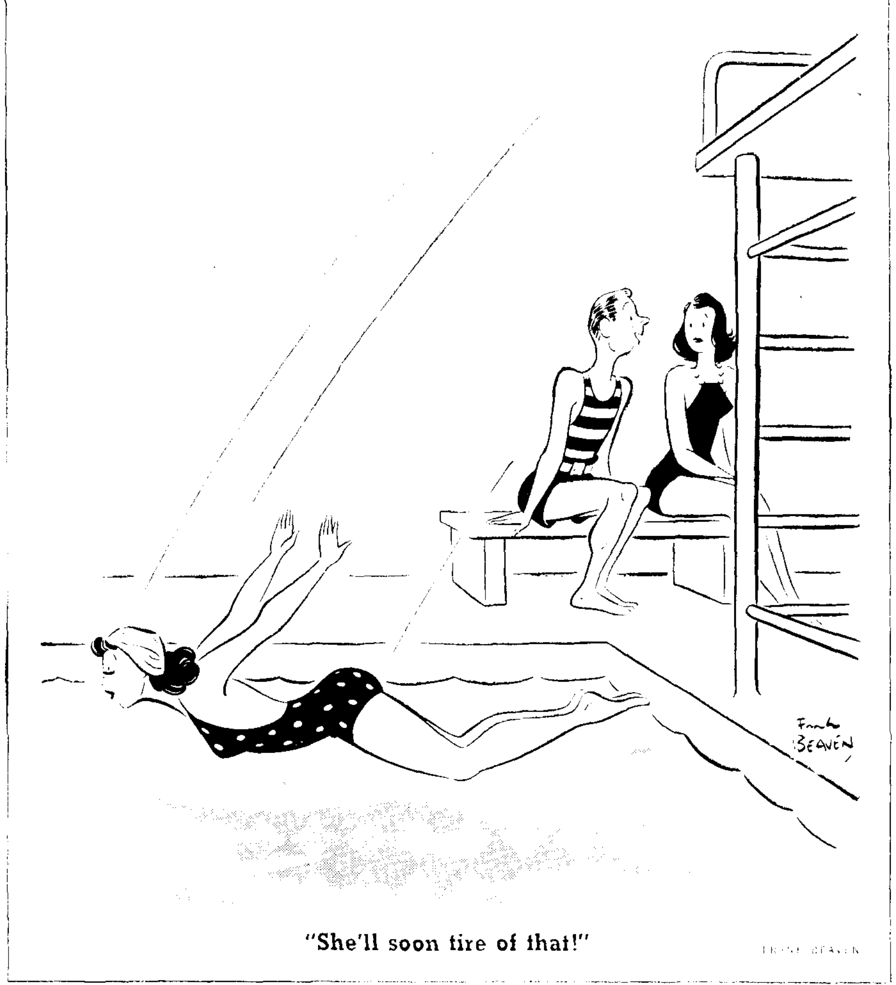
This brought a flabbergasted wheeze from Fireman Dunnevan.

"Gosh, Benny," he said, "I didn't know a congressman was bright enough to figger it thataway!"

Spitting magnificently to leeward, Seaman Linn made a vulgar noise.

"He wasn't, you lug, he wasn't. *I* thought of that Asiatic angle, so on an' so forth. Force *and* brains, get it?"

"Yerse, Benny!"



"She'll soon tire of that!"

FRANK BEAVEN

It's a state of superb scenic beauty

EVERY PART OF

Pennsylvania

BIDS YOU WELCOME

Don't think for a minute your Hospitality Passport to Pennsylvania is just an idle gesture. It's a symbol of the grand brand of friendly welcome that has always existed in the Scenic State! It invites you to feast upon the most glorious display of Autumn color on mountain and forest that you've ever seen . . . to roam over 30,000 miles of modern highway . . . to revel in hunting country as well stocked as in pioneer days. ● Come this Autumn, and see Pennsylvania at its beautiful best!

Right: The Molly Pitcher Monument, Carlisle, Pa.

Above: 30,000 miles of fine modern highways invite you

Right: Old houses and scenes of quiet rustic beauty

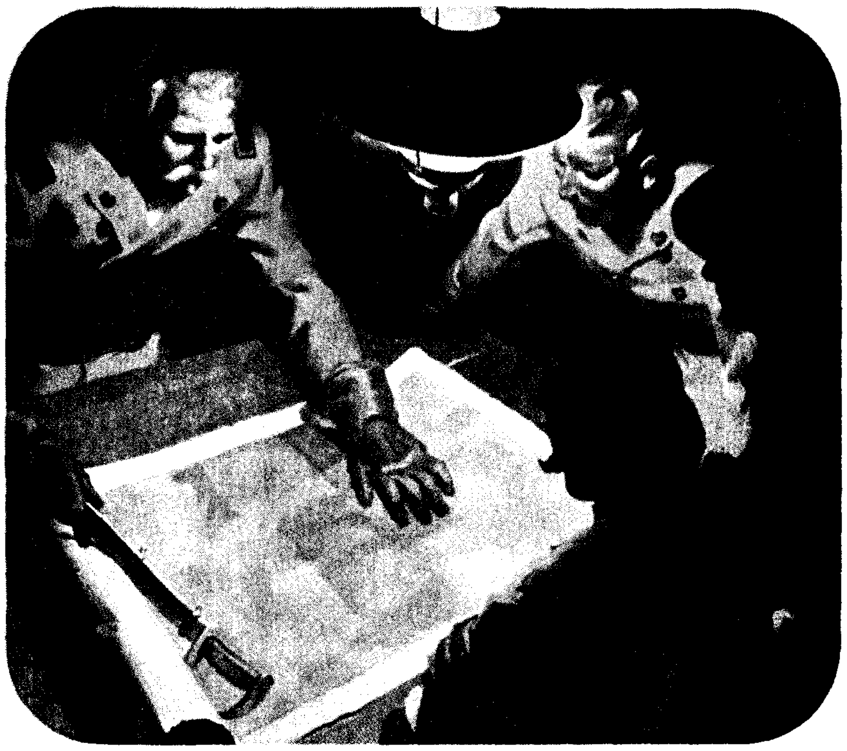
PENNSYLVANIA
HOSPITALITY
PASSPORT

The famed Motor Police—your guide in Penna.

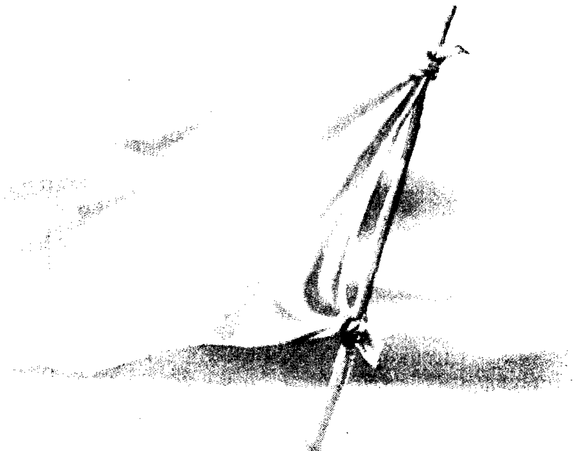
FREE
Big 128 page Book, State Map in color and your Hospitality Passport. Write Dept. C Penna. State Publicity Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.

GEORGE H. EARLE
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE
OF PENNSYLVANIA

PENNA. STATE PUBLICITY COMMISSION
HARRISBURG, PA.
ROY E. BROWNMILLER, CHAIRMAN

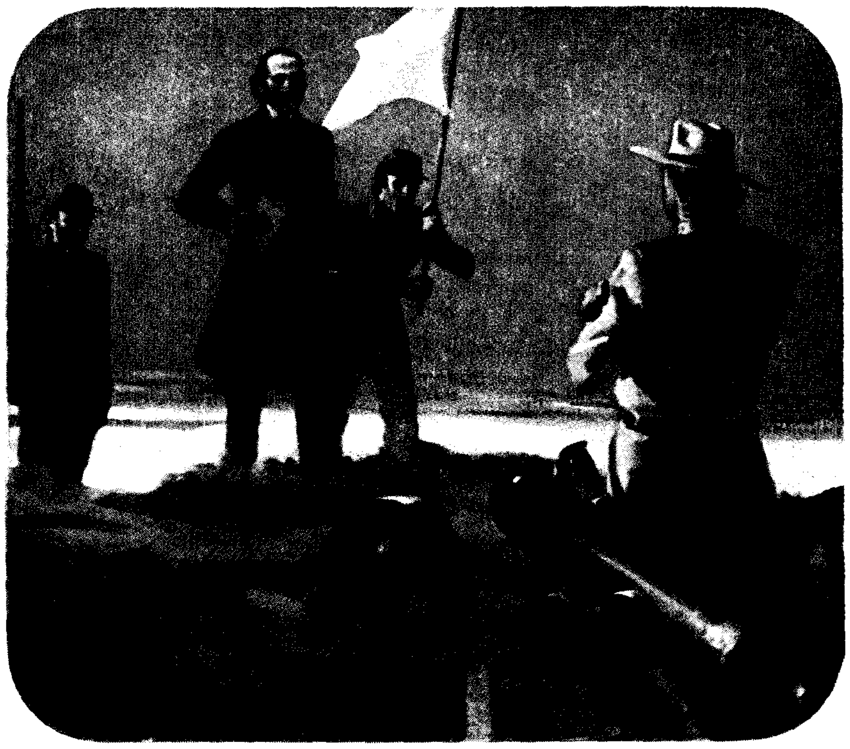


NORFOLK WAS UNDER a state of siege. Before communication with the outside world was disrupted, the New York Life's Home Office was notified that two of its policyholders in the city had died. Prompt payments would relieve distress. But how could they be made under these conditions?

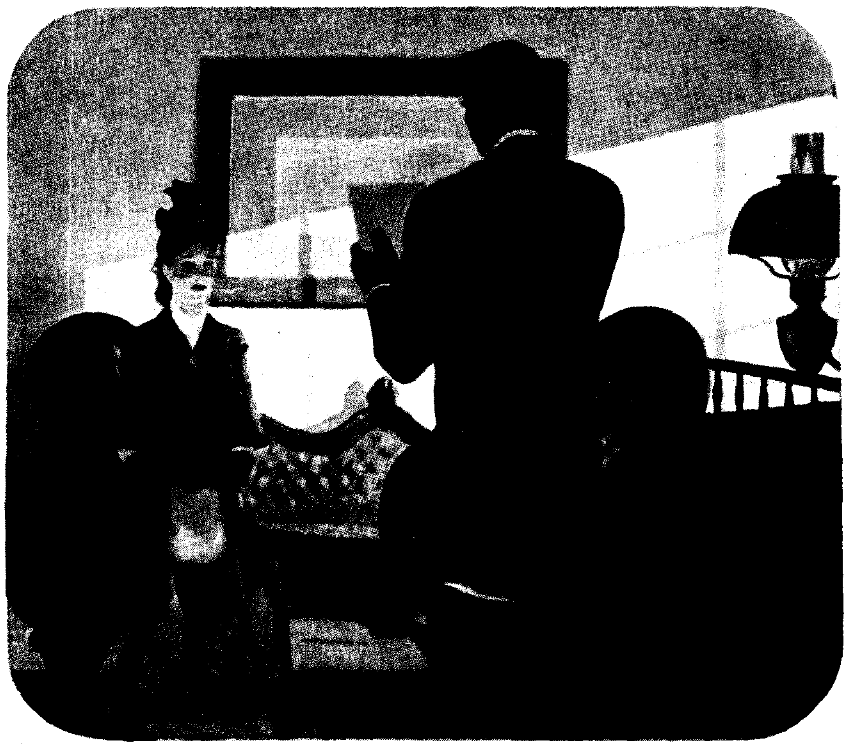


UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE

Norfolk, Virginia 1862



THE OPPOSING ARMIES recognized the humanity of life insurance . . . suspended hostilities . . . allowed a representative to pass through the lines under a flag of truce in order to establish a contact and make arrangements with the beneficiaries within the city of Norfolk for the payment of these claims.



ONE OF THE BENEFICIARIES later came to New York to express her appreciation. She carried a letter from Mayor William W. Lamb of Norfolk. He wrote: "Your prompt payment has sustained the high reputation of your Company in this community which I hope it will long continue to enjoy."

WHEN a man buys life insurance he wants to feel sure that the proceeds, when due, will be paid *without delay*. A life insurance company therefore makes every effort to pay its obligations as promptly as possible. Also, it must be kept so safe that there need never be any question of its financial ability to meet its obligations. The New York Life Insurance Company has a long record of fidelity in meeting its obligations to policyholders; and in investing it adheres to the principle that safety should always be the first consideration. These are among the reasons why the Company continues to merit the confidence of its policyholders . . . why a New York Life policy is one of the best investments you can make . . . why the agents, in offering the benefits of New York Life protection, render a valuable service to the public.

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION... NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board* ✦ **51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.** ✦ **ALFRED L. AIKEN**, *President*

Bad Scout

Continued from page 32

my better judgment will go to Onondauk but I can tell you right now this Harry Marsh will have to be a world-beater to make any impression on me.

CHESTER BANNOCK.

Onondauk, Kansas
May 22

DEAR BILL:

I got here on Thursday morning. I did a little talking around and I soon got the low-down on this whole deal. Melissa Harper doesn't have to sell any players because of the money she's losing on this club. She's fairly rolling in it. She used to be sweet on this Harry Marsh when they went to school together but when she came into all this dough, she went social on him. So now she wants to make it up by getting him a berth in one of the major leagues.

Well, when it got around town that I was Chester Bannock, the famous big-league scout, the fans got all hot and bothered. They didn't want Harry Marsh sold. If I signed him up—ha. ha! —there would be nothing to stop Pawley from winning the championship. For some reason that seemed important to them. There was a big crowd out on Saturday when the Pawley team came to town and the fans certainly stretched their necks when I came in with the mayor and the vice-president of the club. I guess they had never seen a famous big-league scout before.

They had put three chairs over on the first-base line so I could see all the fine points of his work—I am laughing—but right away I wished we were up in the grandstand. It would have been much safer. As soon as this Harry Marsh got in the box, I knew he didn't have a thing except an idea that the plate was back of where we were sitting. He was a lucky redheaded gawk and in the first frame he walked two men and gave three hits. Three runs crossed the plate.

"He must be nervous. I guess you've scared him," said the mayor.

"That makes it even then," I said, getting ready to dodge the next wild heave. "He has certainly scared me."

In the second, he walks the first man up and beans the next two. I was expecting he would find the range and bean me next.

"So this is the great left-hander," I said. "This is certainly a joke on that master mind of the baseball world, Bill Clement."

I started to laugh. I laughed so hard, thinking what a joke it was on you, that I nearly fell off my chair.

But the crowd wasn't laughing. They were starting to boo and yell. I couldn't tell what they were yelling but the mayor said they wanted the great Harry Marsh yanked out of the box, which seemed like a reasonable desire to me. A big argument started around the home bench. The mayor began to look kind of funny and he tells me he has just remembered there's a train out of town at 3:18 which I could just make if I have seen enough to make up my mind. I had seen plenty and I got out of my chair quick.

"I see you are like all men in big jobs, you can make quick decisions," said the mayor.

As I was hurrying out of the grounds, a new pitcher was going in. He was a fine-looking big lug and the crowd was yelling fit to kill. I watched him wind up and send over the first one. It was a strike and I could hear the plunk it made when it landed in the catcher's mitt although I was out at the gate by that time.

"This bird can steam 'em over," I said to myself. "But, what the hell, he's a left-hander, too."

So I caught the 3:18 and got into Chi late in the evening. I was just in time to catch a train out for Akron, where there's a shortstop who digs them right out of the roots of the grass and has been hitting .396.

You would think I had done enough for one day. But no, Bill, I am always on the job, night and day. I heard the Cards were on the train so I went back and chewed the rag with Frankie Frisch for a while. When I told him you thought you needed another left-hander and that you were dickering with the Phillies for Dinny Malone for the sun garden, he gave me kind of a queer look and said to tell you he might consider going in on a three-way trade.

He could use Dinny Malone himself but wants to get him in a trade so he won't have to pay out any jack, but the Phillies want money and won't listen to any trade talk. If you buy Dinny Malone, he might trade you Bust Brophey for him. Bill, if there is one left-hander in the league who would be of any use to you, it is Bust Brophey. So the setup is just perfect and I fixed it all myself. I guess there isn't another scout in the league could have fixed up a deal like this. All you got to do is chisel the sixty grand out of Young Nick and I've always given you credit as the best chiseler in or out of baseball.

The more I think about it, Bill, the more I can see that the joke back in Onondauk was on you.

Yours, always on the job, CHET.

NIGHT LETTER

May 23

CHESTER BANNOCK
Akron, Ohio

It was a joke all right but it was not on me. The whole town was so anxious to keep Marsh they pulled a fast one on you. The first pitcher was a scrub and it was Marsh who went in when you left. Miss Harper got full report of game. He gave no hits in eight innings and fanned fourteen men. Owner insisted I fire you but I persuaded him to let you stay if you go back and sign Marsh up right away. Lose no time. Your job hangs in balance. And what do you mean spilling all my plans to Frankie Frisch. If I try to talk deal to him now he will take my shirt away from me. I don't know why we should spend money hunting for ivory when your head is always available.

BILL.

Akron, Ohio
May 25

DEAR BILL:

They didn't fool me for one minute, Bill. I knew it wasn't Marsh they had in there but I was too wise to let these small-town hicks know I was on to them. You have to keep your tongue between your cheeks in this business or you don't get anywhere.

But I didn't like what I saw of this Harry Marsh. What if he did fan fourteen of these Pop-Up Petes from Pawley? All you have to do with batters like that is lob them over the plate and let nature do the rest.

Since you insist, I'll go back and sign this bird up but I can't go right away. I'm writing this from the hospital, Bill. I got double-crossed here.

Didn't you say something once in one of your letters about a girl named Delia Larose? She is a vaudeville star and I run across her sometimes as my work carries me back and forth across the country. It just happened she was playing in Akron when I came to see if this third baseman is as good as he's cracked up to be. (He's a false alarm so don't give him another thought.) After I had put in a heavy day's work, I ran around to see this Delia Larose.

To make you understand what happened, Bill, I got to tell you something about this Delia Larose. She is a great artist and the most beautiful woman in vaudeville. But she's kind of flighty. She is always falling for some ham she meets on the road. Every time I run across her in my hurried trips from one end of the country to another, she has fallen for some new goof she has been working on the same bill with. Generally it is professional strong men, or acrobats with arms like telegraph poles or Australian wood choppers, or so on.

This time, when I just happened to meet her in Akron, she had fallen for a stage tenor, a little lug with legs as skinny as the pipes he sings with. Somehow we got to arguing back and forth. I saw he had one coming to him, so I clipped him one right on the button. You wouldn't think he could make a dent in a cream puff but when he came back at me I thought the roof of the theater had fallen in.

Well, after it was all over, they moved me in here with a few things to be fixed up and some expensive repairs to be made to my bridgework.

I don't get you about this deal I started with the Cards. It is all ready to button up as soon as you chisel the sixty grand out of Young Nick. When I got through talking to Frankie Frisch, he said: "Well, Chet, you've talked me into it. Now that I know Bill needs a left-hander so bad, I will only ask an infielder to boot and not more than twenty grand to clinch the bargain." So, you see, everything is set, only you will have to chisel eighty grand out of Young Nick instead of sixty.

Yours,
CHESTER BANNOCK.

May 26

CHESTER BANNOCK
General Hospital
Akron, Ohio

I don't care if you have lost every tooth in your head. Have the doctors load you on train for Onondauk. Have I failed to make it clear your job depends on signing up Marsh right away? Have wired him you are on way out. Am afraid Harper girl may start to dicker with other clubs.

BILL.

Onondauk, Kansas
May 28

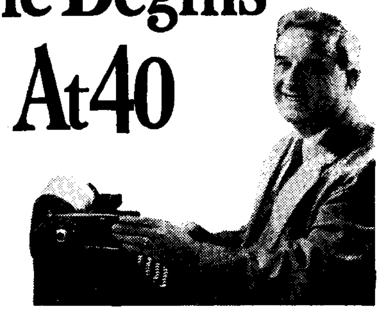
DEAR BILL:

Bill, when you hear what happened you may think I was lax or something and that we got a bad break. But, when you read the whole letter, you are going to realize that I pulled off a swell deal and that the extra hitting power you need has been secured by my energy and vision.

Harry Marsh pitched for the home team today. I won't deceive you, Bill, he showed a lot of stuff. I would have signed him up right after the game except for what happened in the ninth inning. The score was two to nothing in favor of Onondauk so the manager of the other team shoves in a pinch hitter.

He looked to me like a delivery man for a brewery who had gone all to seed. But a rooter for the visiting team, who was sitting beside me, was all excited about him. He said this big husk, Swamp Tucker, had just started to play but he would soon be the best pinch hitter in the game. He has corns on his feet, and his knees don't seem to hit it off very

Life Begins At40



OVER 60—HOWARD R. GARIS, naturalist and storyteller, has written over 8,000 of his famous "Uncle Wiggily" tales for children since the first one appeared 25 years ago! A new story still appears in newspapers daily. "The more I write, the more I find to write about," he says. "I'm doing harder and better work today than I did in my thirties."

AT 41—IRON-NERVED CAPTAIN GEORGE E. T. EYSTON reached a speed of 312 miles an hour in his racing car, "Thunderbolt," *and drove the fastest mile ever made on land.* 40 is not "old" for speed drivers. Another of the most famous is 52. Captain Eyston has every intention of continuing to seek records for years to come.

Many Are Finding Life Better and Busier AFTER 40

AFTER 40 you should be ready to enjoy some of your best years. But many around this age quite suddenly slow down—feel "middle-aged."

This early aging often comes from two simple causes:

1. You may not get enough vitamins for your body's needs. Older people need certain vitamins just as much as children do.

2. Slower digestion—so often experienced by people in their 40's—may pull you down. It also may prevent the vitamins you eat from doing you all the good they should.

Many find help for *both* these after-40 troubles in one tonic food—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It gives an *extra* supply of 4 essential vitamins. Eating these vitamins *in fresh yeast* helps the system to take them up *faster* and *more fully*. The yeast acts as a "booster" for the vitamins by stimulating a more active flow of digestive juices.

This improved digestion is a help often needed by many people in their 40's.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast *every day*. You'll soon learn to like its fresh, malt-like taste. Eat it ½ *hour before meals*—plain or dissolved in a little water. Do this *faithfully*. See if it doesn't make you *feel younger* and more vigorous.

Walter L. Watson
Over 50—Lining up New Sales Leads

Dear Life Begins:

I've been a salesman for 23 years. Up to four years ago, I was working plenty hard and feeling fine. Then my digestion began to act up. Sleep deserted me, too. I kept on working, but my efficiency and sales record were far below par.

I was telling a chap how awful I felt and he said: "Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?" I started the next day.

My energy began picking up after two weeks. I can tell you I was mighty glad to wake up in the morning and feel like pitching into work.

Now I feel like I'm *earning* my salary. I'm able to take care of my clientele and still dig up new leads.—WALTER L. WATSON

Copyright, 1938, Standard Brands Incorporated

WASHABLE RED
CARTER'S INK
WASHABLE BLUE
CARTER'S INK
MIDNIGHT BLUE-BLACK PERMANENT
CARTER'S INK

ink

...that starts faster—

Flows the instant pen touches paper. No need for extra pressure on your pen before you write. Saves time—and temper, too.

...flows more smoothly—

Whether your writing is fast, slow or jerky, Carter's keeps pace with it—flows evenly from pen to paper.

...that dries faster, too—

Cuts the risk of messy blots and smudges. Especially helpful when writing in check or notebooks.

...and is richer in color—

Each Carter color is richer ... deeper ... adds distinction to your writ.ng.

New formulas—even finer inks ... Smart, colorful cubes ... Wide mouths for easier filling and dipping ... Extra-large 10¢, 15¢, 25¢ sizes in Permanent Midnight (Blue, Blue-Black, Black); Washable (Blue and Black); Sunset (Red, Green, Violet, Brown).

CARTER'S INK

Finest for Fountain Pens • Also Adhesives, Carbon Paper, Typewriter Ribbons, Fountain Pens

well so he can never play in the field. If he could, according to this fan, he would be greater than Babe Ruth. Bill, this Swamp Tucker took one cut at the ball and no one ever laid eyes on it after that. *I saw he was a natural.* So, after the game, I hurried around and got him tied up on a contract. I got him dirt cheap. When I offered him a hundred a month, he nearly swallowed his eating tobacco. It seems eight-fifty a week has been his top so far.

Then I started for the home bench—Onondauk had won the game 2 to 1—and on the way I met the mayor.

"Well, well," he said, "the famous big-league scout again. The first time you honored us with a visit, you left too soon to see Harry Marsh work. This time you are too late."

I didn't know what he was driving at but I soon found out. Bill, this two-faced Harper girl had been tipping off other clubs about Harry Marsh. A scout for the Giants was watching the game too and, by the time I got over to the bench, he and Marsh had made a deal and the papers had been signed.

But I am sure you will agree with me, Bill, that we got the best of it. Swamp Tucker will break up more ball games for you than Harry Marsh will start for the Giants.

Swamp Tucker is on his way East now.

Now I am off for a place called Sinsikket where I hear there is a young college pitcher who can throw more curves than you will see in a Mae West picture.

Yours, in a cloud of dust, your old pal,
Chet.

Night Letter

May 29

Chester Bannock
Sinsikket

Everything has not turned out for the best. You are fired. Owner is so sore he may fire me too. Don't come back to get your money. Just let me know where to send it. We are back to third place because of need for another good left-hander. It is all your fault. If I ever see you again I will start in where that tenor left off and make a thorough job of it.
W. Clement.

Harleytown, Md.
June 3

W. Clement
Manager, White Shirts

Dear Bill:

So this is what I get for years of faithful service. I let a busher from the corn belt get away and you fire me!

I have come back to the old home town, the old town where you and I were boys together, where we played on the same team and where I taught you all the tricks of the game. If it hadn't been for the way I coached you and the way I covered up for you when I was catching, you would be still here today, selling cigars in a corner drugstore.

Bill, I am dead broke. I owe money to the hotel already. I can't even afford to buy newspapers or a copy of Variety or anything. Send me some money or you will soon be hearing that I have starved to death. I know you wouldn't want that to happen.

Yours, in deep trouble, Chet.

June 11

Chester Bannock
Harleytown, Md.

Dear Chet:

Chet, I was sorry I had to tie the can on you but you've had it coming to you for a long time. Your luck always pulled you through. This time Lady Luck had a date with the Giants instead.

For old times' sake, I am sending you a check for two hundred dollars. If you ever holler for more I won't be listening. When this is gone, you can occupy yourself by cutting new holes in your belt.

This great find of yours, Swamp Tucker, landed in a few days ago. Will you tell me what I am supposed to do with him? I have given some thoughts *to renting him out to a flea circus* but haven't been able to stir up any bids. He goes at the end of the month.

Did you see what Harry Marsh did on his first appearance in a Giants' uniform? He pitched against the Cubs and went the route, holding them to five hits and winning the game. Yes, indeed, everything turned out for the best! Young Nick came in to see me the next morning. I was reaching for a gun but all he said was: "What makes me really sore about this whole business is those five-dollar breakfasts." So I said: "Chet won't be eating any more five-dollar breakfasts. In fact, he won't be eating breakfasts of any kind soon." It cheered him up a little.

But he has no reason for feeling cheered up. Things are not going well for him. We open in New York tomorrow and the Harper girl is coming on for the series. He is still crazy about her and is hoping to decorate one of her fingers with an expensive piece of jewelry.

Well, you horsefly, it was all your own fault that you got yourself into the flypaper. Bill.

Harleytown, Md.
June 11

W. Clement
Manager, White Shirts

See by papers Harry Marsh will work against you tomorrow. Take my advice and put Swamp Tucker in as pinch hitter in first or second inning. Be sure to do what I say. Did you ever know me to be wrong?
Chester Bannock.

New York
June 12

Dear Chet:

The game is just over and I am sitting down to let you know what happened because it concerns you.

Our worthy owner brought the Harper girl to the game. He was looking glum so I judged things were not going too well. He had her all banked up with orchids and she looked so cute I sympathized with him heartily. He asked me to share their box so I decided to give the bench a rest for the day.

When Harry Marsh walked out to the box, that girl turned a pretty shade of pink. He is certainly a handsome big lug and I am here to tell you he has a real burst of speed! He turned my boys back with ten pitched balls in the first inning and it certainly looked as though he had the Indian sign on them for the day. Young Nick looked at me bitterly and said: "So I paid a million dollars for this bunch of cripples. I am reminding you, Bill, that you were the master mind who spent all that money picking these pushovers, these scourings of the sand lots!"

I was feeling pretty sick about the whole situation when a telegraph boy came into the box and handed me your wire. I read it. Then I had a hunch. The old ball game looked as good as gone anyway. Why not see if the Bannock luck had come back? Perhaps it needed something as loony as this to start it functioning again. So I made up my mind to give it a try. I sent down word to the boys to shove Swamp Tucker under a shower and to start stretching a uniform so he could get into it. When the crowd saw him waddle out to the plate, there was a stunned silence for a moment. Then everyone began to laugh.

Tucker started to play up to the crowd. He waved his hand and called out in a whisky baritone that could be heard all over the grandstand: "Hold your horses, folks! I'm going to show you something." Then he looked at Marsh and boomed out: "Get ready for the showers, Busher. I'm going to pick on the first one you send up and give it a buggy ride."

Harry Marsh out there on the mound didn't seem very happy about it. He looked at the big scarecrow facing him and took a long time to wind up. Then he laid one right in the groove.

Swamp Tucker laughed. The next thing I knew there was a tiny speck in the sky, and it was going so far away it would never come back!

Swamp Tucker was so clumsy that he nearly fell twice in making the circuit. He had a gait like a Percheron with nerve trouble. The crowd was roaring with laughter before he got to the first bag. By the time he rounded second, they were cheering. He stopped for breath at third and put both hands up to his eyes to sight the home plate. Then he waved at the crowd with a hand like a baked ham and started to do the last mile of the trip.

Even Melissa Harper was laughing and cheering. "I like that funny big man," she said. "He makes me think of W. C. Fields."

"Where did you get him?" asked Young Nick in an excited voice.

"Believe it or not," I said, "that's the pinch hitter Chet Bannock sent us in place of Harry Marsh."

Young Nick looked stumped for a minute. "It doesn't seem possible," he said, finally. "Do you suppose, Bill, we've been all wrong? Is it possible there were times when Bannock really knew what he was doing?"

Bill Terry emerged from the Giants' dugout and motioned. I could see he was far from happy. The new left-hander turned and walked from the mound. He looked so sheepish I knew he had never expected anything like this could ever happen to him.

"I'm afraid he isn't the world-beater I thought he was," said the girl. "I was so sure nothing could stop him."

After a while she leaned over and patted Young Nick on the arm. "Going to show me the town tonight, Nick?" she asked.

By the looks of things when they left, I am sure they are going to make a team of it. Our worthy owner was beaming. He whispered to me to get my plans laid for what I needed in the way of new players and he would be around next morning to sign the checks. And then he said something else.

"Bill," he said, "I'm sure I was all wrong about Chester Bannock. He not only found this Swamp Tucker for us but he called the turn on this big punk of a Harry Marsh. He didn't want to bother with him in the first place. You remember he warned me about him. You had better get Chet back again, Bill. We need a man like that."

And now to get down to business. I hear there's a center fielder in Dallas who may turn into another Georgia Peach. I am wiring you five hundred for expenses. Catch the next train for the South and see how far he falls short of these rosy expectations.

Yours, in mad haste, Bill.

Item from Variety:

If the old days of vaudeville should ever come back, Delia Larose will be found somewhere near the top of the heap. She is laying them in the aisles out in Ypsilanti this week.

Harleytown
June 14

W. Clement
Manager, White Shirts

So you have come to your senses at last. I will go to Dallas but first I must hurry out to Ypsilanti. I hear there is a second baseman out there who will burn up the league. Chester Bannock.

Troubled Star

Continued from page 10

"Ask me some other time. There are department heads for dinner and I'm pouring tea for Dean Hannan in the afternoon."

She had no intention of succumbing to his pursuit, but she somberly admitted that it exhilarated her. She needed to be made to feel—pursuable. She had invented the department heads but Dean Hannan's tea was genuine. On her way to it she stopped at Francine's beauty shop for a manicure. As she went out she heard a sorrowful and exasperated voice:

"Francine, if just once in my life you and a Paris frock could make me look as smart as Susanna Bradford looks in her bathrobe and curl papers—oh, what's the use? Even if I could get my hair that sandy blond, I couldn't have that figure."

SUSANNA went back and looked through the curtains. A quite pretty girl, obviously a coed, was swathed in towels for a wave, and turned carmine when she saw Susanna. "Sorry," she said awkwardly. Then she smiled. "But it's true enough. Only I'll never have a Paris frock."

Susan smiled. "I couldn't have a better tonic—I'm entering a den of faculty wives."

Dean Hannan was a great darling but his teas exhausted Susanna. Her conversation had to be guarded, she had to know what to remember and what to forget, she had to keep in mind a thousand different shades of seniority and prejudice and personal history.... After an hour of this one she felt mauled and was soothed only when the dean came to talk acidly about the trustees. He was a wise and lovable man, from whom you learned no more than he wanted you to learn. He presided over the faculty with great firmness, great amusement and an unshakable conviction that they were all innocents and visionaries who must be sheltered from a hostile world. After ten minutes he went away. Susanna filled cups and half listened to Mrs. Sprague gossiping vigorously across the room.

Dean Hannan said at her shoulder, "Susanna, please!" Then, as she looked up and felt a bitter cold seize her stomach and invade her legs, "This is Dr. Cornish, whom the government is lending us for a year."

Her stunned mind issued an instantaneous warning: Dean Hannan won't miss the slightest symptom! She said calmly, "How do you do, Dr. Cornish?" held out her hand without a tremor, and as he took it, looked squarely at him. Why, he was older, more mature, this was a man's face, grave, reserved and, thank heaven, as expressionless as a statue's. An odd bewilderment mingled with her alarm. How had she supposed that six years would make no change in him?

Alexander Cornish dropped her hand. He said, "How do you do, Miss Bradford?" He looked blank and bored. But the sound of his voice set her cold knees trembling.

"Dr. Cornish," Dean Hannan said, "has taken charge of a research in soil erosion. The department of geology and the school of agriculture get to spend a big grant while he looks on. But he's an unsocial young man, I'm afraid, Susanna—he chooses to live in a little shack on Shagbark Creek."

"That's a Spartan touch—you must be an engineer, Dr. Cornish." Her lips obeyed her will and formed a smile. "Do you boil your eggs in the coffeepot?"

"I'm a geologist," Dr. Cornish said indifferently. "I took the shack so that my working hours needn't disturb anyone."

Dean Hannan moved away. Susanna said, "I hope you'll like Morrison," fatuously, as to some visiting athlete, then, desperately, "May I give you some tea?"

Alexander Cornish said, "No, thanks," bowed, and went to the far end of the room, where he joined a group of instructors. She stopped trembling. She must not leave now and she hoped he would have the good sense not to go abruptly. She contained herself through an unreal, dizzy half hour, sometimes hearing his voice through the swirls of talk, then told Dean Hannan that the university had had its share of her. The dean went to the door, thanking her, hand on her arm.

"Where had you met Cornish before?" he asked casually.

"I've been trying to remember," Susanna said. "I'm not sure I have met him. If I have, it must have been at a Smith dance. Is he a Harvard man?"

"Massachusetts Tech. And getting to be the government's white hope in conservation. Good night, Susanna."

SHE found that it was unwise to drive until her nerves quieted, and stopped her car on the shore of the pond. A sharp wind was blowing through brown November dusk. Susanna drew her coat tight and shivered. A horrible half hour! It had left her weak, but that was to be expected. Neither weakness nor anxiety counted; the one question was how much of the self-respect and self-confidence she had slowly built up in six years was now in danger. It was impossible to tell. But she could be sure of one thing. She was not merely bitter about Alexander Cornish. The emotion that had tightened her throat and slid like ice along her muscles was not bitterness—it was simple hate.

Shortly after dinner a messenger boy brought her a note on Faculty Club stationery. Its "Dear Suzanne" stabbed deep, for only Smith girls and one man had ever called her Suzanne.

"Dear Suzanne:

"You looked frightened at Dean Hannan's. Surely there is nothing to be afraid of. My assignment here lasts till next August but we need not meet. However unfortunate my presence is, it can't be helped. And it need not be embarrassing, and certainly it cannot cause you distress in any way.

"ALEXANDER CORNISH"

COSTUMES for the Morrison Foibles were beginning to come in and the cast wore some of them at a rehearsal. Finishing two hours of exhortation at the Ashton Memorial Theater, Jumbo Maine, the diminutive coach, announced that hereafter they would rehearse in the evening and told the principals to stay for photographs. A couple of boys from the Morrison Daily and a tall, spectacled, unimaginably thin reporter from out of town snapped them in various poses. Betty Stevens decided that he looked like a spider suffering from both jaundice and malnutrition.

She lay on the floor at the feet of Julie Lomax, the lead, in the tableau of one of their numbers, and the skinny reporter let off another flash bulb and then, when she stood up, looked at her and said, "That'll do. All right, Toots, how about some informal stuff in the dressing room?"

The "Toots" annoyed Betty, and she didn't like the long guy's looks, and this chiffon-and-cellophane costume had quite enough of her on view already. She said, "No dice. I've looked into enough flash bulbs."

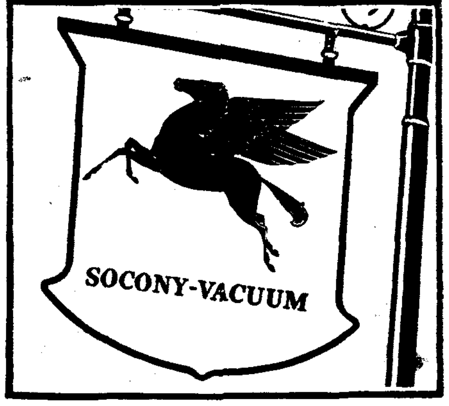
He turned with a grin to Julie Lomax, who said, "Sure, I'll be a trouper. Betty's the average coed—sweet but awfully modest. What do you want me to do?"

Getting into her clothes in a basement

CLOSET
10¢
10¢ THE WALKING MAN
Gregory d'Alessio

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

ACROSS THE NATION



North, East, South, West—
you'll find this
Sign of Friendly Dealers
who supply Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS

Bring back your car's original color, lustre and beauty. Mobilgloss goes on quickly. Removes dirt, grime and ugly traffic film. Rubs up with little effort—leaves a handsome, gleaming polish. Makes your car look like new again. Easy to use.

MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY

For a clean windshield and sparkling windows. This new spray revolutionizes window cleaning. Quick! Easy to use! Fine for car and home windows.

MOBILWAX

Mobilwax your car. Protect its finish. Mobilwax goes on quickly—polishes up brilliantly. Comes in convenient, evaporation-proof tubes; or, if you prefer, in the handy Mobilwax Pad, which is filled with Mobilwax.

BUY WHERE YOU SEE THE MOBILOIL OR MOBILGAS SIGN

Gargoyle Mobiloil
Mobilgas

Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS • MOBILWAX • MOBILWAX PAD
MOBIL HANDY OIL • MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY • MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

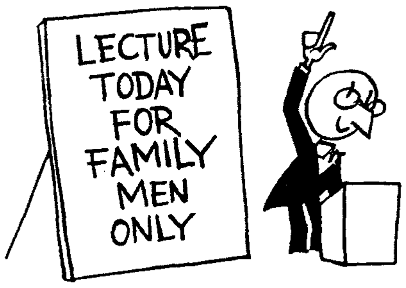
I BUY TIRES BEFORE I NEED 'EM

by don herold

● This column today is not for bachelors...it's for husbands and papas.

Tires, I think, are things which hold my family up on easy rolling air, at 40, 50 or 60 miles an hour.

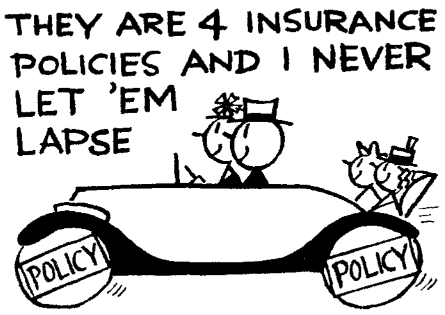
Tires are a family proposition—about the only "mechanical" or physical things that may go wrong with my car and bring injury to my folks.



So I always buy new tires before I need 'em. As soon as my tires begin to get smooth, I have a tire purge. Off come all four old tires, and on go new Kellys. I'm not going to gamble Mrs. Herold and my two daughters against the pennies left in tired-out rubber and fatigued fabric.

The four tires on my car are four insurance policies, and I renew 'em before they lapse.

I'm sold on Kellys because I've seen 'em made. I've watched most of the 1200 careful operations. I've seen the 32 inspections. I've seen the 30 ingredients blended into the Kelly rubber compound.


THEY ARE 4 INSURANCE POLICIES AND I NEVER LET 'EM LAPSE
POLICY
POLICY

Most important of these ingredients is carbon black—harder than diamond dust—which the Kelly people blend (by their own special process) into their rubber mixture. This produces a tread which is literally pliable armor plate—so tough it will outwear steel. (That's why the Kelly tread is called *Armorubber*.)

If you're a family man, why not trade in those last dangerous miles in your present tires on a set of tough new Kellys. You'll get a swell proposition from your nearest Kelly dealer.

KELLY *Springfield* TIRES

DEPENDABLE FOR 44 YEARS

dressing room, Betty heard Julie and a couple of others laughing with him. It was almost dark when she limped out to the campus. Julie's jeer about the average coed rankled. That's one of those hideous truths, she thought. Five feet three, thirty-four-inch bust, twenty-six-inch waist, a hundred and sixteen pounds, size fourteen dresses, size nine stockings, size five shoes. In love once, engaged twice, thoroughly cured of both, B in all courses, a Gamma, no adventures but nice to kiss behind the palms. Wrap it in a sweater and tweed skirt and you've got the American college girl. And then what have you got?

SOMEONE yelled, "Hi, Red!" The nickname made her mad. Emery Smith came up, this year's editor of the Morrison Daily, stout, sloppy, slow-moving. "Better get that limp out of your legs before it's time to flaunt them for Fraternity Row. If they're going to flaunt well they'll have to be above the Gamma average."

"What I hope is that they'll look better than Julie Lomax's."

Emery grinned. "They ain't as famous. What do you do, chorus stuff?"

"I'm Julie's stooge. I walk on and feed her lines. Then she gets the laughs."

"Yeah, if any.... I'll drive you home."

For three years he had driven the most ramshackle car at Morrison but this fall he had blossomed out with this resplendent coupé. Getting out of it at the Gamma house, Betty said, "Part air liner and part pipe organ, isn't it? Thanks for the ride. I don't like to be under obligation to strange men. I'll buy you a beer sometime."

Emery laughed. "What gives you charm, Red, is your softness. You're the clinging type—helpless and breathless and with a lot of dew on you."

Some of the sisters observed that arrival, and it gave them a good chance to practice being clever. "Sure," she told a bunch of them in her room after dinner, "I'm going to be Emery's bodyguard. Just in case Nancy finds out he's a big man on campus."

Nancy Deane, who came from Mississippi and had more tendrils than an ivy, widened her big brown eyes—Deep South stuff. "Oh, dear, and I've met the most fascinatin' Beta. I'd just hate to make a bitter cynic of him so soon."

"Don't bother," Betty said. "The old-plantation glamor wouldn't get to first base with Emery. He's immune. No romance in him and a chromium-plated heart."

"He's girlproof," Hortense Palmer agreed. She was Betty's roommate and president of Gamma. "He thinks women are just a bore."

"Nobody thinks women are a bore," Nancy said. "Nobody thinks I am." Julie Lomax came in, and she added, "If I couldn't soften him up, Julie could."

JULIE wanted to be helped into an evening dress—or maybe to show what expensive underwear she could buy. Betty had never quite figured out her scoring system. French step-ins probably counted ten, and a date with a new man twenty-five. But on that scale, Professor Gilson, who had been rushing Julie violently all fall, probably counted five thousand and broke the bank.

"One of us has to go to bat for Gamma," Nancy said. "Betty says Emery Smith is a misogynist. I say he's a setup."

Watching Julie smooth the blue dress over her hips, Betty wondered if all blondes but Susanna Bradford weren't a mistake in social planning. Julie said, "It doesn't mean that a man's a misogynist just because you can't make time with him, Betty."

"Darling," Betty said, "can't you do anything about those hollows? A handkerchief under your girdle will help with the left hip, but I don't know what to recommend for the throat."

At bedtime Hortense turned from her cold-cream ritual to say, "Be nicer to Julie. I know she's slow on the pickup but she thinks you're perfectly wonderful. She keeps asking me to trade roommates. Why can't you be civil to her?"

"Pure envy," Betty said blithely. "The clothes she's able to buy get in my hair, and the way men fall over one another getting to her burns me up."

Hortense, scrubbing her face with tissue, stopped short and said, "You're in love with Emery Smith."

That turned Betty acid. "Sure, if I married one of his father's railroads, I wouldn't have to be the librarian at Schulz, Indiana. Still, maybe my legs will panic them at the Foibles and I can get to be a chorus girl."

THE football team lost to Wisconsin on Saturday and that night the fraternities had open house. She made the rounds with Frank Castine, and who should show up at the Beta Zeta house but Dr. Gilson. She danced with him and didn't care deeply for the way he used his hands. Tonight's headline was that he hadn't brought Julie. Later on, at the Tau Omega house, she saw that Julie was with Perry Henderson, whose last year's crush on her had made almost as much talk as her this year's crush on Dr. Gilson.

Emery Smith came out of the stag line. "But you regard dancing as just a juvenile mania," Betty said. "Talk at the Gamma house is you have too deep a nature for frivolity."

Emery said, "The new angle is I'm a big executive. You don't look bad tonight, Red."

Betty went hard. "Vionnet model from Schulz, Indiana," she said. She saw a stag coming and walked out of Emery's arms. He stared after her.

SHE missed lunch on Monday and went for a sandwich to Keller's Cellar, where for fifty years Morrison undergraduates had eaten, drunk, loafed, flirted, and at the last moment studied. After a while Emery lounged up, sat by her, and ordered a beer. Betty ordered one too. When they had drunk the beer, Emery said, "Let's go over to the Daily."

They walked across the campus in the brilliant sun and the last leaves had fallen. Sun and windy sky and the familiar scene caught at her heart.... The Daily offices had been moved from downtown Webster to the new building that brought the whole Journalism School under one roof. The skinny, spectacled reporter was standing in a doorway off the corridor. He said, "Hi, Toots. Introduce me to your girl, Emery."

"This is Bill Snelling," Emery grunted. "He forks up dirt for the Zimmerman papers."

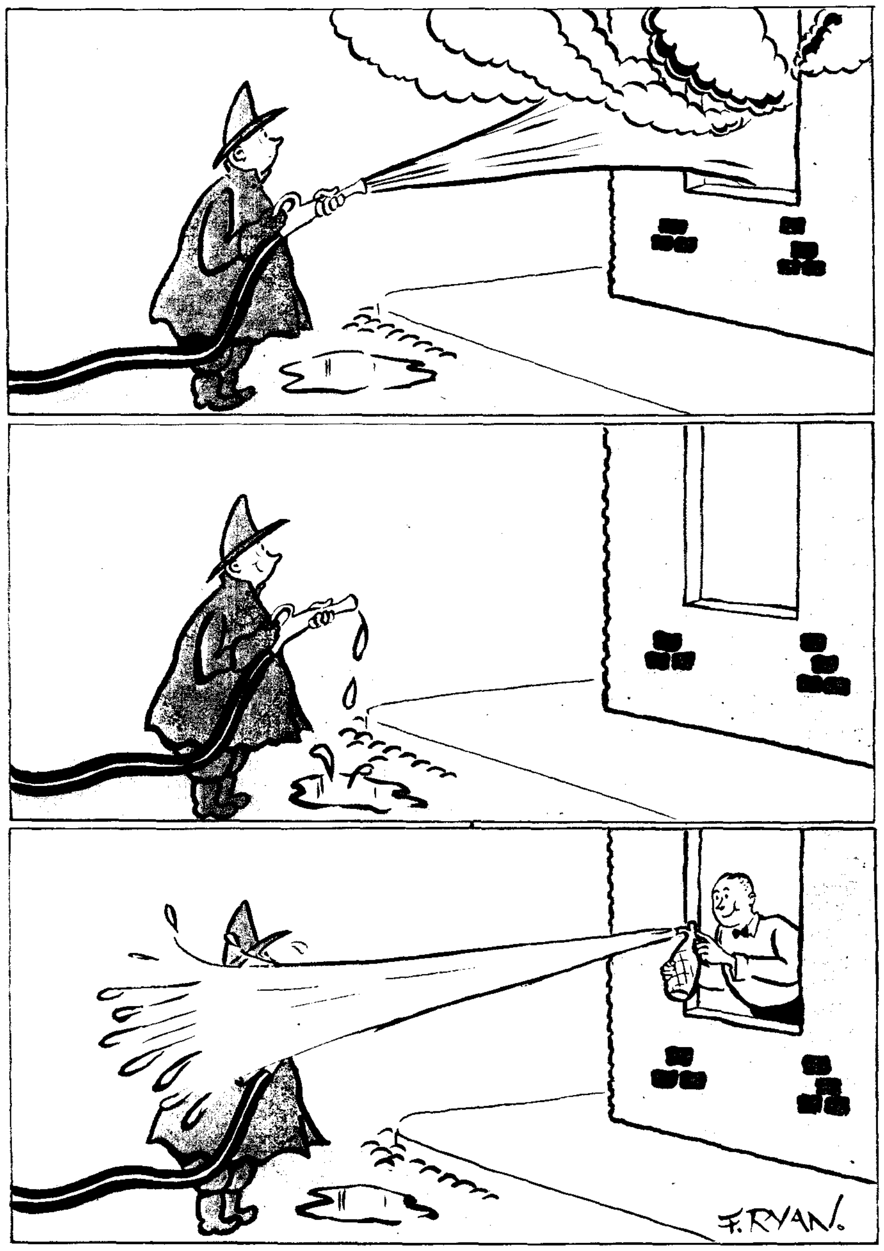
"Now if I could meet a nice tent caterpillar," she whispered.

Emery closed the door of his office, which led off the Daily's city room. "He's part of what's on my mind. We have to give the big-town correspondents telephones and office space.... Where did you see that animated cartoon before?"

"As I got it, I was to undress while he made pictures of me for his paper."

"Part of what's queer is look how many correspondents hang around this year," Emery said, scowling.

He swung his feet up on a desk littered with galley proofs "Well, I claim



to be a newspaperman and I hate to get left out of anything. And then—it's funny about my skin. My skin's sensitive to things you coarse people never seem to notice. And—" he exploded suddenly, "maybe all years at Morrison are queer years but this one is damned queer. My skin says something is going on, and I'm busting to know what."

"What's queer? Except that college boys and girls are worried about jobs?"

"Nothing makes sense. All this uproar in the papers—and Prexy Bradford the whitest man in the college business. Webster is lousy with correspondents hoping he'll get thrown for a loss. All right, there's one thing that's queer."

"Maybe I'm dumb, but that just looks like newspapers doing their stuff."

"Well, let's take up the Tetlow Inn. It changed hands this year and a lot of phonies have come to town. You see some of them at Keller's Cellar sometimes, looking like race-track touts and trying to act like Joe Doakes. Their headquarters are Maxie Blotz's place on Tetlow River. Okay, maybe the Tetlow Inn is just a place where us college youth can think we're sophisticated. But the born boobs with wealthy papas get into some pretty big card games there, and there are other attractions. Morrison's Park Avenue set—what if their favorite hangout tried to do some business on the side as a clip joint?"

Betty nodded. The Morrison plutocracy had few places where it could splurge. "Well, say it is a clip joint. Where do you come in?"

Emery waved his pipe. "Just that when something goes on, I like to know about it. I'm the front page. Now about Julie Lomax. Speak frankly; I don't like her either."

"Sure you do. Much as I meow about her, I do. Nobody can help liking Julie. And she isn't a phony. That golden-blond hair can't be faked and the figure is genuine—oh, a touch bony here and there, and a little discrepancy from hip to hip."

"You mean it goes to show what a just fair equipment can do on a big dress allowance."

"As one Gamma to another, yes. On the intellectual side, she hasn't got brains enough to be a phony. Nice knees and a warm nature but brains is the wrong word."

"Morals?"

"B-plus, maybe A-minus. You know the Gammas—pure but awfully interested. In short, why draw me out about a wench who's got clothes that turn me green, who pulls the men in swarms when I have to worry about my next date?"

EMERY said, "All your next dates are mine now. . . . I don't say Julie's a phony. What my skin says is, she's got money and she's getting a lot of publicity as lead of the Foibles. And look who she plays with. Just now it's the campus Don Juan, but off and on it's rich boys like Perry Henderson, the pride of Tau Omega." Emery looked pained. "Perry isn't a phony, he's a goon—he's held the open gooning championship for four years. He has to wear lead heels to keep from blowing away. He doesn't get a two-syllable idea once for every eclipse of the sun."

"I still don't get it. Put it in one-syllable ideas for me."

Emery blinked sleepily, which meant that his mind was seething. "Nothing—nothing but my skin. I'm just saying, look how the goons are clustering at Tetlow Inn. And now suppose Maxie Blotz got ambitious to be a petty racketeer?"

Betty shook her head and stood up. "I love to gossip with the front page but sometimes I have to study. . . . I'd say, what of it?"

Emery locked his desk and sighed. "I hate to be left out. I have to find out about things. Well, let it pass. . . . About this other matter. I can't offer you romance, Natasha, not with my belt size. But if you sign up there's always the Smith coupé and a chance to see life. What do you want for senior year? A quarterback?"

Betty stared at him. "I get it now. I mustn't hope that love will rear its ugly head. But I appeal to you in a quiet way and you'll show me what life is like. Beginning with a clip joint."

"Well, a fat man looks pretty funny with a heaving chest. Oh, if you have to have your moonlight, mine can heave, say, half an hour a week."

"Don't bother. Romance died on me, too, my sophomore year. Ever since then moonlight has just meant a head cold."

He took her arm and they went out through the city room. He said, "See the sunrise on our foreheads—college has brought us to each other. I'll drive you home."

SUSANNA had a new dress from Chicago, dangerously fashionable for the president's daughter to wear at a faculty function. It clung like another skin to her hips and the long line of her thighs and had no back at all. Her father laughed when he saw it.

"If you were a student you'd get a note from the dean of women. She can't possibly approve of that dress."

It was a dress no woman except the one who wore it could approve. . . . She felt a genuine pleasure in going to the Law Faculty dinner and dance, and she was fully aware that it came from the anticipation of seeing Carl Gilson. What did that mean? Was she too much attracted by this handsome, very calculating young man who had too well-known a way with women? She didn't know, and the truth was, she didn't care. She could watch out for herself.

Realization that that sparkle had come back took her through the formality of dinner at the Webster Arms and allowed her to be girlish and vivacious, as she was expected to be, while dancing with the older professors after her father had left.

Later she strolled with Carl in the foyers and alcoves of the Webster Arms, tranquilly aware of his intention. Why, yes, he was a man who had to be constantly asserting dominance over women in order to protect his self-esteem. What did that matter? She felt more alive, more vital, than she had felt for a long time, and letting Carl Gilson make a little love to her was a small price to pay for that. Reaching an obviously safe place, he said, "You're arrogant and cold, Ann!" seized her and kissed her. She said quietly, "You must be in trouble in your department, Carl—I don't think I can help."

That brought a flush to his dark cheeks. "Damn you, Ann, you make me feel like a fool! You've never felt like a fool, have you? You're too superior and safe."

He had swiftly changed her mood. That helpless feeling of having acted like a fool—she had unforgettable reasons for not wanting to inflict its shame on anyone. She said gently, "I don't want to make anyone feel like a fool. You could make a good many mistakes about me, but don't make that one." She stepped nearer and kissed him. Her lips parted and she was frightened by the intensity that rose in her. "It's just as well to go back," she whispered. "Come and have tea with me tomorrow."

She felt strangely shaken, going back to the ballroom, and something casual had turned into something disturbing. And at that exact moment, Alexander Cornish, coming out of the ballroom, walked squarely into them. At once she was trembling but she rallied, remem-

"CAMELS? PHOOEY! DAD'S CAR GOES HUNDREDS OF MILES WITHOUT A DRINK OF OIL. IT HAS SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS."

How to end your car's oil hunger!

If your car is using too much oil, install Sealed Power Piston Rings. Motorists everywhere say they've restored drain-to-drain oil mileage to cars that had used as much as 12, 13, 14 quarts between changes! Manufacturers of America's leading automobiles use Sealed Power Rings as original equipment. Take the factory engineer's choice—Sealed Power. Choice of America's Ace Mechanics, too!

WARNING: — Sometimes new valve guides, new bearings or Sealed Power Lo-Ex pistons are needed for top performance. Depend on your repairman's advice.

SEALED POWER CORPORATION
Muskegon, Michigan • Canadian Factory, Walkerville, Ontario
Piston Rings, Pistons, Piston Expanders,
Piston Pins, Valves and Cylinder Sleeves

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

bering she must be the college hostess in the public eye, before he had said, "Good evening!" She said, "Dr. Cornish, Professor Gilson of the sociology department." She saw Alec Cornish's hand reach toward Carl's, then withdraw, then shake it briefly. The faces of both men had gone hard. She was the college hostess—she instantly divined that they had met before and had not liked each other. The hostess acted to prevent embarrassment. She said to Alec Cornish, "I had just remembered our dance." She took his arm, impelling him toward the floor.

The room at once became a swirling chaos of color and noise. She had neither breath nor strength—to be, with no warning, dancing with Alec Cornish after six years! She said furiously, "You said we wouldn't meet! Don't you intend to keep your word? What do you mean by coming here?"

"I'll need time to learn where you're likely to be," he said quietly. "Even then, it may not always be possible to avoid it. I couldn't avoid coming tonight."

SHE felt as if every eye in the room must be focused on them. It was intolerable to be dancing with him, intolerable to be in his arms. And he must certainly feel her trembling. But it was now clear that they would have to have one talk. She mastered her nerves.

"We might as well talk it out now, once and for all. Have you got a car here? Take me home. I'll get my coat." In the dressing room she saw that flight was imperative, for anyone could read the distress in her face. She had herself in control when she got in his car, determined to be a woman of twenty-five, not a girl of nineteen. But she could not bear to take him into her house. "Don't drive me home," she said. "Drive out of town."

But as darkness enveloped them, she lost both anger and panic. This was not painful, it was only bitter. She shivered, pulling the mink coat tighter.

He was, of course, fathomlessly patient, silent, waiting for her to say whatever she might want to. But after ten miles it was he who spoke first. "You see, Suzanne, there isn't anything to say. I didn't think there was."

"I've forgotten what it was," wearily. Then, with a tremor, "I suppose it's just the one, inevitable question. Who knows about us?"

"I've never had to tell anyone. I've never told anyone."

She was too listless to feel relief. "There was Mrs. Harding who ran the girls' camp in Wyoming where I stayed," she said. "She was my witness; she teaches at a school in France now. The judge died in 1934—she wrote me about it. That just leaves my lawyer, Mr. Falk. He lives in Pleasanton, near the camp. But lawyers don't tell."

"Add the bailiff and the clerk of the court, if you're counting." She moved in the seat and he added, "You would mean nothing to any of them, Suzanne. Not even by name. You were Mrs. Alexander Cornish, weren't you? That's what it was on the subpoena when I acknowledged service by mail." A little sardonically, "For 'willful failure to support.'"

The phrase woke pain in her. That September morning in a drab courthouse. Her bewilderment at finding the sordid ordeal so simple after all—a few questions, dry, impersonal, routine. A moment of despair lest, after the folly of a marriage, this divorce might be worse folly still. Mountain sunlight striking her eyes, a few minutes later, and the emptiness of thinking, "Now it's all over."

In the darkness, sitting beside him as she had so often years ago, she had a sudden, inconceivable regret for that spring of youth and delirium. They had had so much, hoped for so much more, and found with such angry pain that there was much less. For a moment she was close to tears, and then that momentary softness vanished before a rising detestation of Alec Cornish so violent that she wanted to jump out of the car. And at once he made it worse, by saying, "If it alarms you that someone might know, who can? No one ever knew in Cambridge. No one can know here. The record of a wedding in a clerk's office at Providence. The record of a divorce in Wyoming. Thirty lines all told, the whole history of a marriage and no one will ever read it. But what if someone should? Why should you care?"

Susanna began to shake and her voice was uneven: "That's all that kept my self-respect alive, that no one knew—"

INFORMATION
BERRY

"Come here, dear—this man knows of a much better train"

MICHAEL BERRY

Alec's voice, too, roughened, breaking in: "All our mistakes came from that first one of all, keeping it secret. You had to finish out your year at Smith! Better if we'd let you be expelled, if you'd come to Cambridge openly. We would have had—"

"Can you understand?" she said desperately. "It was shameful enough, that meeting on the sly, that hidden, surreptitious, guilty—"

"That was what caused all our quarreling—"

"Oh!" She was trying not to scream, not to sob. "But that first secrecy has been my only assurance. All that has kept me going is the knowledge that no one could look at me and know how great a fool I was years ago. Trying to build up a decent regard for myself, trying to realize that life wasn't over because I'd made a mess of it and been young and foolish—I hated myself for weakness and folly even more than I hated you. It's all I've had, it's all I've got, that no one knows!"

"Was it so great a folly that we fell in love and got married?"

"And quarreled, and wounded each other, and hated each other. And hated the day we'd met each other, and still more the day when we were childish enough to elope—oh, we were fools, young, childish fools—it was—" A sudden suspicion rose in her, remembering that mysterious letter of a week ago, and she said venomously, "You haven't been writing letters to me, have you?"

"Not since June, 1932."

With that convulsive question, violence died in her. It was years too late to blame him, or herself, or anyone. Her hatred of him was the greater because he had made her hate herself. But now . . . be silent, say nothing, let it go.

Her breath caught. She began to shiver violently. Her mind swam and there was a roaring in her ears. She gasped, "Alec! I will not faint!"

She was deathly afraid that he would touch her, but he didn't. He said, "Hang on, Suzanne." He opened the window and cold air braced her. "You can't stand this—I'm a fool not to have realized it. You need a drink quick."

A MOMENT later he stopped where a red neon sign said "Tetlow Inn." It proved to be an elaborately rustic place. A dim rectangular room with booths down the sides, almost empty. A barroom, which led off the far end, was brighter and noisier. A state trooper was chatting with a man in a dinner jacket, apparently the proprietor.

Alec Cornish said, "Pretty cheap. We won't linger." He ordered two brandies and drank his at a gulp. In the dim light his face was strained: it had not been an easy hour for him, either. The brandy warmed her and she stopped trembling. She looked round the dim, smoky room. It was a little worse than cheap—it had a faintly disreputable air.

The coed of the beauty shop was with a stout young man in a booth opposite them, too pretty a child to be in such a place. The state trooper nodded to the proprietor and went out; Susanna heard his motorcycle diminish down the road. A radio blared and a dozen couples materialized out of the dimness and began to dance. Susanna shrank into the darkest corner of the booth.

There was a sudden burst of angry voices from the barroom. They grew loud, profane, belligerent. Alec Cornish stood up. She saw his eyes calculate the French windows across the room, and he seized her hand. There was an explosive sound of fists on flesh, then more blows, then a yell. The lights went out.

Alec Cornish was rushing her through darkness. Somewhere there was a crash of breaking glass, yells, oaths. The French windows opened to Alec's urgency. He shoved her through and pulled her into a run. Someone was running with them in the dark. They reached his car. Alec lifted her in.

A hoarse voice came through the darkness. "Take this girl with you. My car's in back. You're Mr. Cornish. I know where you live. I'll come and get her."

"This girl" sprawled beside Susanna. The headlights went on and the car shot away. Alec took it down the highway wide open. Susanna's breathing gradually slowed down and so did the girl's, though Susanna could feel her heart thumping. At last they reached the outskirts of Webster and a street light shone on the girl's face.

"You're the girl who was at Francine's," Susanna said.

The child sighed. "And barking my shins on Emily Post again. First I gabble about you, Miss Bradford, and then you catch me in practically a jail break. My name's Betty Stevens. Believe it or not, the Tetlow Inn isn't my home address."

"Nor mine."

RELIEF, the sense of deliverance, flooded over her. Suppose the police, coming to quell a barroom brawl, had found the daughter of President Bradford there! From such casual chance might come such a lurid scandal as her father had talked about. She had had an eyelash escape! She was so preoccupied with the possibilities that she had little attention for Alec Cornish's place when they got there. It was a converted summer cottage, crudely furnished with kitchen chairs and drawing tables, littered with graph paper and unbound pamphlets, beakers and test tubes scattered about. She watched him light a fire on the cobbled hearth, thinking that this place, too, she must get out of as soon as possible.

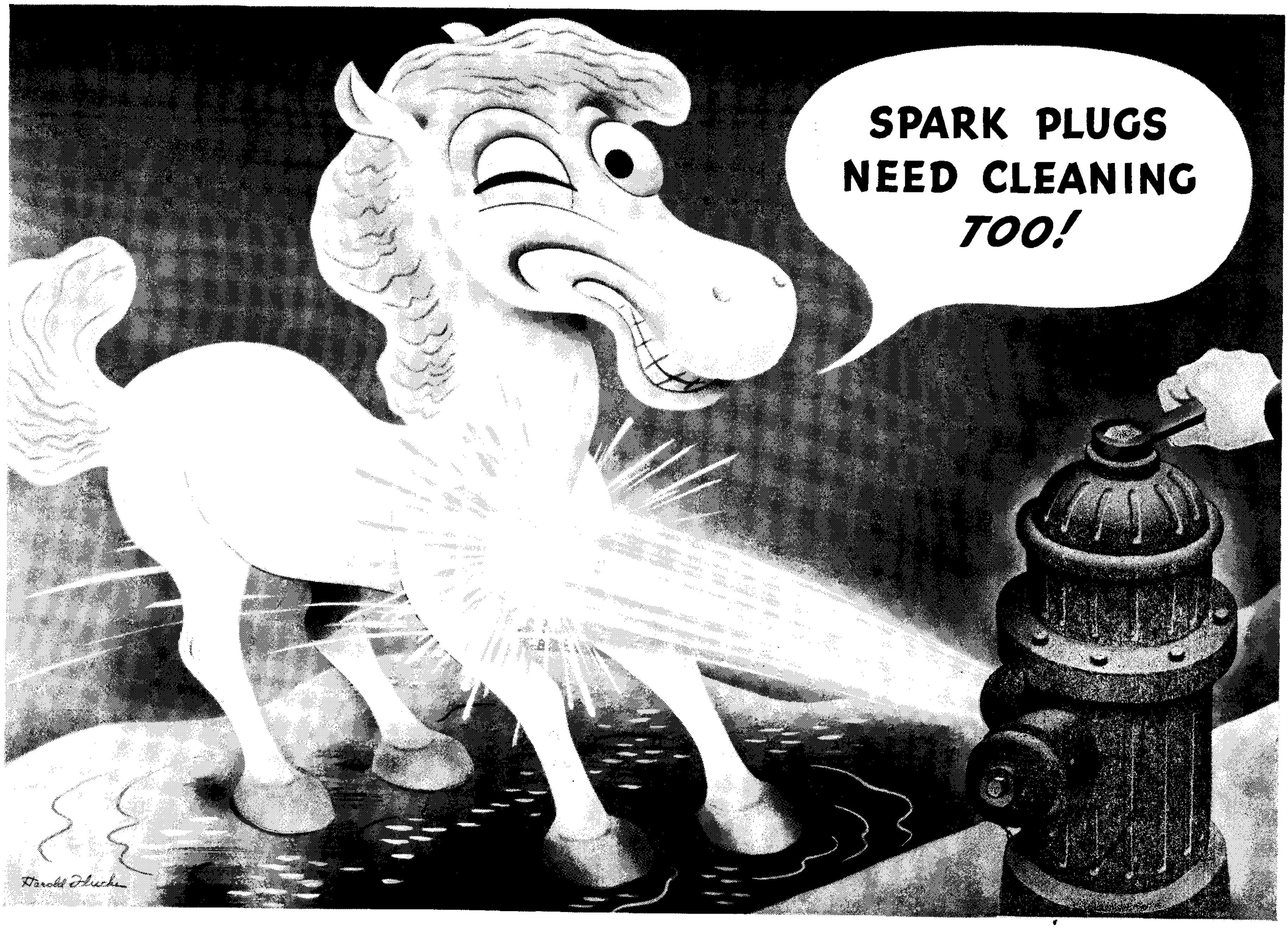
"Don't get scared now, Miss Bradford," Betty Stevens said. "Our men rose to that emergency very nicely. It goes to prove how Morrison trains the mind."

Footsteps sounded on the porch, there was a knock at the door, and the stout young man came in. He was now a somewhat battered young man. His coat was torn, his nose had been bleeding, and one side of his face was getting puffy.

"Why, Emery!" Betty Stevens ran to take his arm.

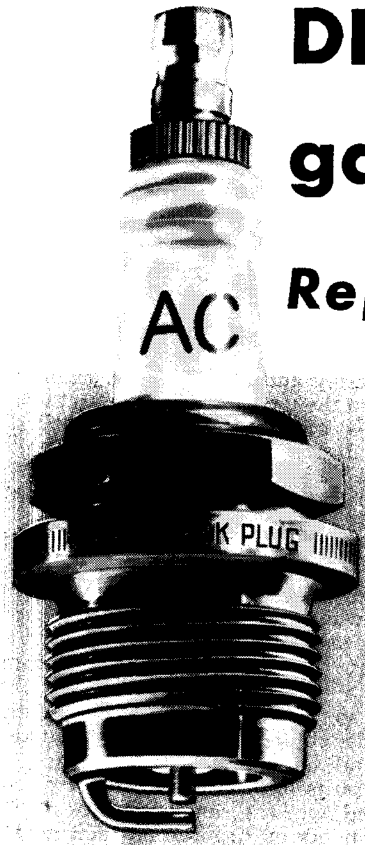
The stout young man—Emery—grinned. It was necessarily a lopsided grin. "The back yard was pretty active. Somebody objected to my leaving. I had to argue for a while. I'd argue better if I had more wind. But what did I tell you? Stick with Smith and you'll see life."

(To be continued next week)


SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING TOO!

DIRTY PLUGS can steal one gallon of gas from every ten gallons you buy

Replace any plugs that are badly worn

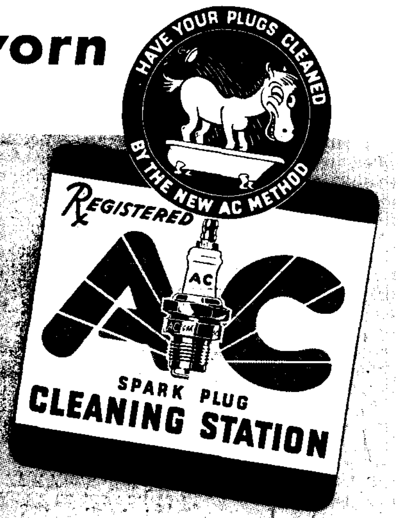


REPLACE WITH AC
The Quality Spark Plug

"You'll get better gasoline mileage if we clean the spark plugs, too."

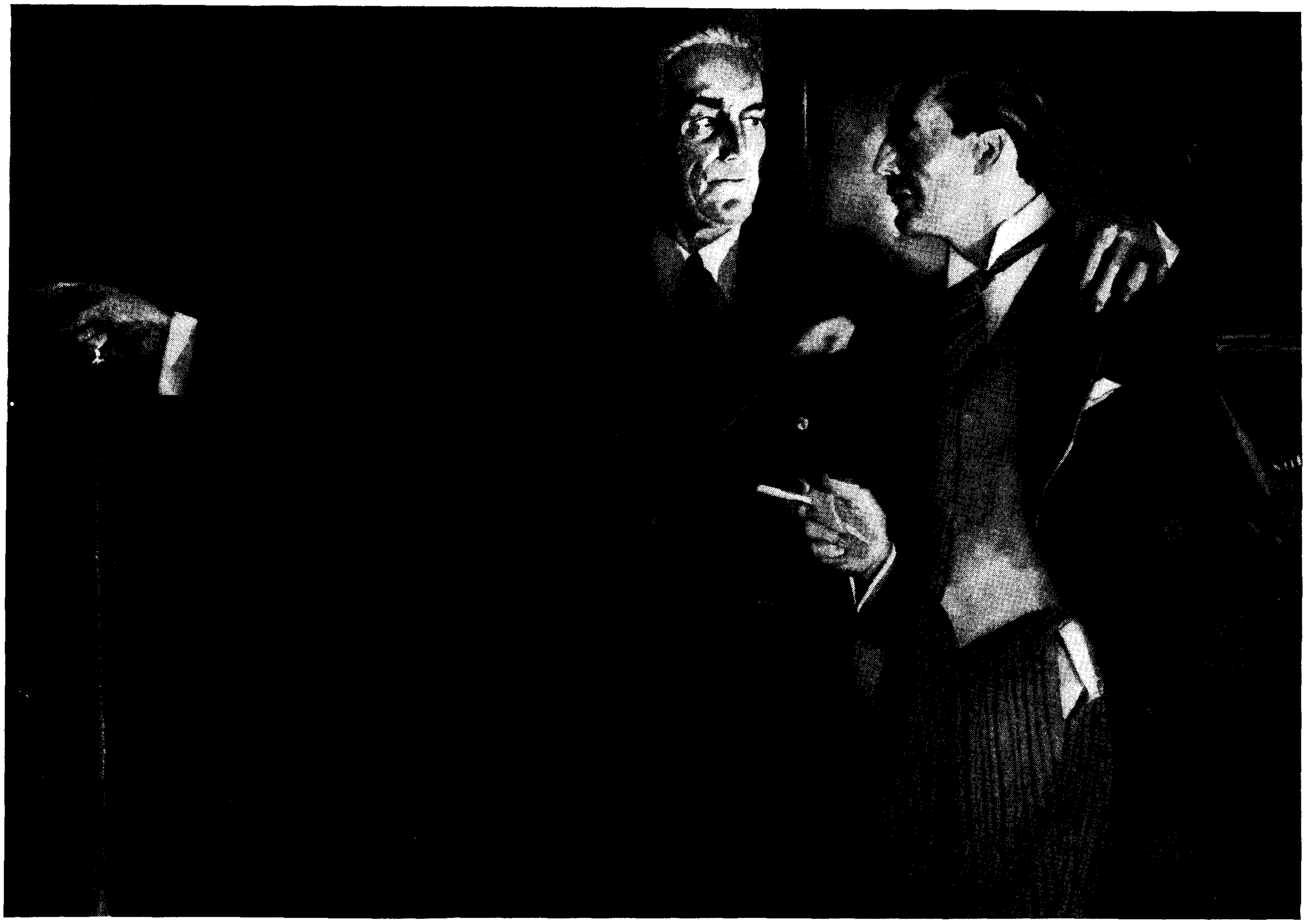
Spark Plugs
CLEANED
AC METHOD
5¢ EACH
WHILE YOU WAIT

"The biggest nickel's worth we ever gave—it makes any car snappier."


HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD
REGISTERED
AC
SPARK PLUG
CLEANING STATION

SPARK PLUGS CLEANED
Where you see this Sign
5c EACH

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN



"Take my advice," Cheshire said. "Send your wife and her sister back to New York for a few months"

The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

INVITED by Sabine, Princess Pelucchi, young and beautiful Italian wife of his friend Henry D. Prestley, wealthy American banker, to an important reception for Ambassador Patani, a distant relative of Sabine's who is in England on an undisclosed mission, Admiral Guy Cheshire is an observant guest.

He and General Lord Robert Mallinson, secret heads of the British Intelligence sections for the navy and the army respectively, talk warily about the increase in foreign espionage activity in England, and they agree that Antonio Machinka, a caterer hovering in the background, should be watched. A former admirer of Sabine's, Cheshire half suspects her of being involved in a spy ring.

The following night, Admiral Cheshire learns that his trusted aid, Captain Geoffrey Rawson, is a traitor and that Lieutenant Ronald Hincks is aware of his activities. Rawson commits suicide. Cheshire tells Hincks the only way he can redeem himself and not be shot as a spy is to answer all questions and hold himself ready for any orders. The admiral learns that Henry Copeland, to whom Hincks has been transmitting, at Rawson's orders, copies of naval plans, is really a man named Florestan, but cannot get Hincks to reveal the name of the person to whom Rawson had been giving duplicates of the plans.

Cheshire, however, suspects rightly that it is Sabine. Confronting her that evening at Machinka's restaurant, the admiral warns her that he will expose her as a spy unless she will agree to continue passing information along exactly as before. But he will supply falsified material, and the foreign power interested in these plans will assume England to be unprepared for the war that is threatening. Sabine appeals in vain to Cheshire's old love for her, and finally agrees to his demand.

But the lovely Countess Elida, younger sister of Sabine, calls on Cheshire and persuades him to let her take her sister's place in the dangerous intrigue. She is unmarried, wants to help Ronnie Hincks, loves her sister, and is unafraid.

Stock Exchange prices begin sagging. Sinister rumors are afloat. The Prime Minister hurriedly calls a series of informal conferences, and Malcolm Dunkerley, joint secretary for foreign affairs, who has just returned from the continent, makes his report. "You really believe they want war?" the Premier persists, and Dunkerley answers grimly, "I am afraid they do."

III

JELLICOE'S reply to such demands as these would have been a naval demonstration at Malta," one of the younger of the ministers put in.

"In Jellicoe's days," Fakenham remarked dryly, "the country against whom he would have been demonstrating did not possess a matter of a thousand war planes."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Dunkerley summed up the affair.

"This is the first positively belligerent move encountered by either Orson-Meade or myself. The curious feature, otherwise, in these attempted conversations, has been the reluctance of each of the countries we have approached to put forward any definite proposals. It seems to me that up till now they have been playing for time."

"No doubt about that," Fakenham agreed. "I can tell you why, if you like. Before they committed themselves finally they wanted to find out exactly how far we had got on with our rearmament scheme."

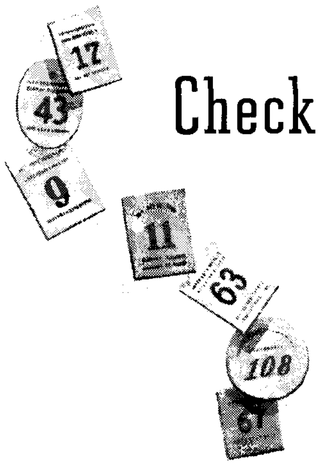
There was a further brief silence.

"I should imagine," the Prime Minister decided at last, speaking firmly and resolutely, "that our potential enemies have not wished to commit themselves until they were sure that we were really in a hole. I have not a word to say about the espionage business. That lies entirely in the hands of the general here and Admiral Cheshire, but I do think, having studied carefully the reports of Malcolm Dunkerley and Orson-Meade, that both countries with whom they have been attempting to hold these conversations have come to the conclusion that our rearmament preparations are in a parlous state. I propose that Malcolm Dunkerley and Orson-Meade return at once to their respective posts and insist upon a continuance of the conversations. If any further delay is attempted we shall know that they mean war. We are working on that presumption already."

"Personally, I do not think there is much doubt about it," Fakenham agreed. "I know that the general public always believes that a newspaper wants war. We don't. I can assure you of that. All the same, I think it is coming."

"If so, it must be faced calmly," the Premier continued. "Malcolm Dunkerley and Orson-Meade must return to their posts tomorrow. If they are confronted with the same difficulties, they must break off negotiations and return. In that case we will have another brief meeting amongst ourselves and a cabinet council the day after."

"There is just one thing more I should like to mention," General Mallinson said as the meeting showed signs of



Check These Two Lightweights in the Sports Division...

WHEREVER fine hats are checked, these two lightweights are scoring high. As any hat-checker could tell you... the secret's in the weight.

The new Mallory SPORTABOUT (left, below) is becoming something of a history-maker among all-season weight hats. Its finish is luxuriously smooth. Its brim width and sweep are engagingly casual. Its colors are soft and mellow. It's "Cravenette" showerproofed. Yet, for all this, it's modestly priced at $4

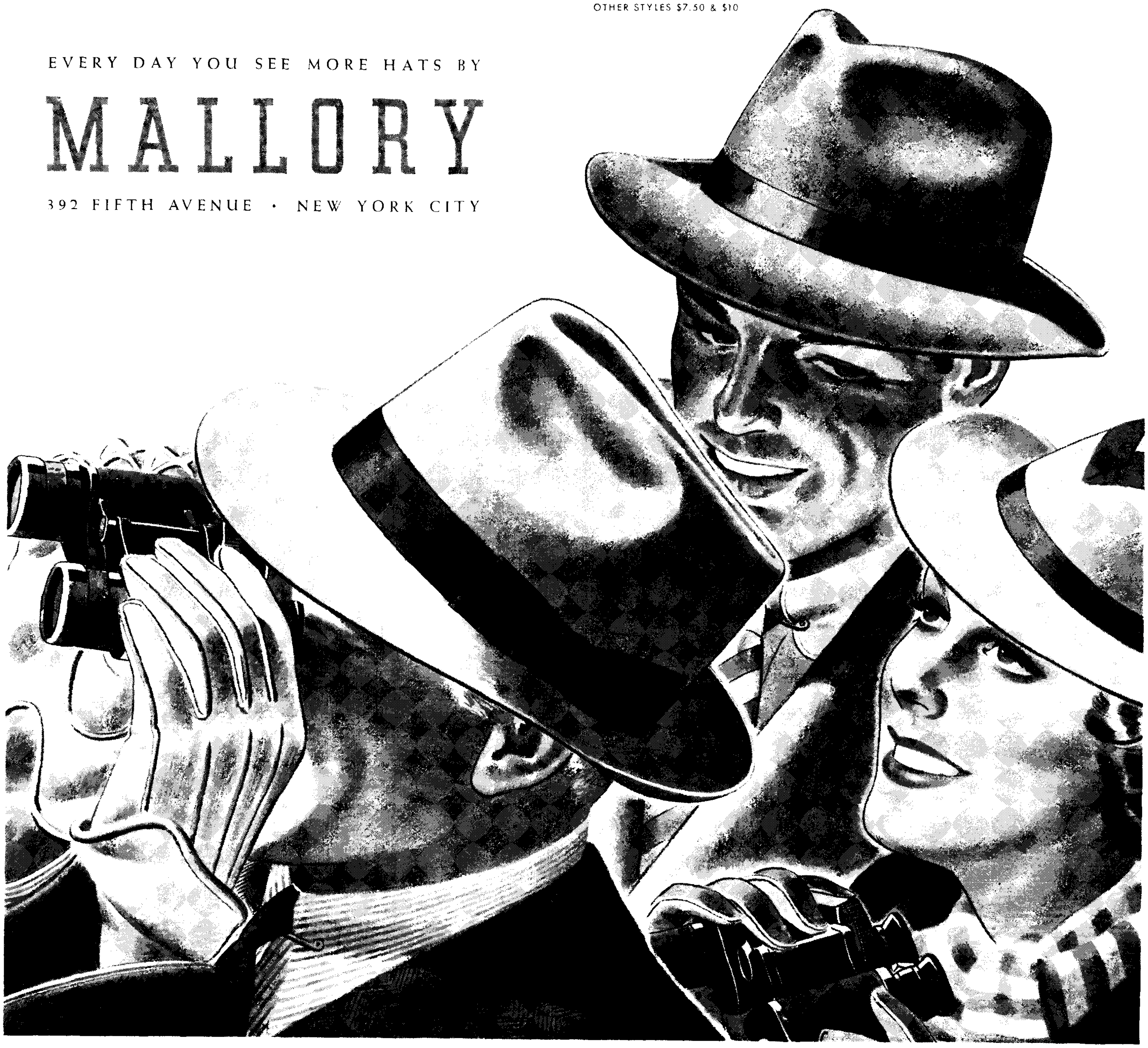
PEBBLE (the hat on the right) introduces a brand new Mallory finish with the texture of rough chamois and the feel of soft suede. A Mallory Nokabout, lightweight for comfort. "Cravenette" treated for long life. In the preferred colors $5

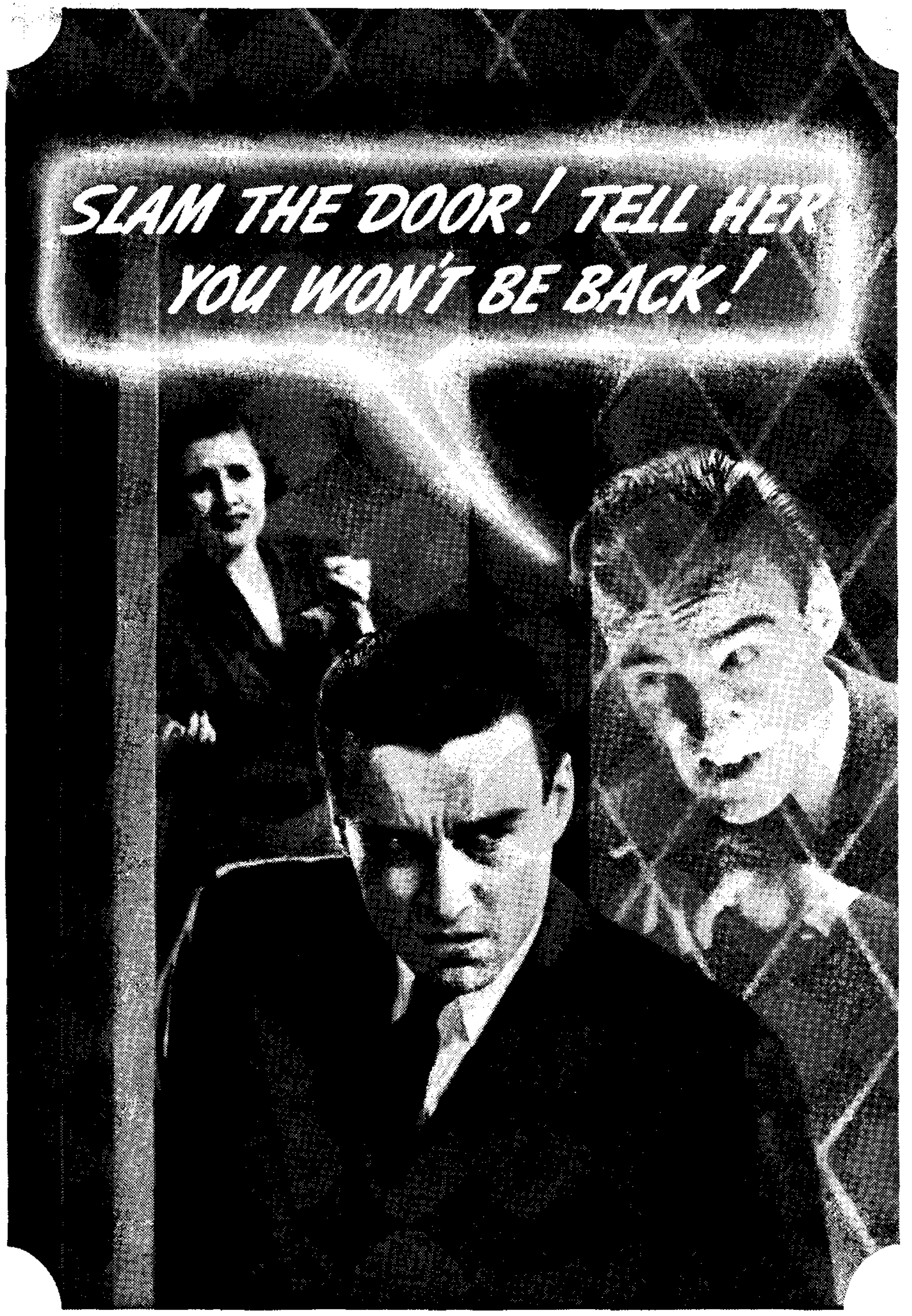
OTHER STYLES $7.50 & $10

EVERY DAY YOU SEE MORE HATS BY

MALLORY

392 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY




SLAM THE DOOR! TELL HER YOU WON'T BE BACK!

Headache Nerves

may break up your HOME!

Ease Headache pain the way that also soothes your Nerves

All on edge—blowing up at trifles—rude to your wife . . .

THAT'S HOW HEADACHE NERVES CAN MAKE YOU ACT! LITTLE QUARRELS LEAD TO BIG ONES... PERHAPS KILL LOVE.

The Cause—There is a definite physical reason for headache nerves. With a headache, your higher nerve centers are affected. The delicate *nervous system* is depressed or fatigued. You need TWO KINDS of relief fast . . . help for your headache *and* for your jangled nerves.

Quick Relief—Scientific tests showed Bromo-Seltzer gives both! Relieves your aching head fast—also soothes your nerves. Leaves you calmer, refreshed, more alert! Many pain relievers don't give you this *special* help for headache nerves.

Bromo-Seltzer also settles your stomach and ALKALIZES. At drugstores, soda fountains everywhere. Be sure to keep it at home, too!

Bromo-Seltzer

CONTENTS
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
2 and 3/4 OUNCES

breaking up. "It is on Admiral Cheshire's behalf as well as my own. We should like to be allowed to make a formal statement as to this matter of espionage before anything in the shape of mobilization is determined upon. We might have some interesting facts to lay before you."

"You shall have the opportunity that you ask for," the Premier agreed. "Your departments are run, as is only right, in complete secrecy. That secrecy, however, in the face of imminent war, must come to an end. If there is anything you have to say that might influence the situation, we shall expect you both to say it in this room immediately you are called upon."

"Cheshire, I know, will be prepared," the general said. "So shall I."

The Prime Minister rang the bell.

"The meeting is dissolved," he announced, rising a little abruptly to his feet.

PRESTLEY rose from his easy chair and strolled over to the card table as Fakenham, Mallinson and Herbert Melville entered the room almost together half an hour later that afternoon.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "What a welcome sight! Come along and cut, you loiterers. Anyone been down in the city?"

"Not a soul," Mallinson replied. "Be reasonable, my dear fellow. Why should we imperil our diminutive pensions and feeble savings by furtive visits to our stockbrokers in these days of panic?"

"It's a bad day down there, I can tell you that," Fakenham observed, spreading out a pack of cards.

"I don't care a hoot about your stocks and shares," Prestley assured them. "It's the franc I was anxious about."

"Seven points down since yesterday," Melville declared. "I saw it on the tape downstairs."

Mallinson yawned.

"No more shop," he begged. "Your deal, Fakenham. Melville and I are together."

The first hand was played in silence. Prestley marked down the score and leaned back in his chair.

"If I were dictator or monarch or Prime Minister of this bright little island where I am at present much enjoying life," he said, "I should have the newspaper posters censored."

"Gets a perfectly sane idea, sometimes, this transatlantic gent," Mallinson murmured.

"Glad you agree. I left my abode this afternoon a happy man."

"Congratulations," Melville grunted. "Considering you had about two thousand people eating you out of hearth and home and doing their best to drink your cellar dry last week, you seem to be bearing up pretty well."

"I was all right until I saw those damn' posters," Prestley confided as he sorted his cards. "There's one just outside. 'Reported hitch in foreign conversations. Gloomy tone in city.' Is Britain really going to be bullied into war, does anyone know?"

"No one, unless he is actually in the cabinet, knows a thing of what is going on," Mallinson declared blandly. "All that we know of politics is confided to us by the headlines in the Times and the hysterics of the Express. I gather from these that the dictators are slowly making mincemeat of our plenipotentiaries and ambassadors."

Prestley glanced toward the closed door.

"I read the Times occasionally," he said, "also less often the Express, but I form my ideas as to whether things are going well or badly chiefly from Cheshire's expression. I saw him in the distance somewhere near Bury Street last evening on his way, I suppose, from the admiralty to one of his usual haunts in Piccadilly, and to me he looked as though the blow had already fallen."

The door had been quietly opened. It was now closed. Cheshire stood there on the threshold scowling.

"Who is libeling me?" he demanded.

Prestley sorted his cards.

"On the contrary," he objected. "I was just saying that you should be regarded as the human barometer. I saw you last night looking like a thundercloud. I knew then that you had had bad news down at that gloomy show of yours and that probably the enemy fleets were already in the Thames!"

"My expression at that moment," Cheshire explained, "meant nothing except that I was still feeling the effects of that fine champagne that was flowing in your palace last week."

"That's the one weak spot in the British navy," Prestley sighed. "They never could stand their liquor."

"No more backchat," Prestley insisted. "War is declared. I go four no trumps."

A dreary negative on his left.

"Grand slam," from his partner.

"Pass me," murmured the general.

"And me," echoed Prestley.

"Double," from Melville.

There was no redouble. Melville led the ace of clubs. Prestley's partner exposed his hand. Prestley laid his on the table.

"Any other lead, my friend," he said, "and you had chosen your bedfellow for the night."

Cheshire rose to his feet with a sigh.

"I shall go to the library and find a book," he declared. "I might have been dealing the cards myself. Two absolute Yarboroughs except for the ace of clubs against two mighty no trumpers and they lose thousands! The game progresses."

NEVERTHELESS, in due time the inevitable happened. The rubber came to an end. Almost simultaneously Brooks, the only waiter who was allowed to enter the small cardroom, made his appearance with a note upon a salver. He presented it to Mallinson, who glanced it through and passed it across the table to Cheshire who had just returned. The latter nodded.

"Serves you right for keeping me out so long," he remarked to the other three. "Mallinson and I have to go."

"Downing Street?" Prestley asked.

Cheshire nodded. His remark was scarcely reverent.

"The old man's got the jitters," he confided. "The general and I are off to save the Empire."

The Prime Minister's reception of his two visitors was friendly but a little depressing. He motioned them to chairs.

"Sorry to trouble you again so soon," he said, "but I have been thinking over your request to me, General Mallinson."

"Yes, sir."

"It seems to me that if we waited until the time came for mobilization, we might miss the bus. We three are alone together now. I should like to have a few words with you on this secret service question. The increase in the number of foreign spies working here seems to me rather significant."

"No doubt about that, sir," Cheshire acknowledged, accepting and lighting a cigarette from the box his host had passed him. "At a rough estimate I should say that there were twice as many major spies at work here as ever before. Money is being thrown about everywhere. Half the time the trouble is to avoid arresting some of these fellows before we have found out as much as we want to about what they are after."

The Premier nodded.

"Well, I'm glad you realize what you are up against," he remarked. "Remember, I consider that you, Admiral

Cheshire, you, General Mallinson, and the commissioner of police at Scotland Yard, are the three people responsible for dealing with this inroad. We discussed this afternoon, as you doubtless remember, the much stiffer attitude during the last week or so of our friends or rather, I should say, our enemies in Europe."

"Certainly, sir," Mallinson admitted.

"IT IS obvious," the Prime Minister continued, "that a great many enemy spies have succeeded in getting through reports that have disclosed a considerable part at any rate of the situation."

"To a certain extent, sir, that may be true," Cheshire replied. "Our reaction to that is simple. A portion, by far the most important portion, of the reports sent out almost daily from London and all over England we could stop if we liked."

"You could stop?" the Premier repeated incredulously. "Then why the mischief don't you?"

"Because," Cheshire explained, "at the present moment our counterespionage is at least as good as any work that is being done on the other side. A great many reports are being sent to foreign countries, through sources they consider above suspicion, based upon information that is not altogether correct."

The Prime Minister stroked his chin.

"Aren't you taking a great responsibility in letting these reports go through?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," Cheshire admitted, "but on the other hand we believe that it pays. I need not say that both the general and I are proud of our organizations. Foreign espionage over here is very far-reaching and comprises an enormous number of correspondents, but our counterespionage is, on the whole, a great deal better."

"What you mean, then, I suppose," the Premier remarked, "is that you are deliberately permitting two enemy countries to build up an idea as to the progress of our rearmament schemes that is, to say the least of it, pessimistic."

"Quite true, sir," Cheshire acquiesced. "You are putting into plain words what I was only hinting at."

"I knew that something of the sort was a recognized principle, of course," the Premier went on thoughtfully, "but just now don't you see the danger of the position? We are at work tooth and nail to prevent war. The reports you are allowing to go through might be reports that are likely to encourage it."

"On the other hand," the general pointed out, "the advantage of having an enemy country completely deceived as regards our position, say with regard to the caliber of our guns or the number of divisions we could put into the field at once or the capacity of our planes, might easily win the war for us."

THE Premier was thoughtful for a few moments.

"It is a dangerous game you two are playing," he remarked. "You are really encouraging enemy countries to have a whack at us."

"Our idea," Cheshire pointed out, "is to carry on right to the last moment and then let the truth leak out about one or two little matters. Simultaneously, there is a chance that the enemy may come into possession of papers purporting to disclose an exceedingly well-thought-out offensive, with which they might have to deal. It would be calculated to give them a shock. Personally, I think we should always be able to engineer a climb-down on their part."

"Something up your sleeve there," the Prime Minister observed with a smile.

"My *pièce de résistance*."

The Prime Minister changed the subject a little abruptly.

"What about this naval captain of yours—Rawson—who shot himself the other day?"

Cheshire was suddenly grave.

"You realize, of course, sir," he said, "that his letter was a fake. It is a terrible thing to have to confess of anyone in the service, but I have had the idea for some time that he was engaged in traitorous work. The time came when I was able to prove it. No information that he has passed on will do us any harm. On the other hand, the enemy believe, or will believe in a day or two, that they have the secret of the hidden deck on our new fast cruisers."

The Premier was again thoughtful.

"What you have told me, gentlemen," he said at last, "is in a way reassuring. It may account to some extent for this change of attitude on the Continent. I cannot say, however, that I am completely convinced as to its wisdom. I shall have to consult a few of my colleagues. Keep a tight hand on your operations for the next few days. I agree, of course," he concluded, rising, "to the principle of supplying false information. On the other hand, in this instance it is a distinct incentive to the one thing we want to avoid—war."

"Do you think you will ever be able to avoid it, sir?" Cheshire asked quietly.

"It must be avoided for another two months at any rate," the Prime Minister declared.

THE two men, as was their custom, left separately—Cheshire on foot, walking the few hundred yards to the admiralty, Mallinson returning in a taxicab to his almost secret block of offices in a little-frequented part of the War Office. They met again at the hour for *apéritifs* at the club. Cheshire, who had been unable to forget the slight break in the Premier's voice as he had uttered his last brief sentence, referred to it almost at once.

"The chief was right, in a way, this afternoon," he pointed out. "We are not pulling quite the same rope. His job is to prevent war. That is not exactly our line. Ours is to see that if the war comes we win it."

The general sipped his glass of sherry.

"That robotlike man with still, set features and glasses and half-opened mouth is perfectly right," he admitted. "You and I are treading all the time on gunpowder, you know, Cheshire. Can't you imagine them gloating in some far-away council chamber over the false plans of that cruiser of yours and chuckling when they think that those five thousand tons of aluminum are quite enough to make a whole fleet of fighting planes worthless. It's a dirty business sometimes, Cheshire."

"You don't think I like it, do you?" was the almost savage rejoinder. "What about your Gibraltar plans?"

Mallinson nodded.

"That has been the finest achievement of our whole organization," he declared.

"Yes, but don't forget," Cheshire reminded him, "you had to kill three partially innocent people before you brought that off. Not only that, but if enemies were to launch an attack upon the place, based upon what they believed to be the existing conditions, it would cost them a thousand or two of lives."

"That," the general replied more equably, "would be *la guerre*."

Footsteps were heard approaching and the conversation between the two men faded away. Prestley lifted the curtain and entered the room.

"You haven't come back expecting another rubber at this hour of the evening, have you?" Cheshire asked.

Prestley shook his head. He drew the curtain again behind him and joined his two friends.

"No, I don't want to play any more bridge," he confided. "I came back hoping I might find you here, Cheshire."

RECORD THE DRAMA OF

the greatest people on earth—
your family!

. . . easily . . . inexpensively . . . in full-color movies with the new

Filmo

For they *are* the greatest people on earth. And you should start to make movies of their big moments *now*. In years to come the movies you make *today* will revive each tender memory and thrill you beyond the power of the greatest of movie stars in the greatest of dramas. Let your family be the stars in the drama of Life—and *you be the producer.*

As inexpensive and as easy as making snapshots. Home movies are today within reach of even the most modest budget. A Filmo camera is actually priced at less than many still cameras. The cost of making a movie scene with this Filmo, using the economical 8 mm. film, is less than that of a fair-sized still picture.

Nor do you require any special skill to make sparkling black-and-white or beautiful *full-color* movies. It's as easy as making snapshots. Simply look through the spyglass viewfinder and press the button—*what you see, you get.* Bell & Howell engineers who make Hollywood's finest professional equipment have designed this camera to enable you to make theater-quality movies easily and inexpensively. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago, New York, Hollywood, London. *Since 1907 the largest manufacturer of precision equipment for motion picture studios of Hollywood and the world.*

Mail Coupon FOR MOVIE-MAKING BOOKLET

A free booklet, *How to Make Inexpensive Personal Movies,* will be sent gladly upon request. Send coupon, the next thing you do. No obligation.

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY
1802 Larchmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me the book.

Name....................................

Address..................................

City.......................... *State*........

C 9-38

BELL & HOWELL

"Here I am, a little crushed, but still cheerful," the latter observed. "At your service, my friend. I'm ready to lend you a spot of money if that's what you are looking for, or to stand you a drink. What about a glass of this sherry?"

Prestley nodded in an abstracted sort of fashion. The admiral filled a glass from the decanter that was standing on a silver salver between the two men. The former sipped its contents with the air of one whose thoughts were far away.

"Tell us some good news," Cheshire begged. "Mallinson and I are feeling rather depressed. We have been round to Downing Street and had something of a wigging from the old man."

"If I had been on the same terms with the old man, as you call him, as you two are, I should probably have been a visitor in Downing Street myself this afternoon. Somehow or other, he is always a little stiff with me."

"No one in the world would believe it," Mallinson remarked, "but I have come to the conclusion that our Prime Minister is a shy man."

"Maybe," Prestley agreed. "Anyway, there is something I would like to say, but I don't want to say it to the press. You two fellows would be as good confidants as anyone else and, mind you, what I am going to disclose comes in just the course of a friendly little chat."

Cheshire and Mallinson were very silent. They both listened intently.

"What I mean," Prestley continued, "is that I am not making a confidential communication to you, I am telling you a fact that you can make use of exactly as you like. All I say is—keep away from any direct intercourse with the press. Get me?"

They nodded acquiescence. Prestley went on.

"WELL, this is what I want you to know," he said. "You are aware that Count Patani came to England on some sort of a special mission and that he never went near the Foreign Office and only left a card at Downing Street. As a matter of fact, his visit over here was not official in the least. He did not come with the idea of discussions of any sort with the British Foreign Office. He came to see me."

"The devil he did!" Cheshire interjected.

"To justify myself," Prestley went on, "and you know I am very careful in such matters, directly he announced that he was visiting London on a special mission to me, which must be considered entirely confidential, I shut him straight up. I told him that as a member of a friendly nation living in England, I could not agree to a confidential interview with anyone whose country was on strained relations with the Court of St. James's. I offered to hear what he had to say and to give it my consideration, but I declined to treat his visit, or any offer he might make, as confidential."

"This man ought to have been a diplomat," Cheshire murmured.

"Patani was a considerable time hesitating after that," Prestley continued. "In the end he accepted the situation. His mission was to ask me for assistance in helping to arrange an immediate loan of a very large sum of money to his country in case she should find herself in urgent need."

"In urgent need of it," the general repeated, "means war, of course."

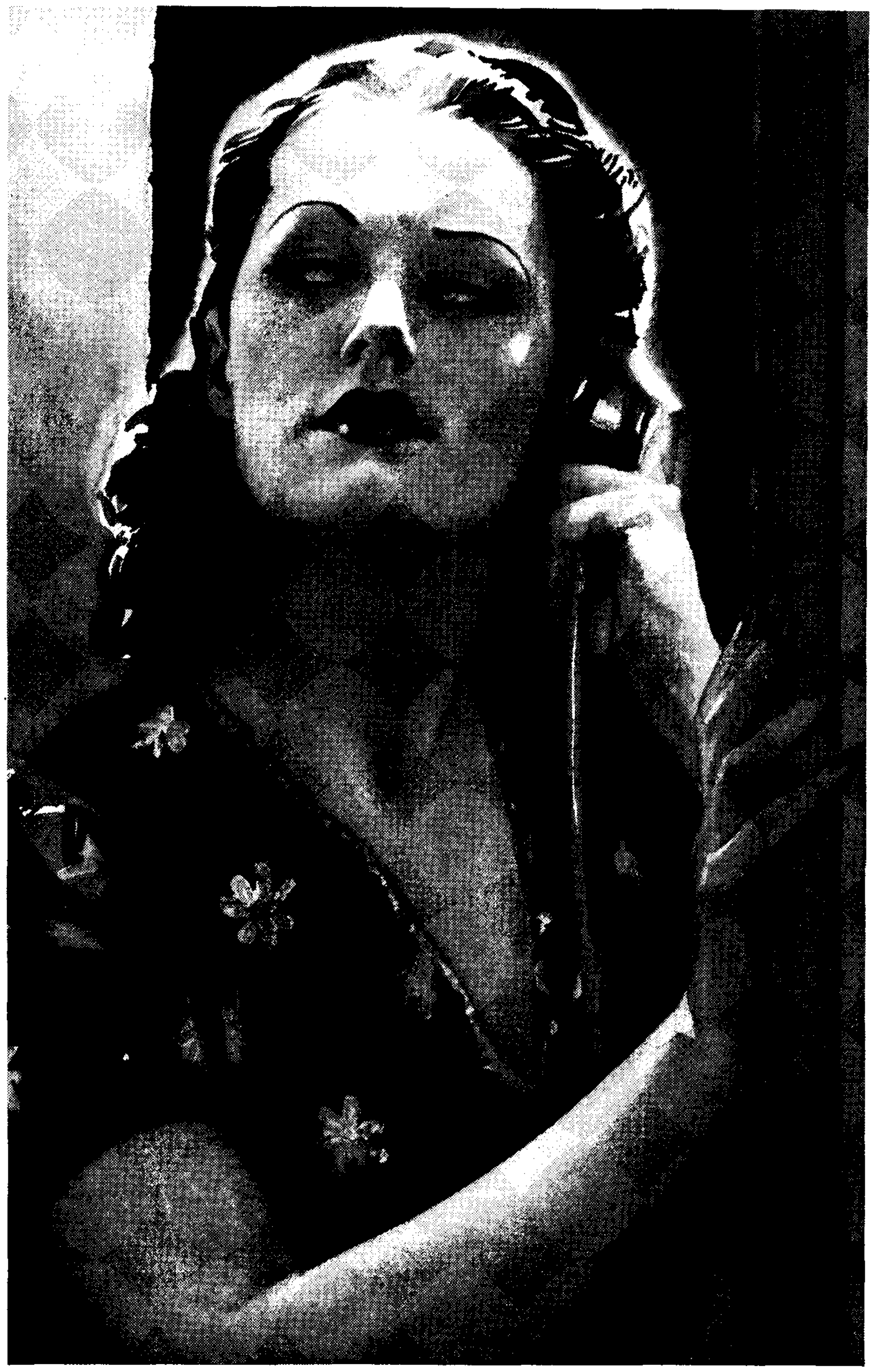
"We are international bankers, of course," Prestley continued, "and we can command capital in practically every city of the world, but I told Patani what I told the representative of a smaller power less than a year ago—my firm, so long as I am at its head, will never help in the raising of large sums of money for purposes of offensive warfare."

"And what did Count Patani say to that?" Cheshire asked quietly.

"He fenced with the question. He hinted at the enormous armament preparations in this country. It was necessary," he declared, "for his own country to protect itself. There was the whole of Abyssinia untouched, dripping millions into the hands of industry, sufficient security for any loan in the world. He was very eloquent. I listened to a great deal he had to say that is not your concern or mine."

"And the result?" the general asked.

"He leaves tonight at eight o'clock by the private plane that brought him," Prestley confided. "I have refused even to consider the question of a loan until certain political matters are settled and peace assured."



"Can you tell me where the call came from?" she said

"You are a great man," Mallinson pronounced.

"I AM nothing of the sort," was the firm disclaimer. "I was brought up with these ideas and, believe me, nine tenths of my countrypeople share them. We hate war like nothing on earth, and there is not a member of my own firm who would not be behind me in every word I said to Patani. The banking industry as a whole, let me tell you, has given the wider aspects of this matter the most thorough consideration. Twelve of us held a conference in Paris a few weeks ago. We decided that the most effectual methods of checking warfare are to discredit it and to support its operations in no way whatsoever."

"So Patani goes home," Cheshire murmured, emptying his glass. "You have made history, Prestley. They talk about our work for the Empire. You have done something for all civilization."

"I agree most fervently," Mallinson concurred.

THE little meeting was at an end. The general was disposed to linger but something in his friend's attitude conveyed a suggestion to him. He took his leave. Cheshire and Prestley were alone. The moment had arrived that the former had been dreading.

"Prestley," he began, "I am going to ask you a question that you may answer or not as you will."

"Sounds mysterious. Go ahead."

"Did Sabine know of Patani's mission to you?"

Prestley gazed fixedly at his questioner. He seemed to lose much of the warm humanity that had transfigured his somewhat stiff being. He drew himself up. His expression was more set.

"I do not think," he said, "that it is within your province to ask me that question."

Cheshire flushed slightly but he showed no signs of resentment.

"Probably not, Henry," he admitted, "yet it is a question you must pardon, even if you don't choose to reply. Sabine is known to be an intense and enthusiastic daughter of her country. The Patanis are a younger branch of her own illustrious family. There were reasons why the question suggested itself to me."

"Perhaps you could explain them."

"I would rather not," was the gentle yet firm reply.

"Very well, then. There is a counter-question on this same subject that I must put to you."

"Let it alone altogether," Cheshire begged.

"I should be glad if that were possible," Prestley replied with a slight softening in his tone and expression. "Listen to me, Guy. You are, I suppose, my wife's oldest friend in this country."

"It is my privilege."

"You have known her sister since she was a baby."

"That is quite true."

"You are also, if I may be permitted to say so, a close and intimate friend of my own."

"It is an honor to consider myself so. There is no man living whom I respect more."

"Then we can surely talk now not only as men of kindred blood but as friends and allies. Tell me, have you any reason to believe that my wife's devotion to the country of her birth—"

"Do not ask me any such question," Cheshire interrupted with sudden vigor. "Don't do it, Prestley. Don't you see the position in which you are placing me? You have a claim upon me, so has Sabine, because of our previous friendship, but my country stands first with me as yours would with you. You are driving me into a corner. I will not answer your question, but you shall get this much out of it. Take my advice—send your wife and her sister back to New York for a few months."

"That is your advice?"

"Yes."

"You are keeping the real truth hidden from me. What about that fellow Rawson? He was a great friend of Sabine's. He was in and out of the house all the time."

Cheshire raised his eyebrows.

"How is Rawson concerned?" he asked coolly. "He committed suicide because he had hold of the wrong job."

"No more than that to tell me?"

"No more."

"Yet you want me to send Sabine and Elida out of the country?"

"I have offered you some advice."

Cheshire was immovable. Prestley, a strong man himself, knew it. He turned on his heel. His companion moved swiftly between him and the drawn curtain. He gripped Prestley's arm as he was passing.

"All that I have said, Henry," he told him fervently, "I have said in friendship."

Prestley turned back and his voice was raised scarcely above a whisper.

"I am not leaving you in anger, Guy," he said. "I am leaving you because I need to be alone for a time."

THE telephone bell, faintly audible from the cloak closet, rang just as Horace Florestan, seated at the head of the table in the dining room of his semi-detached West Kensington residence, was preparing to carve the sirloin of beef—the usual Sunday night supper. The girl who was waiting at the sideboard turned toward the door. Her master stopped her.

"I will answer it," he announced, laying down the knife and fork. "You will excuse me for a few minutes, Deborah?" he added, glancing down the table toward his wife.

Mrs. Florestan, a plainly dressed

woman with large, indifferently concealed limbs built on flowing lines, with beautiful, strangely colored eyes and full, voluptuous lips, shrugged her shoulders.

"Be as quick as you can, please," she begged. "We are late as it is and the children are hungry."

The head of the household nodded and left the room, walking with light footsteps, which seemed somehow in keeping with his lean, tightly knit body. They heard him cross the hall and disappear into the cloak closet where the telephone instrument was placed. Afterward, there was silence. Mrs. Florestan rose slowly from her chair and sank into that of her husband. The two children—Mary, aged fourteen, and Tom, aged twelve—looked at her hopefully.

"Go on, Mother," the boy said encouragingly. "You can carve just as well as Dad. I'm hungry."

Mrs. Florestan carved, completing her task with a sort of languid precision that seemed one of her characteristics. She resumed her place, carrying her own plate.

"I wonder who it is wants Dad?" the girl asked.

"Silly hour to ring up, anyway," her brother declared.

Mrs. Florestan appeared to consider the matter for a moment.

"It cannot be the City, unless it was one of the Continental branches wanting him," she observed. "It may be one of those tiresome people at the club. I wish he had never gone on the committee."

The maid removed the cork from half a bottle of claret that had been opened for the midday meal. She served Mrs. Florestan and the two children with water from a glass jug. No one spoke for a few minutes. They were healthy children and they were hungry. It was the boy who broke the silence.

"Whoever it is," he grumbled, "he must have had something to say. Funny, keeping Dad all this time. Shall I go and hurry him up?"

Mrs. Florestan shook her head. She turned to the maid.

"Rosa," she said, "would you mind just reminding your master that we are waiting for him?"

The girl hurried to the door. She tried the handle, stooped down for a moment, tried it again and looked back at her mistress.

"The door is locked, Madam," she announced.

A QUEER light shone for a moment in Mrs. Florestan's eyes, the light of fear or premonition.

"Impossible," she declared. "Why, the key was on this side when we came in."

Rosa shook her head.

Mrs. Florestan rose to her feet and with considerable speed made her way to the door. She turned the handle in vain. The boy joined her and began shaking the door.

"What on earth is the meaning of this?" Mrs. Florestan asked a little helplessly.

"Dad locked us in while he had his talk," Mary observed. "Perhaps he's talking to a lady friend."

"Your father does not do such things," her mother said.

She moved to the window.

"Tom," she enjoined, "will you climb out this way—here is the latchkey of the front door. Find out what your father is doing."

The spirit of adventure entered into the boy's veins. He pushed up the window, stepped out, opened the front door without any trouble and made his way down the narrow darkened passage. He flung open the door of the cloak closet. The place was empty. He stood away and called up the stairs.

"Dad!"

No answer. He turned the key and threw open the door of the dining room.

"I can't find him!" he exclaimed. "There's no one at the telephone, and the key was on this side of the door all the time."

"What about his hat and coat?" Mrs. Florestan asked quickly.

"They're both here."

Mary ran lightly upstairs. She called down in a moment:

"Dad isn't up here."

Their mother lifted the telephone receiver from its place.

"Exchange," she said, "my husband was called to the telephone a few minutes ago. Can you tell me where the call came from?"

There was a brief silence, then the answer came through:

"A call box at Charing Cross."

"You do not know who it was?"

"Of course not," the operator replied. "Anyone might ring up from a call box."

Mrs. Florestan hung up the receiver. The boy, who had been to the front door again, came tearing back.

"I say," he cried, "the garage doors are open, the gates, too, and the car is gone!"

Mrs. Florestan shrugged her shoulders. Her attiude was simply one of mild surprise mingled with boredom.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "we had better finish supper."

THE two children chattered wildly through the remainder of the meal; even the maid now and then put in a word. Mrs. Florestan remained silent. She made no comment upon any of the suggestions. When the meal was finished she went to the telephone, closed the door and asked for the police station. She stated her case to the sergeant who answered. There was a brief silence while he made a report. Then he came back.

"The inspector says that he will come round, if you wish it."

"I do wish it."

In a quarter of an hour's time there was a double knock at the front door and Inspector Douglas made his appearance. The children had been sent back to school in a taxicab. The maid remained in the room. The inspector was told exactly what had happened. Even he was a trifle puzzled.

"Your husband hasn't any relatives who are likely to have been taken ill?" he inquired.

"To the best of my knowledge," Mrs. Florestan answered, "my husband hasn't a relative or an intimate friend in the world."

"Will you give me the number of the car, please?"

Mrs. Florestan was able to furnish the information.

"You have no knowledge of your husband being in any difficulties or trouble?" the inspector asked a little diffidently.

Mrs. Florestan shook her head.

"My husband is employed by a firm of shipping merchants in the city," she said. "He earns a good salary. We have never been in debt. He has neither friends nor enemies. He is on the committee of the golf club and usually plays on Saturday afternoon and Sunday."

"He didn't say anything about expecting a call, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. Why do you ask that?"

The inspector stroked his chin.

"I was just wondering why he locked the door on his way to the telephone," he remarked.

Mrs. Florestan might possibly have hazarded a reply to that question. She made no effort to do so, however. The inspector, with cheerful promises of speedy news, took his leave.

(To be continued next week)

Make Your DOLLARS do DOUBLE DUTY...

and your WIFE will never have to!

Your wife is a good manager but she has your help and income. As your *widow*, could she manage over the years to live comfortably . . . to provide your children with the home, happiness, security and education you want them to have?

Without you and your **in**come, how soon would **her** duties be doubled? How soon would she have to get a job to *support* the children as well as *take care* of them? How soon would the children have to start to work?

When your dollars do double duty, they guarantee an income for you if you live *or* an income for your family if you die.

You can settle these questions once and for all, and at the same time assure yourself a monthly income if you live to retirement age by *starting to make some of your dollars do double duty now.*

Under our Double Duty Dollar Plan, the same dollars saved provide (1) a Monthly Living Income for your family if you don't live to enjoy the Retirement Income for yourself, or (2) a Monthly Income for yourself at retirement age. *That's what we mean by making your dollars do double duty.* Use coupon below to order the free illustrated booklet describing this Double Duty Dollar Plan.

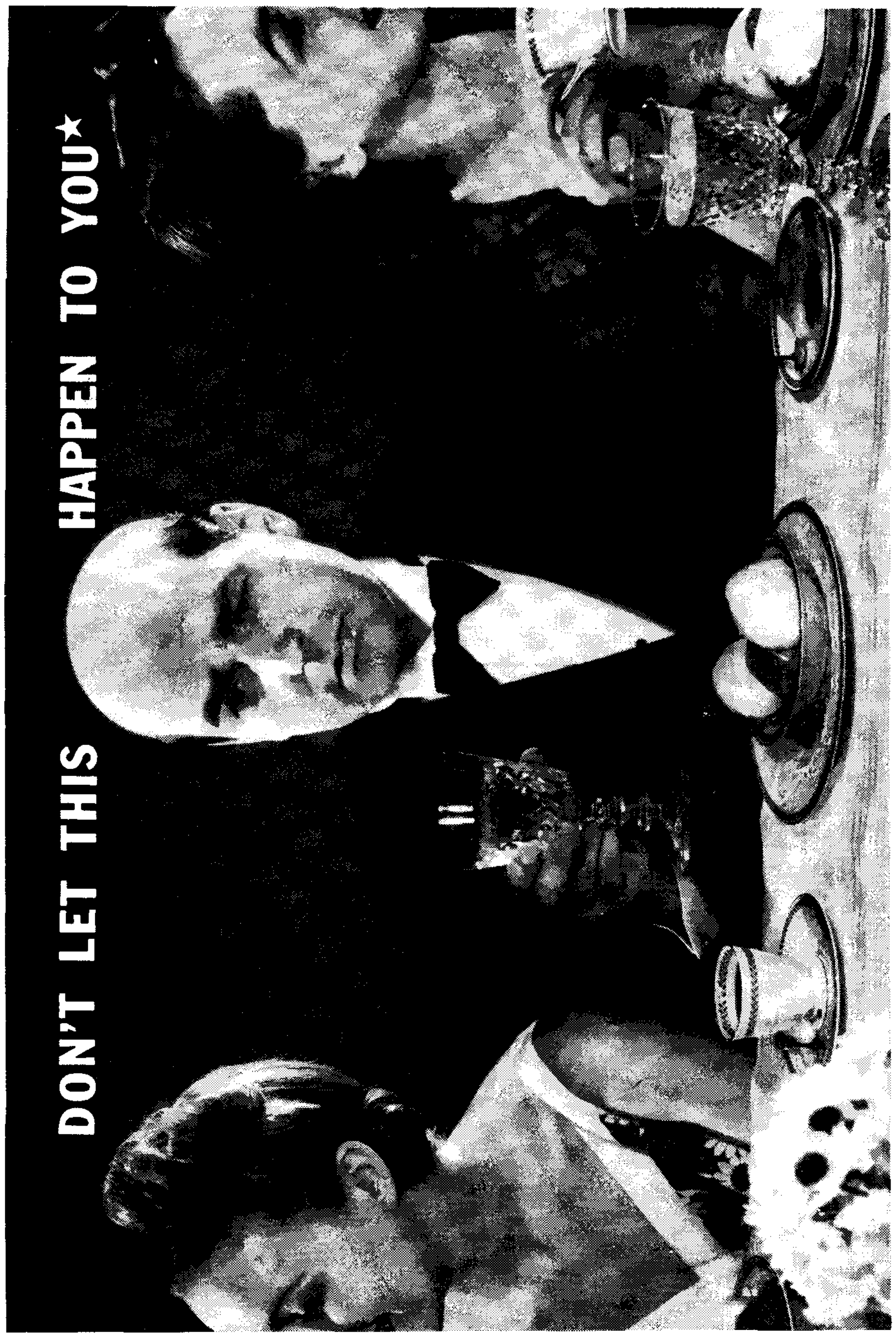
BANKERS *Life* COMPANY
DES MOINES
A Mutual Legal Reserve Life Insurance Company • Established 1879

How to make YOUR DOLLARS DO DOUBLE DUTY

FREE PLAN...SEND COUPON

Bankers Life Company, Des Moines, Iowa 9-C
Please send me your Double Duty Dollar Plan.
Name____________________ Age________
Address____________________________
City____________________ State________

NOT EXACTLY THE *Life* OF THE PARTY


DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU★

THEY say you never miss your health until you lose it. The same can be said of the hair on your head. Ask the man who owns a goose egg and let him tell you how often it injures his ego in his social and business life. Start using Kreml every day and spare yourself the tragedy of which dandruff and excessive loss of hair may be a warning. Kreml is beneficial to your scalp and hair. It removes dandruff, cleanses, stimulates and lends new lustre to hair. It's also a marvelous dressing; keeps the hair neat as a pin—no grease, no plastered-down look. Women, too, love Kreml for the soft alluring sheen it gives the coiffure. Call for Kreml at the barber shop and beauty parlor. Ask for it in the drug store.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It's made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

★Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Man from the Sea

Continued from page 21

sat down among the weeds of the railroad embankment. Lighting a cigarette, he unfolded the papers again.

The first one had a big banner-line across Page 1:

MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY VANISHES OFF YACHT

The news stories themselves were very much alike. He read the one in the Times quite carefully:

"Under mysterious circumstances, James F. Markle, Jr., heir to the Markle oil millions and virtual owner of the petroleum corporations bearing his name, disappeared off his palatial yacht thirty to forty miles offshore sometime before dawn this morning."

Jimmy scowled and threw away his cigarette. "*—thirty to forty miles offshore sometime before dawn!*" For the first time, he was getting really angry.

"His cousin, Gilson L. Brough, president and general manager of the Markle Petroleum Corporations, said he believed that Markle either leaped or fell to his death while the yacht, which was bearing a gay pleasure party, was cruising many miles off the estuary, in the open sea.

"He added, in an official statement, that Markle had been drinking heavily in recent months, and had appeared despondent."

Jimmy took a deep and thoughtful breath. So *that* was Gilson's line. Squinting, Jimmy grinned.

"Good old Gil," he murmured. "He always was the shrewd one of the family."

JIMMY had a very clear remembrance of that ten minutes on the afterdeck. He himself leaning on the rail, wearily telling Gil once more to go to hell; Gil's wheedling, patient voice, beginning all over again the weary argument, trying to get Jimmy to sign the papers he had brought along, all prepared. It would only take a second, and—

And then his own sudden, sobering suspicion of what had been going on, all these months.

Jimmy had set his glass down and said, very quietly:

"Why, Gil—you've been swindling."

With the swift whirl of nightmare, Gil's bony, careful face suddenly very near, contorted with a horrible—but still careful—expression. The lights exploding with the shock of Gil's fist against his chin—the swift crotch hold that lifted and threw him up and backward even as he weakly struck back—the queerly slow, revolving fall down toward black water lit by the passing portholes. . . .

Jimmy lit another cigarette, sitting there among the weeds of the railroad embankment.

"Among the guests aboard the yacht at the time of the apparent tragedy was Markle's fiancée, Miss Monica Vale, brilliant social figure and daughter of H. H. Vale, general counsel for the Markle Corporations. Miss Vale, weeping and in a state of near-collapse, was assisted down the gangplank by Brough when the yacht docked this morning with its shocked and saddened guests. . . ."

Ah, yes. Monica.

Jimmy lifted one corner of his mouth in a way that, if he had only known it, was exactly reminiscent of his father, the late James (Horseshoe) Markle, who had outslugged the toughest foremen in half a dozen wild and muddy oil fields and outsmarted their bosses in Wall Street to found a new fortune.

Farther down in the story, there was a paragraph that said:

"In another official statement, issued later in the day on behalf of the boards of directors of the Markle Petroleum Corporations, Brough declared that the supposed death of young Markle would have little or no effect upon the far-flung affairs of the corporations, or upon the standing of their stocks in the market. The statement read, in part:

"'While, as principal stockholder, he was titular chairman of the various boards, Mr. Markle, in point of fact, had no active participation whatever in the management of our corporate affairs. Therefore, while his loss is deeply mourned personally by his associates, it should not and will not have any appreciable effect upon the affairs or market standings of these corporations. . . .' "

THAT gave Jimmy good cause to think about himself a bit, in the general showdown.

It was true. It had always been so much pleasanter just to play and not worry and to let old sober-sided Gil do the work. Gil seemed made for that sort of thing and, for himself, there were so many swell things to do in this world—big-game fishing and fox-hunting and yachting and sitting around a couple of bottles with a few of the good guys the world was full of. He knew that his father had died disappointed in him, although the old man had never said very much during those last years while he was training Gil, his nephew, for the job.

Jimmy folded the papers up thoughtfully, put them under his arm and a hundred yards up the track stopped and stuffed them into a culvert. Then he went on back to the houseboat settlement.

Coming down the floating plank walk where the water squirted up between the cracks under his feet, he heard Judy and her grandfather talking in the kitchen. But their voices stopped when he stepped on the porch, and the old man opened the door.

"Well, Sonny, you look better," he said. "Come in."

Judy was darning socks, and she looked up with a faint and rather enigmatic smile and the two men sat down. They talked for a while. It turned out that the old man's name was Halloran, Tim Halloran. Judy's name was Halloran, too. He said he'd got off work early today, that's why he was home at this hour. He had the job of day watchman on the oil barges, a mile down the beach, at the refinery. He only snorted when Jimmy tried to thank him for saving his life last night. Jimmy told them in great detail about falling off the coal barge, while he was washing his working clothes. Old Tim sat there nodding and smoking his corncob. Judy never looked up.

"Well," Tim said finally, "you better have some supper with us before you go, Mr.—"

"Johnson," Jimmy said.

"Mmmm. Mr. Johnson," Tim said courteously.

"I haven't any place to go," Jimmy said. "My tow of barges has gone on up the coast. Anyway, I've been thinking about getting a shore job. D'you suppose I could rent one of these little places around here for a while?"

Tim looked surprised and cleared his throat. Judy didn't look up, but her hands were very still, holding a sock and a darning needle.

"Why," Tim said at last, "Hogan's houseboat is for rent."

"Good," Jimmy said. Hogan's houseboat would be a fine place to stay while his cousin Gil was showing a little more of his hand. "Have you the afternoon papers here?" he asked casually. "I thought I might see a job advertised," he explained.

Tim got up and went over to the icebox. He bent and peered earnestly inside. Judy murmured:

"Hardly anyone has the papers delivered down here. We're very much out of the world . . . Mr. Johnson."

"Oh," Jimmy said with relief. "Well, I'll see about a job tomorrow."

Tim came back to the table with a couple of bottles of beer.

"Just what kind of a job were you thinking about, Mr. Johnson?" he asked.

"Oh, anything. And my name is Jimmy."

"Well, Oz Swenson, he's the night watchman on the barges, he's quitting to go North next week," Tim said. "The foreman's a good friend of mine and you look honest. Have a beer, Jimmy?"

And that's how James Markle came to be night watchman on a string of his own oil barges.

HE LIVED in Hogan's houseboat, and it was a time of peace.

At first, he was conscious that the people of the settlement were watching him curiously and furtively. But that stopped suddenly—he could almost have told the day it stopped—and it puzzled him a little. After that, men sitting in shirt sleeves on their back steps at suppertime would say "Hello" to him as he passed, and one noon an old lady came to his door with a smoking apple pie.

But once he was settled and doing for himself, Judy seemed to lose interest in him. Once in a while she would go for a walk with him in the afternoon, looking for dusty wild flowers along the railroad embankment. But not very often. Usually, she told him she was too busy, and it seemed to be true enough. She was forever doing something—mending or cleaning house or sewing. For one whole week she was canning fruit and making jelly, with a clean towel pinned like a coif about her head. Jimmy leaned in the kitchen doorway and watched her until she told him to go away.

On their walks, he learned that she was just past eighteen, and that she and Tim had decided that she was to start in at the university uptown in the autumn. She explained it was only an hour and a quarter each way by streetcar, and that would give her time to give Tim his breakfast and get him off to work, go across town to her classes and still get back with two hours in which to do the housework and get supper. She was going to study journalism.

He also learned something else about her, one late afternoon. They were standing on the embankment, looking down at the settlement. Jimmy tried to take her hand, but she slipped it out of his and put it in her coat pocket.

"You mustn't do that. Please," she said.

"Why not? I mean it."

She glanced at him with a queer expression, but moved a step away.

"I—I'm engaged to a man," she said.

"Oh," Jimmy said. He hadn't bargained for quite this empty feeling. "Sorry, Judy."

She didn't say anything and she didn't look at him any more.

"What's his name?" Jimmy asked.

"J-John. John Peterson."

"Oh."

They started on down the path toward the settlement.

"Pretty good fellow, I suppose," Jimmy said.

She nodded.

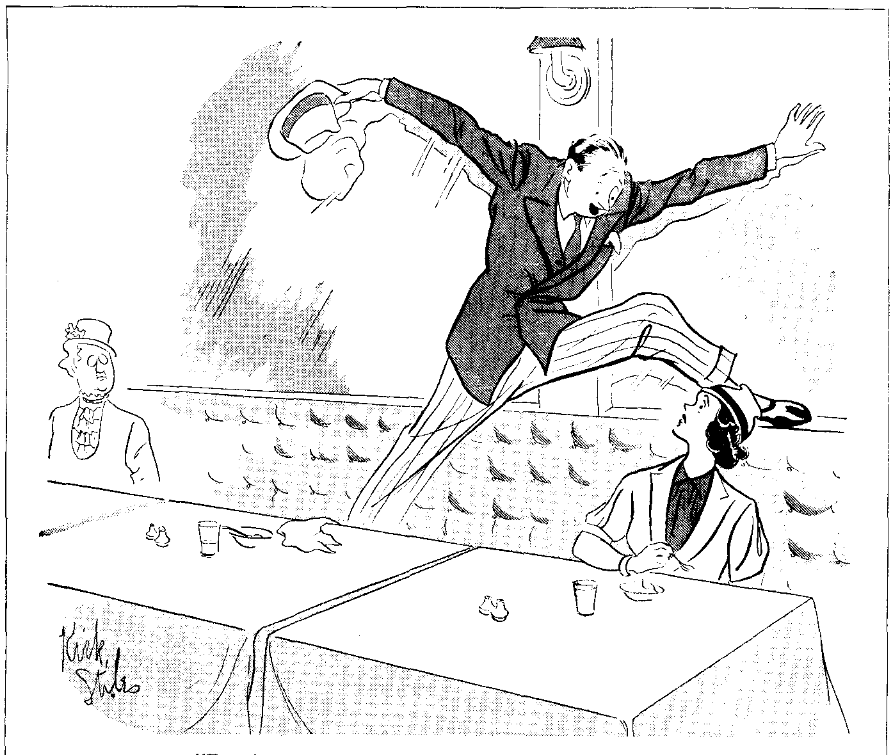
"Like to meet him sometime," Jimmy said. "But I—I suppose he comes around in the evening, when I'm at work."

"He—he's at sea," Judy said. "He works on one of the tankers that come into the refinery. It's in California, now."

"Oh," Jimmy said. "Well, congratulations."

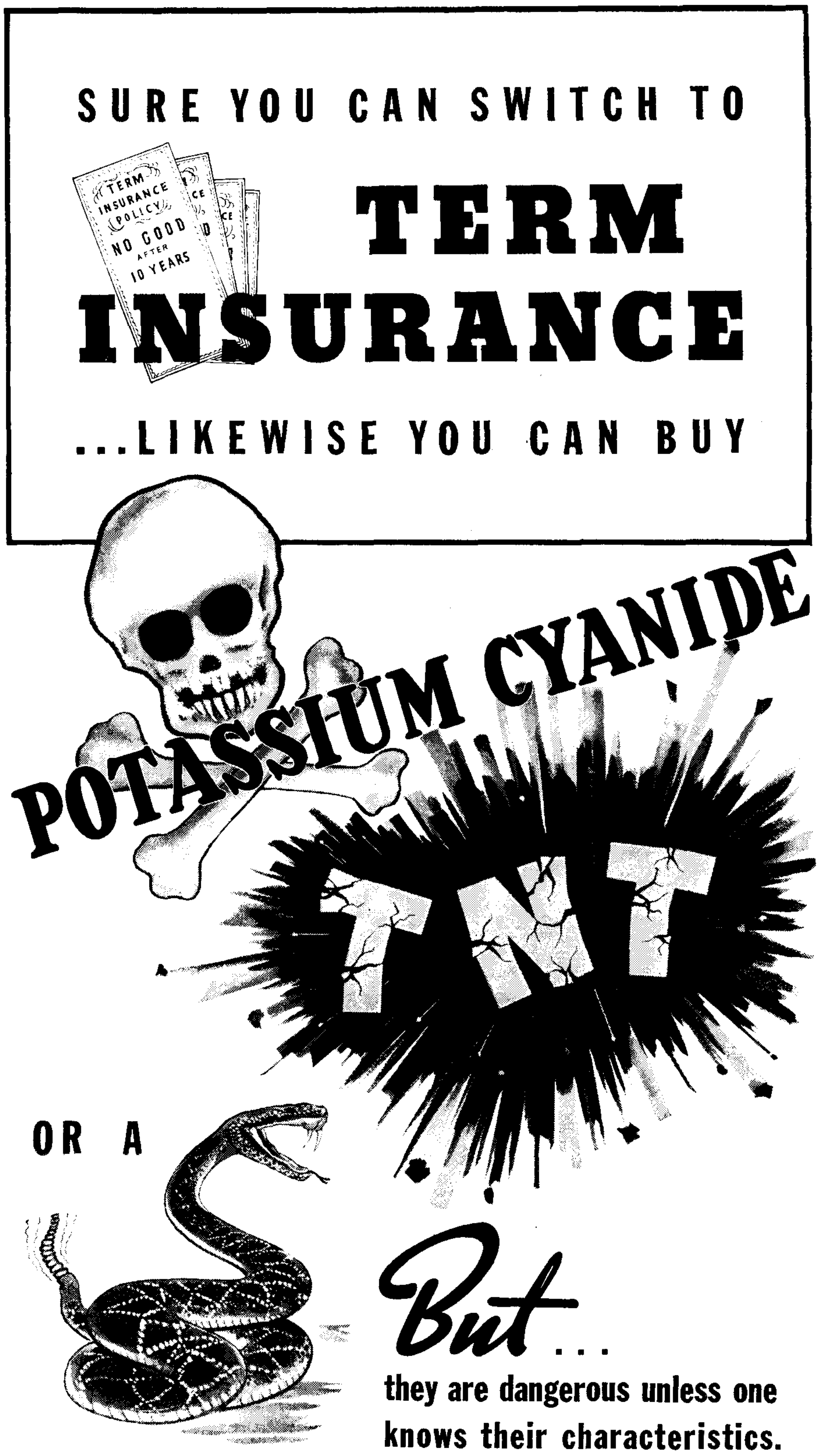
She nodded again and hurried on.

But even after that she went out with him on one of his nights off. They took a streetcar up through the factory district to a neighborhood movie. He bought her some flowers from a sidewalk barrow and after the show they stopped in a drugstore and had some ice cream at the soda fountain. That evening he spent nearly two dollars, including tax and streetcar fare. The last time he had taken Monica out for an evening, he had had a hundred dollars in his wallet and had come back with some loose change in his pocket. On the way home, Judy told him more about John Peterson. She said he was tall and had



"Don't move—I think I'll make it all right"

KIRK STILES


SURE YOU CAN SWITCH TO
TERM INSURANCE
...LIKEWISE YOU CAN BUY
TERM INSURANCE POLICY NO GOOD AFTER 10 YEARS
POTASSIUM CYANIDE
TNT
OR A
But...
they are dangerous unless one knows their characteristics.

RECENTLY, some so-called "Insurance Advisers" or "Counselors" have been recommending the discarding of time-proved types of insurance in favor of Term insurance. Yet how often the switch is to the advantage only of the adviser!

Had not the experience of the insurance business in the 19th century proved that Term insurance has definite limitations, the advice of these "wise acres" might at least be novel. All well-posted insurance authorities know that the only legitimate excuse for Term insurance is to cover short term contingencies to protect creditors and business obligations—and the best answer to the "counselor" who suggests that it is better than your present policy is that those who really know life insurance, salesmen and home office workers, carry only *more permanent* forms of insurance.

The charge has been made that the salesman makes more money on the sale of permanent insurance than on Term insurance. So does the salesman for the $4,000 automobile earn more than the salesman of the $700 car—but which would you rather own?

Almost any insurance salesman has Term insurance for sale, but he doesn't suggest it because he wants you permanently satsified. If third party advice is desired, don't depend on the word of a self-constituted "adviser"; write or see your State Insurance Commissioner instead. The unprejudiced advice of this public official will be cheerfully given without any fee or commission. He is in office for your protection—use his services.

* * *

An advertisement, written for the protection of all who own life insurance and all who sell life insurance, paid for by

AMERICAN UNITED LIFE INSURANCE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1877 • INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Mail a card or letter for details of this profitable plan.

Accept This Invitation

HUNDREDS of men and women are earning extra money in spare time! HOW? Simply by securing new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Magazines. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may add a substantial sum to your income every month.

FOLLOW the example of Mr. R. R. Abair who recommends the Crowell plan as an excellent way to make money. . . . There is at least one prospect in every home. Many of your friends are already subscribing—their renewals will bring you the same big commissions as new subscriptions.

ACCEPT this invitation to clip the convenient coupon below and get acquainted with our attractive offer. You don't even need to write a letter. Just paste the coupon on a penny postcard and mail now!—*there is no obligation.*

Meet Mr. R. R. Abair of Indiana who earns plenty of extra dollars by using our pleasant and profitable plan. The same opportunity is open to you.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-19
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I AM accepting your invitation. Please send me your profitable plan.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

Town . . . .

State . . . .

curly hair and was going to stand his examination for third mate's ticket in November. . . .

One evening when he cocked his feet up on the window sill of the watchman's shanty to read his afternoon paper in the fading light of sunset, Jimmy saw his name again. A very small headline, on an inside page, and the story was only an item. It said that Gilson L. Brough, as next of kin as well as president and general manager of the Markle Petroleum Corporations, had petitioned in superior court to be appointed guardian for the estate of his cousin James F. Markle, Jr., who had disappeared from his yacht at sea two months ago and whose body had never been recovered. The hearing was set for Monday. Jimmy sighed. His time was up.

Folding up the paper and putting it under his lunch bucket, he walked up the pier and through the empty refinery yard. Across the street, in Ludovic's Pool Parlor, he went into a phone booth and called the home of the assistant to the chairman of the board.

"Joe," he said, "this is Markle. You recognize my voice, don't you? Now quit twittering. Shut up and listen. Carefully. I want you to find out where— Shut up, I said, and listen. Of course I'm alive. Yes, and all right, too. Now get this: find out right away where Mr. Brough is now and where he's going to be this evening, and . . .

"Oh, he is, is he? Are you sure about that? Well, well—what time is he leaving? . . . Oh. After dinner at the Elsons'. Mmm, that gives me another two hours, anyway. Okay. Now, Joe, you call a taxi right away and meet me at Ludovic's Pool Parlor, across the street from the Tidewater refinery. Stop at the office on the way—you have the keys, haven't you?—and bring with you the pay-roll sheets of all our tankers for the past two years, see? There's a fellow on board one of them I want to do something for. Have you got that straight? All right. Now just calm down. I'll tell you where I've been when I see you."

TWO hours later, the second mate, keeping gangway watch on the Markle yacht at anchor in the stream, heard the *putt-putt* of a small gas boat coming out of the windy darkness of the estuary. There was a slight bump against the landing stage, and he looked down to see a young fellow in old clothes kneeling to make his painter fast.

"Hey! What d'you want here?" the mate bawled.

The young fellow finished tying his knot, arose and came leaping up the steps.

" 'Evening, Wilson," he said.

Under the glare of the gangway light cluster, the mate hung onto the rail with both hands, staring at him with his mouth open.

"Heard Mr. Brough was taking a party out tonight," Jimmy said. "Are they aboard yet?"

The mate made an effort and shook his head.

"Well, I'll be in the salon," Jimmy said. "Don't tell anybody I'm aboard, understand?"

"Y-yes," the mate said.

Jimmy was sitting in a discreetly shaded corner of the salon when he heard the motor tender coming out from shore. Listening to the sounds from the gangway as he lit a cigarette, he judged it was, as he had expected, a very small party. Footsteps came along the deck and the salon door opened. Gil and Monica came in, and Monica's father, smoking a cigar, stood in the doorway watching them for a moment before he strolled away forward.

Jimmy got up and walked into the light. "Hello," he said.

On the way up the estuary, Jimmy had rather planned on paying back to Gil that sock on the jaw. But you can't hit a man who is cowering back against a wall, breathing with unpleasant sounds. And anyway, the sight of Gil's face, with the very flesh sagging on its bones, paid off the score.

Except for Gil's breathing, there wasn't a sound in the salon.

Then Gil spoke. "Where have you been?" He spoke in a slow, careful voice, like that of someone who had run a long way but was trying to make himself speak calmly.

"Oh, I've been learning the oil business," Jimmy said cheerfully. "Wait a minute, Gil. Better stay where you are. Guys don't jump off their yachts twice in succession, and anyway, in my new job I get to carry a nice big gun. Not that I'd need it, this time."

Gil sat down suddenly.

"Never mind, Gil," Jimmy said. "There's nothing to worry about. I just came to tell you that I'll be in the office tomorrow morning, to take charge."

Monica said:

"Well, Jimmy, aren't you going to pay any attention to me?" Her face was white and rigid as a plaster mask, but her voice still had exactly the correct note of mockery.

"Oh, hello, Monica," he said. "You look lovely this evening. But you'll excuse me, won't you? I've got a date—ashore."

IT WAS getting late when he walked into Judy's kitchen. She was sitting by the stove, darning socks.

"Judy," he said, "why have you been pretending you didn't know my real name?"

One of Tim's socks fell out of her hand.

"W-what do you mean?" she said in a funny little voice.

"You know perfectly well what I mean, Judy. Now tell me why."

She began twisting a corner of her apron with fingers suddenly awkward. Finally she said:

"Well, at first we weren't sure. After all, you *don't* look much like that awful picture that was printed in the paper. . . . And then, you seemed to be in some kind of trouble and—and Tim said the least we could do was to g-give you a chance. We didn't understand, but anyone would help a stranger in trouble."

"Oh. So people always help strangers in trouble, eh?"

"Down here we do, Mr. Markle," she said.

"How about all these other people here in the settlement? Have they known, too, all along?"

She hesitated. "Well, some of them, at first, seemed to think you were the—the man in the papers. But—but Tim told me to tell the women that you certainly were not—that you were a young fellow we had known for years. A cousin of mine. Tim said to make it good and strong. How did you find out?"

"What?"

"How did you find out that I knew who you are?"

"Very easily, Judy," he said gently. "I've gone over the pay-roll sheets of all our tankers for the past two years. There never has been a man named John Peterson on any of them."

AFTER a long time, Jimmy asked: "Was it only some silly idea about my having a little money, or was it because I've spent my life being no damned good? Look at me, Judy."

"Please go away," she said.

"Is that why—knowing all the time who I am—is that why you've been engaged to a gent who doesn't even exist? Look at me, Judy."

"But *she* does."

"What?"

"The girl you're engaged to. She exists."

"Oh. Monica. I hadn't thought of that," Jimmy said. "Well, I've just seen her. I'll explain later, but that's all off."

She didn't say anything.

"Look at me, Judy," he said.

She didn't.

He tried a new tack: "Where's Tim? Maybe he can make you be reasonable."

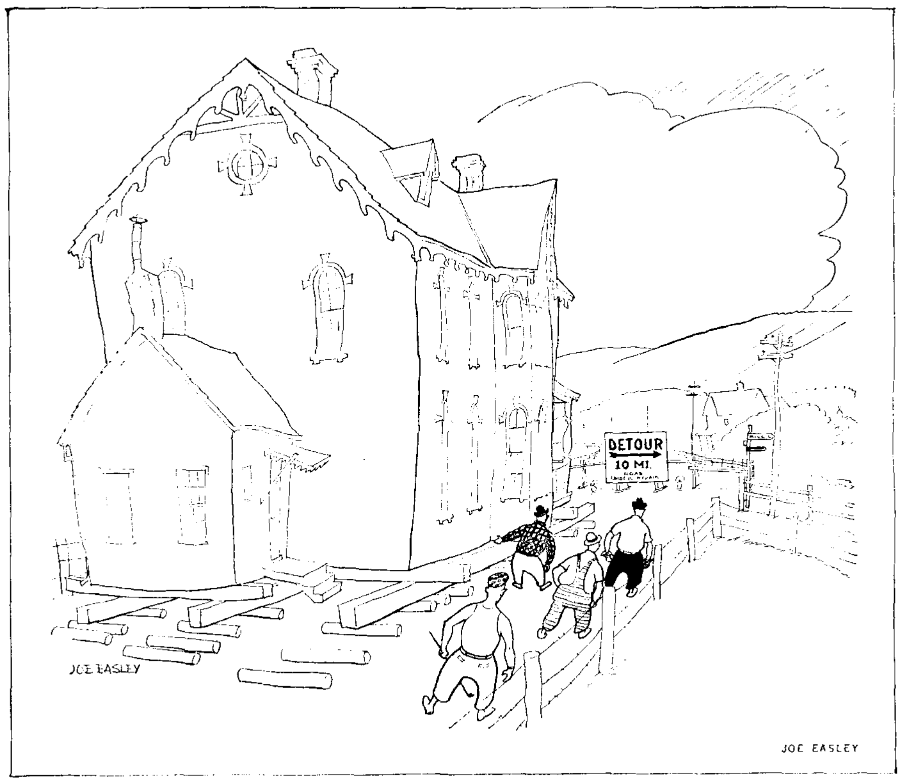
"I *am* reasonable. Perfectly," she said. "He's gone to his lodge meeting."

"*You* should be so moral, Judy," he said. "Here all this time, you've been engaged to one fictitious character, John Peterson, and you've been stepping out to movies with another fictitious character, James Johnson. I'm surprised at you. Look at me, Judy."

That didn't work, either. He said:

"Well, anyway, with John Peterson out of the way at last, James Johnson is telling you to get your hat and coat, because you're going to a show with him. Hurry, now—but it's only fair to warn you that you're mixing yourself up in another triangle, because James Johnson is crazy about you and so is a gent you've never been properly introduced to: James Markle. . . . Judy, please look at me."

This time, she did.



Seeds of Discord

Continued from page 18

Instead, he stepped on the gas. And was doin' eighty when he passed me."

"I didn't see you," Ingram said, grinning also. "It does sound as if it were out of the hat, now. I can't blame you for not going back to look for the other car."

"I knew it was all just a gag to get out of a fine," the officer said. "If it hadn't been, you wouldn't have started drivin' like . . . drivin' fast again, because you'd know I'd be between you and this car you spoke about." He wrote quickly and handed Ingram the ticket. "Eighty's too fast, Mr. Ingram," he said, and started toward his motorcycle.

Dr. Ballard said: "Er . . . ah . . . I suppose you're just here for a day, Charles? Where next? India? Saskatchewan?"

"Saskatchewan should be a good place for a honeymoon, sir," Charley said.

Dr. Ballard said, "Saskatchewan?" and fingered the seeds in the package. "If you ever go there, you might look up a man named Henderson or Sanderson. He has unusual specimens of pentstemon, and I'd like . . . eh? Honeymoon?" He stared at Ingram, and then at his daughter. He wished Martin had already spoken. This was ridiculous. Didn't Neila see that Charles brought trouble, excitement, even the police? "I never jest before breakfast," he said grimly. "I'll join you as soon as I've disposed of these seeds."

He could think best when he was at work.

Ingram took both Neila's hands, when they were alone on the path, and her heart began doing double knocks against the wall of her chest. She said nervously, "He'll notch the seeds. They're hard as rocks. Then they've got to be soaked to assist germination. They . . . they . . ."

She knew that Charles was smiling; and then he wasn't smiling. He said, "Neila, sweetheart," and her eyes closed as he kissed her.

When she opened them, she said slowly, "Father won't say 'no'. He loves me too much. He thinks I'll turn into a weed, anywhere but here. We mustn't hurt him. If . . . if only you might have driven up slowly, without all the excitement . . ."

"Seed catalogue in one pocket and a trowel in the other? The funny part of it is that the story was true—"

Neila put her hand over his mouth; her eyes were crinkled with amusement. "You do tell such gorgeous ones," she said. "Come on . . . let's have breakfast. Waffles and honey?"

IT WAS dim in the hallway after the brightness of the garden; quickly Ingram pulled her close again. Neila's voice was unsteady with happiness when she called, "Fong! One more for breakfast, please." The pair heard, from the kitchen, the querulous complaining of the old Chinese cook, and the angry slapping down of a pan. Then Neila added, "Mr. Ingram's back, Fong."

There was a long moment of silence, followed by a cackling laugh.

The Chinese was already removing the usual plates on the table in the dining room's sunny corner, and replacing them with Dr. Ballard's blue Camilla spode, when Ingram and Neila walked through the door. The old man carefully put a cup on a saucer; he rubbed his hands, grinning.

"*Hola!* You catch kick-out flom China?"

Ingram and the old Chinese shook hands. "Only China-boys get kicked out so far," Charles said. "Why don't you go back and enlist with the Japanese? A week of your rotten cooking for the other side, and China'd win the war."

Fong said bitterly. "I put lotsa poison Jap'nee soup. You bet." Then his eyes lit, and Neila hastily dropped Ingram's hand. "*Hi-yah!* You catch him, missy!"

"Not you've caught me," Neila giggled to Charles. "I've caught you. I don't see what you do to . . . to people."

"Charm," Charley said.

Fong waggled a finger at Neila. "Moh betteh you catch him than otheh one. What Cal'wood call pahsley? Long name. Hunh! He clazy." He grinned beatifically. "I guess mebbe-so Mist' Inglam back now, we have lotsa fun. You bet."

Ingram said, "You talk too much. I want my breakfast."

Fong padded away chuckling. "If anyone else," Neila said, "spoke to him that way, he'd leave. Or sulk. Of course he's been miserable about what's happening in China."

"He's a swell person," Charles said.

WHEN Dr. Ballard came into the room he had to steel himself, and remember what had happened in the garden, because what he saw was so pleasant to observe. The soft blue plates, the hand-woven cloth that Grandmother Ballard had brought around the Horn, the plain heavy silver, a bowl with rosy terra-cotta primula and the first parma violets; the sunlight on walnut, porcelain, silver. The two young people, coffee in their cups, cigarettes fuming upward like whorly cobwebs in a breeze. Yes, it was delightful to see, until a man of sense recollected that next week Charles might be flying across the continent, snatching lunch in Chicago, to be in New York for dinner.

One must, naturally, be shrewd about it all. So Dr. Ballard said, "It is nice to have you here again, if only for a day, Charles." He unfolded his napkin. "Tell me: did you have any trouble obtaining the seed?"

Ingram said, "Very little, sir. I went to the man you mentioned, in Tokyo. He said something about the necessity of securing fresh seed—"

"Quite right," Dr. Ballard nodded.

"And sent me up into the interior. I enjoyed going. The place was a good-sized town called Kuruzaka, a hot-spring town, with a volcano and steep hills. Attractive. Azaleas were in bloom, and wild wistaria. And wild mosquitoes. There were a few camellias in bloom. They were striped like peppermint candy."

"Camellia japonica," Dr. Ballard said. "Variegated. Sturdy. I'm disinfecting the seed now." The old Chinese brought the botanist's orange juice, refilled Ingram's cup. "I'll take them out in a few minutes," Ballard continued.

"The man at Kuruzaka," Ingram went on, "handled about everything under the sun. Porcelains and antiques, you know. Old silks. Gems. He was a shrewd old boy. Asked me, with the help of a Japanese-English dictionary, how I expected to smuggle the seeds in; I'm afraid he put more store in the fact that he thought I was a rather important person than in any ingenuity of mine. Anyhow, he was impressed, and had the seeds for me. I had to wait overnight for them. Not that this was unpleasant." Ingram glanced blandly at Neila. "He took me around. A sixty-course dinner, with raw fish, venison, and geisha. Mine was very cute."

Neila said, "Stop boasting about your sordid past."

"One of them," Charley told her, "told me that camellias were unlucky. I learned the reason. It drops its flower all at once, instead of petal by petal, and the girl said that's like a man having his head cut off."

"All done with a dictionary and a phrase book," admired Neila.

"Not at all," Charles said. The truth was that he'd been told the story by some man in Tokyo. "The language of flowers." He added, "But they're honestly supposed to bring ill fortune. Even the dealer warned me against mentioning camellias, although that was so I'd not call attention to the seed to be smuggled."

"Geisha," said Dr. Ballard. "Hmm." He saw an opportunity. "I expect, Charles, that you've seen many handsome foreign women, eh?"

"Yes, sir. And I've come home just the same."

"Home," the botanist said, seeing the way the pair's eyes clung together, "is not the place to come when satiated with excitement. It's an adventure in itself. It must be peaceful. No police ruining flower borders."

Neila said hastily, "Ballard on domestic relations." She rang for Fong, who appeared too quickly with buttered toast.

"It's cold as ice," protested Dr. Ballard.

"That's because he's been standing at the door, listening," Ingram said. "Hopping to hear more misadventures, and give me the devil about them."

THE cook blinked but made no jeering reply. This was unusual. Chinese cooks, long with one family, were privileged and caustic members of the household.

"I want fresh toast," Dr. Ballard said. "First, I've got to take those seeds out of solution. I'll have a headache, waiting so long for food." He could not ignore those glances that were such complete admissions, and he wished Martin were here now. The presence of the other man might bring Neila to her senses. "One more for dinner, Fong. Mr. Calderwood. Don't forget."

"If," Neila said, in answer to Ingram's raised eyebrows, "you can have your geisha, don't begrudge a homebody her fun. Mart's sweet."

"Sweet?" said Dr. Ballard. "He's a splendid young man." The two were actually handclasped. "He'd not come tearing around into gardens with the police after him. It was inexcusable, Charles."

Ingram said quietly, wondering what interpretation Fong, in the kitchen again, would put on it, and also why the cook had been silent a moment before, "The curious thing, sir, is that the story was true. I was perfunctorily passed through customs. On my way to a cab, a man came up to me. He said, 'Ingram? Let's have 'em.' I supposed he was some sort of plain-clothes officer; but since he didn't look like one, I took a chance, shook my head, and . . . well, ran. I had a funny feeling that the man had a gun. But there were people around, and a policeman. I jumped into a cab. The driver stepped on it. Since I'd ordered a new car before I left, I was driven to the garage where it was stored and waiting. I felt that I was being followed. The garage has an entrance on one street, and an exit on another. I went out as I'd come in . . . and kept going. That car I told the officer about must've caught up with me when I was on the highway and felt safe."

"For heaven's sake," Dr. Ballard pro-

Fun in a WAA MAOLI (Native canoe)
Lithograph by ROBERT RIGGS

Truly Hawaiian

Smiles come easily over cool glasses of Dole Pineapple Juice, as you're bound to note when you serve this delightful Hawaiian beverage. Pure–unsweetened–natural!

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., also packers of Dole Pineapple "Gems," Sliced, Crushed, Tidbits, and the new "Royal Spears." Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A. Sales Offices: San Francisco.

DOLE
PINEAPPLE JUICE

AIR CONDITIONING and REFRIGERATION

Offer you limitless opportunities in two of America's most active and promising fields. Authorities state it will take years for the supply of trained experts to catch up. You can capitalize on this IF you start your Thermo training now—no matter where you live.

Find out what this field holds for you. New booklet, just off the press, describes these fields and the unusual training programs offered by the Thermo Institute.

THERMO
THE AIR YOU BREATHE

THERMO AIR CONDITIONING INSTITUTE
complete schools and laboratories at
NEW YORK . . . . 1755-C Broadway
CHICAGO . . . . . . 125-C West Hubbard St.
LOS ANGELES . . . . . . 190 S. Alvarado St.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 17,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 940-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Don't experiment with this serious skin infection. Treat it at once with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. Relieves intense itching; kills the fungi it contacts. Aids in healing the red, raw, cracked or peeling skin between the toes or on the feet and helps prevent infection. Accept no substitute for Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (liquid or ointment). Sold at all Drug, Shoe and Department Stores. FREE Foot Booklet—write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. SB9, Chicago.

LOOK
BETWEEN
YOUR TOES

LIQUID OR OINT-MENT

Dr. Scholl's Solvex

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

tested, for all he'd been listening, "are you still fabricating, Charles? My dear boy, I'm not interested. The seed was delivered, I've thanked you for your trouble. I'd even explain what results I expect, excepting for the fact that all you know about botany is to call Neila's experiments 'the growing of onions.' She may be on the edge of a real discovery. She and Martin, working together . . . it's best for all concerned. The happenings of the morning convinced me."

Neila said hastily, "The seed mustn't stay in too long, Father." It had been dear of Charles to have raced to see her; but it was purposeless for him to insist that the wild story had any semblance of truth.

Dr. Ballard nodded and went out.

Neila said to Charley, "He'll cut notches in the seed-coverings to hasten germination. And have a real headache when he returns. Don't say anything more now. He'd have given in, even if he disapproves of cocktail parties and gowns and Europe and excitement, if it hadn't been for this morning."

"If I'd known what would happen, I'd have walked from the city. You don't believe my yarn either, do you?"

Neila said, "I love you. You know that. I mustn't hurt him." She faced Charles; beyond him, through the windows, was the pale shining cloud of the cherry in blossom, and the bright blue sky. "It takes *things* to convince Father," Neila said. "Words, even promises, won't do it."

Ingram could see that. Ballard's life was science, fact.

Neither of them heard Dr. Ballard when he returned; not until he pulled a chair slowly from the table, and sat down, and Fong, tray in hand, was saying, "Moh betteh you take lotsa as'p'r'n," did they know they were not alone.

"My head," moaned Dr. Ballard. He looked actually sick.

The cook said hastily, "I go catch lotsa work," and shuffled out without pouring Dr. Ballard's coffee.

NEILA was beside her father, and Ingram had never seen anything so lovely as her complete solicitude. "Aspirin, coffee," she ordered. "And then rest." Her heart sang a little; her father's apparent worrying over her happiness must mean that he was not adamant.

"Aspirin! Coffee!" Dr. Ballard put a hand to his head. "Charles," he said, in a strangled voice, "I don't know what to do."

"Forget it all, sir. I'm sorry I caused so much excitement. Neila's right. You need rest. I'll go back to the city—"

Dr. Ballard wailed, "Don't leave me, Charles. That would be the last straw."

"What *is* wrong?" Neila insisted.

Dr. Ballard's mouth opened. There was the sound of machines, as before, but nearer, and then the crunching of gravel on the driveway. The slamming of doors. "You'll soon know," Dr. Ballard said, shivering. "Stand by me, Charles. We'll deny everything."

"What must we deny?" Neila asked.

Dr. Ballard was trembling. "The customs people will have followed him. Such a thing as this cannot pass unnoticed. Everything will be learned. I'll be the laughingstock of the country. My associates will call me a senile old fool." He tried to pull himself together. "Charles," he implored, "if you ever lied, do it now!"

"Gladly, sir. But what'm I to lie about? The seeds? I'll swear I never had them, naturally. I don't see how the customs officials could trace me here—"

"It may be worse than that," whispered the botanist, listening to approaching footsteps in the hall.

Neila pleaded, "Father! Darling. What *are* you talking about?"

The hall door was opened. Fong padded in, with men behind him, six, seven, eight men in a compact body.

Three of the men appeared as if under restraint, in custody. One of these was the man who had tried to ride Ingram off the road. Dr. Ballard's fright, Charley knew, was tangled up with fear concerning the importation of the contraband seeds, but just why the botanist had become terrified so suddenly didn't make sense. Nor what was said. Nor why all this, now, was taking place.

"Gentlemen," Ingram said, "what's it all about?"

ONE of the men, in blue serge, took a shield from his pocket. "We've come for the seeds, Mr. Ingram," he said.

Dr. Ballard's teeth began to chatter. Neila slipped her arm through his.

"Camellia seeds," the inspector said.

Neila said promptly, "Camellias don't grow from seeds. Only from cuttings." She held her head high, and even managed to smile.

"Miss Ballard," explained Charley, "is her famous father's assistant. If she says that camellias don't grow from seeds, you can count on it."

The inspector smiled faintly. "It won't do, Mr. Ingram. We know all about it. So, please, let's not waste time."

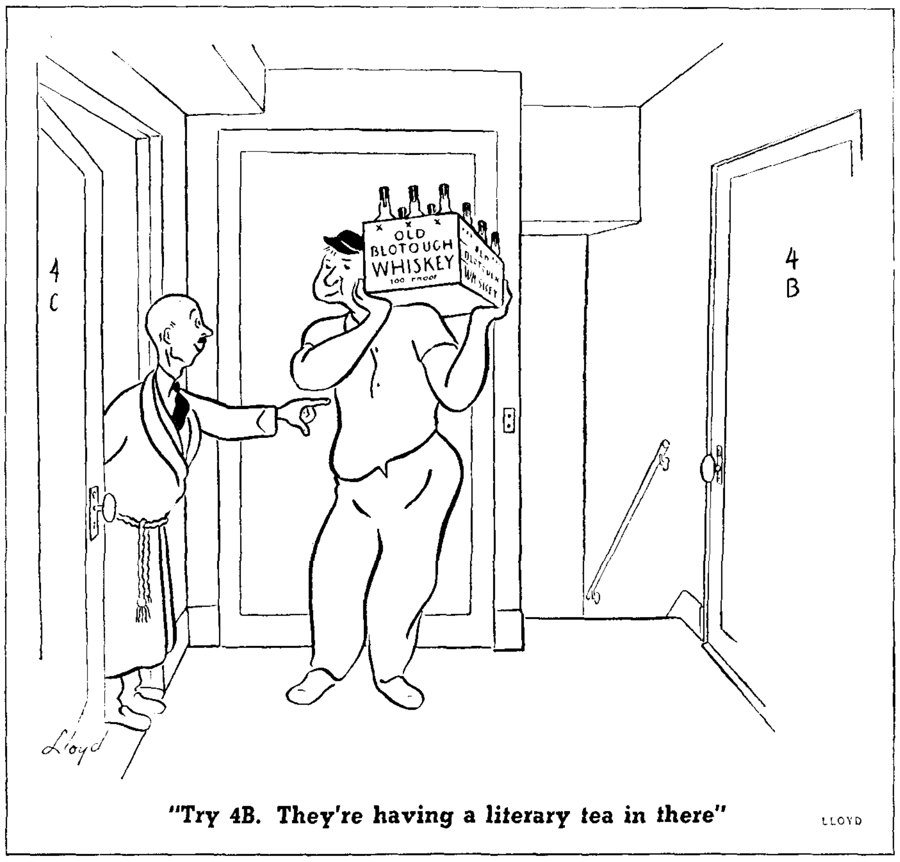
Obviously, both Neila and Charles realized, the smuggling was known. And the three men in custody had some connection with the smuggled seeds. Two of the men were well dressed, one in gray, the fellow who'd shoved a gun at Ingram, one in brown, who, Charles was amazed to discover, had been a fellow passenger on board the Clipper. Men of poise. The third man, however, was a short, shabbily dressed person, who kept his eyes to the floor.

"You're ahead of me," protested Ingram, playing for time and trying to get a hint to help him. "That's natural. I've just returned from the Orient, and I'm not up on what's been happening. You might enlighten me."

"I know you don't understand. I'll explain. You do remember this man, a passenger on the Clipper?"

Nodding, Ingram heard Dr. Ballard's repeated injunction as to denials.

"His name," the inspector said, "is, at present, King. He's had many names. And he's the smartest gem smuggler in the world."



"Try 4B. They're having a literary tea in there"

LLOYD

Dr. Ballard groaned so loudly that Neila tightened the hand that was on his arm. Then, every sense alert, she listened to the inspector. The customs officials, she heard, had been watching for King, since a tip had been received that he intended to smuggle jewels into the United States. Matched pearls. Not a necklace from a collection, nor even one privately purchased, but gems with an ominous history. The pearls had been gathered over a long period of years, and the gathering of them, by many, had become a sort of ugly legend.

The pearls, the inspector said, were originally those carried, in pairs, by pearl divers. Charms. Carried in a bottle: two pearls in a tiny vial, stoppered, by Borneo divers, with a dead man's finger. Rather gruesome, yes, but fact.

Neila could see how the pearls had been secured as the inspector continued talking; she saw the divers, in far South Sea atolls, or at trading posts, in port, robbed one after another by an unscrupulous band of desperate pearl-hungry men, the scum and scour of Eastern gutters. The divers were waylaid, or drugged, or made drunk, and it was a continuously profitable method of robbery, since the divers, over and over, would keep for themselves two fine pearls as a charm against sharks and death. And it had been going on for years.

"THAT is the origin of these pearls," the inspector said. "They'd become a legend. But a word or two trickled to us. We searched King when the plane landed. And found nothing. Then we followed him. He gave us the slip at an intersection a few miles from here; we took the road he didn't. And kicked ourselves. When we returned to the intersection, we came this way, on the right road, just to be doing something. Your traffic officer had stopped the car, which I believe Mr. Ingram had described to him . . . and there we all were. And here we are. Now if I may have the seeds, please."

Neila, head whirling a little, heard Charles say, "You were talking about a lot of pearls," and wondered if Charles didn't see the connection between pearls and the big camellia seeds.

She didn't see how her father's name could be cleared. The importation of the seeds, somehow, was known to the authorities. Inside those seeds, Neila felt, were the smuggled pearls. That was why the men were here.

Very evenly, she said, "If you don't mind, I'll see that my father lies down. He is really ill."

"I'd prefer, Miss Ballard, that you remain here."

"Oh," said Neila.

She warmed a trifle at Charles' appreciative glance, and knew that he, also, had guessed what the situation was, and guessed also that she intended going to the slat house, where the seeds, and pearls perhaps, would be, and . . . oh, throw them all as far as she could. Not that it would help much. They'd be searched for, found. She thought of Cleopatra.

Fong, near the kitchen door, suggested mildly, "I go fix waffle foh cop?"

"Stay here," the inspector said.

"You, Mr. Ingram," the inspector said, "were an innocent tool. The dealer from whom you bought your camellia seeds was mixed up in the pearl smuggling. King told him that you'd be passed through customs without any search. The large seeds made ideal containers for the pearls, and King could get them from you after landing. I take it that he was on the way to this house when the officer stopped him."

CHARLES also wanted to keep Dr. Ballard in the clear. He had nothing to bargain with . . . except the pearls. Complete curiosity, plus desire to play for time, made him ask the very thing in Neila's mind: "I'm puzzled as to why you mention camellia seeds. Your agents in the Orient didn't tell you about them."

Dr. Ballard said, "Deny everything, Charles."

The inspector said, "Normally, we'd have traced King here, where you are, Mr. Ingram, and the fact about the seeds would have then been established. As it was, the traffic officer told us he'd stopped King because he was driving a car such as you said had tried to stop you. Your name was mentioned—"

"What's that got to do with camellia seed?"

The inspector indicated the shabbily dressed man. "The officer recognized him," the official said. "A two-time loser. Three times means out for him. Or in, forever. In his better days, the man was a jewel thief. Today, he was merely with the driver of this car. You can see how King would have contact with him. And . . . well, he was smart. He'd heard things, and he talked." Quietly, "The seeds, please."

Neila glanced at Charles, and saw that his jaw was set. Dr. Ballard clasped and unclasped his hands. Then, suddenly, Fong whined, "Allo time you stay in my dining room too long. I want sweep up, clean up, wash dishes. Me show you seed. Can do. You come catch him now."

"You know where the seeds are?" the inspector demanded, cutting through Neila's gasp and Ingram's angry ejaculation.

"Sure," said Fong thinly.

The inspector, another official, Neila. Ingram followed the cook, with Dr. Ballard trailing behind, unwilling to remain in the room with the men already in custody. Outside, warmth after dew made the herb garden fragrant, a potpourri of thyme, rosemary, tarragon, basil. Fong led the way to a slat house, where row on row of flats stood on the side tables, some with sprouted seeds, some with spears of green from Neila's experiments, others waiting a future planting. The narrow boards of the slat house threw barlike shadows that added nothing to Dr. Ballard's state of mind, nor to Neila's.

On one of the tables stood a jar, from which the solution had been emptied; the shining pointed oval seeds, larger than hazelnuts, were still inside. One lay on the table, split open. The inspector picked up the opened seed, saying, "A few real ones on the top of the package," since there was no hollowed orifice. Then he reached into the jar, took his pocketknife, and went carefully to work on another seed. "It will be hollowed out, the pearl will be inside, carefully wrapped so as not to be injured or rattle." He slowly split the seed and his lips formed the word, "Empty!" once before he said it aloud.

Fong said, "Lotsa moh seed."

Neila felt Charles' arm about her; but when she glanced at him she saw that he was staring at the cook. The inspector was already working on a second camellia seed, one of slightly darker hue. It, also, was empty.

"You no catch?" Fong asked.

The inspector said something under his breath, and then demanded of Ingram, "These are the seeds you brought here today?"

Charles said, "They are."

SOMETHING had happened to Dr. Ballard. He reached out and picked up one of the unopened seeds. He said suddenly, his shoulders straighter, "Bosh, tommyrot. These are a variety known as Matsukasa, right from my own garden." He thrust his chin forward. "Young man," he said to the chief inspector, "I'll thank you not to ruin all of these seeds. They're mine."

"Where are the others?" the inspector snapped.

Neila heard Charles say, before her father, so suddenly transformed to himself again, could speak, "What others? Nobody except this Chinese faker has said anything about any other seed."

"Under the circumstances," said the inspector slowly, "I'm forced to place you all under arrest. We know the seeds were smuggled in. We know the pearls were also smuggled in. Not even your influence, Mr. Ingram, will do you much good. There's the law, as well as a hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls, involved."

Dr. Ballard said, "Humph. You'll get a long way. No seeds. No pearls. What's the word? No evidence. No proof. Nonsense. I'll deny everything."

Just the same, Neila and Ingram were convinced that Dr. Ballard's change of attitude had come when he found that the seeds contained no pearls; and so it was completely logical to feel, really to know, that when he had come out to notch the seeds from Japan, one had split open, revealing the incriminating contents.

The inspector swung on Fong. "You," he said. "You know too much."

"Me smart felleh," agreed Fong calmly. He glanced at Dr. Ballard, at Neila, at Ingram. "I stop behind door inside. I listen. I think, 'Docteh Blallald he allo time damn' fool, not want Missy catch Chahley Inglam.' Then I heah lotsa talk. I heah talk about Jap'nee seed. Jap'nee seed no good. Jap'nee plant no good. Jap'nee floweh no good. So I come outside to slat house, take Jap'nee seed flom wateh, put in otheh seed, allo same kind. You see?"

Neila said, "When we were in the dining room you came out and took some of our own camellia seed and put them in the jar, Fong?"

"What'd you do with the first seeds?" the inspector shot out.

"I thlow him in stove," Fong said. "Lotsa fiah in stove. Plenty hot. You like see?" He added somberly, "Too bad I not catch pearl first."

Neila saw a vein in the inspector's forehead begin to throb. "You ought to go to jail for life," he choked.

"Too long," said Fong.

The two inspectors' heads went together; the chief finally said, "As a matter of form, I'll examine the stove's firebox. If he's told the truth, and I'm afraid he has, there won't be any evidence at all. The pearls will be destroyed."

Ingram said, "It might be worse. The pearls belonged to a criminal ring. Of course you can't confiscate what's been destroyed. Nor can you bring charges against the smugglers."

The inspector said, "That's true. I wish I could do something, however."

"Too bad," said Fong meekly. "You like hot clawfee?"

"You don't go near the stove until I do," the inspector said. "But if you put the pearls in it, and I expect you did, they're utterly destroyed."

Neila said, "He makes delicious coffee, Inspector," and then, suddenly, the inspector laughed.

"Made a monkey by a patriotic old Chinese," he said. To Dr. Ballard, "For the sake of the record, you didn't know what the seeds contained, Doctor? Nor that they were switched with local seeds?"

"Certainly not," said Dr. Ballard.

Ingram watched the inspectors and Fong move toward the kitchen door. He said softly, "A nice quiet morning at the Ballards'."

"Hidden pearls," said Neila. "Smugglers. Inspectors. Nice people you associate with, Father."

"That will do," said Dr. Ballard. Quoting him, the minx! As if he didn't know he was caught. He looked at her a long moment, during which Neila prayed she was correct in her estimate of him: that when he saw something worked out, and proved, it satisfied him.

"Inspectors with guns," said Ingram.

Dr. Ballard thought, "Yes, they've got me. Not that I mind. I like Charles better than Martin, anyhow. Martin would develop botanical theories of his own, and argue them with me. Oh, as my son-in-law, I'd be forced to back him up. Yes, I'm defeated. Charles told the truth. I'm caught; but I'm glad." He thought next, "She will have a garden wherever she is, with him."

He looked past them; he saw his violas, apricot and ruby and ultramarine; he saw camellias, flaring rose-pink grandiflora with gold stamens, chandlerii, like tiny ruffled peonies on fluted pink plates. Scarlet pinwheels so brilliant that they gave off fire. Chalices white and cool as frost.

THIRTY years ago, this had been a weed-grown field. People had to make their own gardens, and their own lives, too. He knew that Neila, and Charles, recognized that he had given in, and the way they looked at each other sent his hand into his pocket for a handkerchief.

Then his face began to burn, and he glanced involuntarily toward the inspectors, waiting with Fong at the door. He said, almost inaudibly, "Good heavens! When I took the pearl out of the seed I opened I put it in my pocket."

Charley Ingram began to choke. Neila struggled not to laugh.

"I can't give it back," Dr. Ballard whispered. "It really doesn't belong to anyone. But if I give it to them, we're back where we started. What'll I do, Charles? You must advise me."

"It's a matter for you to decide, sir," Ingram added softly. "Of course you can't go around breaking laws, as you told me earlier."

Neila couldn't blame Charles; her father had gone after him rather roughshod. But . . . oh, the sun was shining . . . and she was happier than she'd ever been in her life. She said, "I know what I'd do, Father."

He said, "Yes?"

"Deny everything," said Neila.

"He Still Loves Me . . .
HE'LL BE HOME FOR DINNER
ON AN AMERICAN FLAGSHIP"

WESTERN UNION
AMERICAN AIRLINES INC
SYSTEM MAP
FLAGSHIPS
MONTREAL
NIAGARA FALLS
CHICAGO
DETROIT
BUFFALO
BOSTON
ST LOUIS
CLEVELAND
CINCINNATI
NEW YORK
NEWARK
LOUISVILLE
WASHINGTON
SAN FRANCISCO
TULSA
OKLAHOMA CITY
NASHVILLE
LOS ANGELES
TUCSON
FT WORTH
MEMPHIS
DALLAS
PHOENIX
EL PASO
SAN DIEGO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
TO MEXICO CITY

★ Hundreds of miles away this afternoon—but his wife won't be husbandless and lonely tonight! He'll come home rested and refreshed—the modern way! Relaxing, reading, smoking in a luxurious Flagship, flying serenely over dust and noise—saving travel hours for the pleasures of his home.

American Airlines' convenient schedules between major cities give travelers more nights at home, freedom from tedious days and nights on the road. Restful comfort enroute keeps them more efficient, more alert and more alive to the joys of living—takes the fatigue out of travel.

Wherever you're going—whenever you're going—let Flagships give you extra hours where you want to spend them. Daily flights between important cities—and luxury Skysleepers over the Southern All-Year Route from coast to coast. And fares are surprisingly low. Meals are complimentary—and you save 10% when you buy a round-trip ticket.

Flagships are Air-Conditioned at Terminal Airports and Kept Cool by Nature in Flight

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR:

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

THE AMERICAN STANDARD OF SERVICE

Drummer Boy

Continued from page 24

"soda." But it *is* true that when the drummer came down with an abscessed ear a few nights later Gene took his place for the rest of the season and bought his benefactor's outfit with the first week's pay.

"The family didn't like the idea of me being a professional," he remembers. "So when I came home in the fall they packed me off to St. Joseph's Seminary, at Rensselaer, Indiana, to become a priest. As if *that* would make any difference."

It didn't, as more than one holy father will tell you, for Gene landed right in the middle of the concert orchestra at that godly institution and managed to get in an odd hot lick or so before he was through with the St. Joseph circuit.

"My dad was dead by that time," he explains, "and I could always get around Mother."

He got around her to the extent of a brand-new set of skins and with these young Krupa, then a brushy-haired, bright-eyed lad in his late teens, played every joint and hole-in-the-wall around Chicago during the next few years. He was busy giving the customers more than their nickel's worth at Violet Down's Rest on the outskirts of town one night when who should drop in for a quiet beer but one Joe Kayser. Kayser didn't get a quiet beer. He got Krupa and put that boisterous young fellow right into his band at the Black Hawk.

"I was the luckiest guy," Gene says.

It was something more than luck that brought him in contact, not long afterward, with such bold spirits as Frank Teachmacher, Bud Freeman, Bix Beiderbecke and the Dorsey brothers, who passed through Chicago now and then with Paul Whiteman's band.

You had to have plenty on the ball to drum along with that crowd of rough-riders who first played swing in these northern parts.

The First Real Jam Session

They used to get together in some beer palace late at night, after playing regular commercial jobs, and jam it to their hearts' content—or until the management threw them out on their ears. "So the first real swing session," thinks Gene, "took place in a parked car out along Lake Michigan one night." They'd been tossed from practically every restaurant around town by this time. Just as they'd begin to get hot, out they'd go. That's what people thought of swing back in those primitive times.

Back in 1930 any member of a band who tried to swing—that is, take a chorus away from the rest of the boys and play it right out of the world—was looked upon as eight times worse than a horse thief. Joe and Jessie Public continued to look upon them in much the same way. So those were trying times for any leader who hired young Krupa.

Despite such reverses this group went right on jamming it after hours. A few people besides themselves finally began to hear something in their wide-open style of playing. A man who worked for a phonograph company had some records made and put them on the market. Then when things had got so bad that The Three Deuces, a speakeasy on North State Street where black swingsters hung out, was the only place in town these rebels could practice, a man from New York blew in there one night. He said their records were going over big back in Manhattan. Why didn't they come east and really swing it?

So they came, Joe Sullivan and Bud Freeman, Jim MacPartland, Red McKenzie and Eddie Condin, as well as Gene Krupa and his screwball drums. From out where the West begins those outlaws came and folks went wild about and because of their music at New York parties. Big-name band leaders came down off their high horses and sat in on such jam sessions after hours for the good of their musical souls. Here they could really let themselves unlax, go out of the world into the upper reaches of rhythm.

Swing Comes to Broadway

It was great fun, in fact, for everybody but the boys who had started all this. They weren't getting paid. Then Red Nicholls realized that even inspired madmen like this gang must eat—wear clothes, even if they *did* sweat their way out of them in no time at all—and he put most of them on his pay roll, playing in the pit for the snappy 1929 revue Strike Up the Band!

"Mind if I join you out here?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

That was the first Honest-to-Paul white swing band to function along Broadway. Today there are umpty-seven throughout the United States. Conceded top rung is Benny Goodman's, which Krupa joined in 1934. He had known the Pied Piper of the Pennsylvania Hotel back in Chicago. Played alongside the genial Benny in the Red Nicholls Band and admired him since the Year One. These two have since gone places together. They have made moving pictures and they have made dance history. And now that he is heading a band of his own, Gene intends to keep right on going places.

Despite his mad manner on the stand, this fellow is quite harmless. Modest almost to a fault, he does not pose as an authority even if he has grown up with this thing called Swing practically in his lap.

"What kind do I play? Well," he says, "there are so many different kinds. There's Dixieland Swing, which is what the black fellows and Bob Crosby play. Sometimes I think Bob does a better job of it than most of them. Then there's Sweet, Sour, Precision—like Glen Gray's style. And highly academic, such as Benny Goodman features. Me—I guess I just play my own kind."

The drum, he explains, was the first instrument man ever had. But by the time Swing came north from New Orleans a few years ago the sax was Number One Instrument in modern dance rhythm. Swing changed all that. The clarinet, in Dixieland arrangements, and the trumpet, in precision style, became most important. Krupa is out to put the drum back in first place.

"It is the oldest instrument," he reminds. "It was used over in Africa thousands of years ago and on this continent before white men came along tooting horns and scraping gut. The drum's as much a solo instrument as any. It's all in the way you handle it."

The way Gene handles his is something to keep in mind. For a long while, in fact, most people figured there was no one else in Benny Goodman's band *but* Krupa. This dancing dervish on the business end of drumsticks has loosened plaster in ballroom ceilings from coast to coast with his perfectly synchronized offerings. So rapidly do his hands move that it was necessary to step up the speed of movie cameras out in Hollywood when Gene was making a picture a few years ago. The still camera is not yet made that can catch his flying pencils when he's really beating it out.

"Muscle?" he grins. "Mine's not bad for a musician."

There's reason enough. Most folks seeing Krupa in action have no idea what his work takes out of him or his belongings. Not only does he break twenty-four sticks a week and beat in twelve drumheads or more a year, he sweats the life out of clothes, socks, shirts, in no time at all. He can't wear suède shoes because he'd ruin them in half an hour.

"The minute I quit sweating—hard, I mean," he says, "then I know I'm catching a cold."

Unlike most others in his line, Krupa likes a fresh drumhead. If one lasts longer than he thinks it should, he smashes it just to get using a new one. He doesn't muffle his drums. He plays them just as they come from the maker, sitting on top of a drum case instead of anything sissy like a chair.

He assumes three distinct attitudes while playing. They are not poses but serve a definite purpose. For sweet numbers he wears the Dead-Pan Stare. The eyes take on a faraway look as if peering into the mysterious future and the mouth is allowed to droop languidly. For "intellectual" swing he switches to what he calls the Right-Field Grimace. This involves a squint such as a ball-player would have on his face when fielding a long fly against the afternoon sun and the mouth responds to the rhythm, opening and closing in choppy, well-timed motions.

Face Number Three, used only for killer numbers, is something more than that, for it is during these classics of swing that Gene really turns it on. His head lurches back and forth as if the drumbeats were rocking his entire body. His hair falls over his face. His eyes pop out. The veins in his forehead bulge and throb, and his shoulders thrash madly from side to side. While in the throes of such an orgy he mutters over and over again to himself, in perfect time with the beat, "Lyonnaise potatoes and some pork chops! Lyonnaise potatoes and some pork chops!" Then one must not forget Gene's jaw. It has been said that he keeps chewing-gum companies in business. And it is this working of the jaws, plus all the other gesticulations noted, that leads most people to believe he is likely at any minute to run amok, to leap madly forth among the jitterbugs who line their Drum King's throne.

No Fancy Stuff, See?

Anyone who knows Krupa promptly gives that thought the lie. Actually, he wouldn't hurt a fly, unless it happened to get in the way of his "fly swatters" when he is beating it out in proper swing style. He is kind to animals, including a pet Scottie which trails him during rare off hours, and a great favorite with small boys who want to play a drum "just like Krupa" when they grow up.

"Drums?" he says. "I've got dozens. Well, about six bass ones and eight snares and fifteen tom-toms. That many, anyway. But I don't like a big collection of traps around me when I'm really going to town. Just give me a plain ordinary drum. None of that fancy stuff, see what I mean?"

He admits he's had to move pretty often because people can't stand his marathon practice sessions. He uses a soft rubber pad most times but can't get the bang out of that he does using the real McCoy. He also plays the piano for several hours daily—generally when he comes home at three o'clock in the morning—because he feels a man can't know too much about music.

There has been even more practicing to do since forming his own band and since he started work on the Blue Rhythm Fantasy. This effective arrangement features fourteen percussions, one played by each member of the orchestra, with Gene leading off on his own inspired skins. It pits one section of the group, playing three-beat rhythm, against the other, beating out in four-part time. Such crossing of rhythms, shot through with his own matchless playing, creates a drum symphony that is a killer-diller.

So Gene is negotiating for a farm up in New England.

"Someplace," he says, "where I can raise dogs and horses and get on with my practicing—I hope to play in a real orchestra some day. And maybe," he adds, with a glint in his eye which makes you feel the man really *is* mad, "I could grow a fresh crop of drums out in the back acres. . . . See what I mean?"

An insured father—
a protected family
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
The Prudential
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President
Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

IFOR THOMAS

Redheads to the Rescue

THREE redheads, John Hamilton, Glenn Frank and Bruce Barton, seem to be doing whatever thinking is being done toward the resuscitation of the Republican party. Doubtless others are doing some private and secret thinking but the trio of redheads are given the important roles and so placed that the spotlight hits their platform.

Only John Hamilton of the three has any political past, not to say experience. He used to be quite a figure in the Kansas legislature before Alf Landon picked him as campaign manager. The results of 1936 did not help John Hamilton's candidate but John wasn't hurt. He remained in control of the office with a salary attached.

LET'S GO PLACES

SARRA

Their job is to put the G.O.P. back in the running. Above, Bruce Barton. Right, Dr. Glenn Frank. Below, John Hamilton

IFOR THOMAS

John Hamilton never disturbed his political comrades by outbursts of new or original thinking. On the contrary, he was trained to run along with the pack. So when deep new thoughts seemed for campaign purposes to be desirable, John Hamilton and his gang invited Glenn Frank, another ruddy blond grown slightly bald, to take special charge of the cogitation committee.

All the politics Glenn Frank knows he learned at college. Almost all his life Glenn has been at the administrative end of one university or another. He was president of the University of Wisconsin until Governor Phil LaFollette steam-rollered him out of the job.

Glenn Frank, being a university president, is obviously no scholar, but he became a first-rate speaker. In the academic class Frank was always sure of a first in oratory. Actually there are few smoother or more impressive speakers of nice long words.

Both John Hamilton, the executive manager, and Glenn Frank, specially designated thinker, are much in the state of mind of prize fighters who have just taken bad beatings. Consequently, it is hard for them to think triumphant thoughts. A man who has just absorbed a sock in the jaw tends to be wary.

Bruce Barton, the handsome new redheaded congressman, has not much more regular political training than Glenn Frank. Bruce Barton is a writer and an advertising man with a mild case of evangelism, a survival, doubtless, from his preacher father.

Good advertising men share one trait with wise politicians. Both try to find out what the people want. Advertising men operate on the faith that the customer is always right or, at any rate, must be pleased, and the politicians know that the voters are the final authority. So Congressman Barton went after constituents as though they were customers and sought to find out what his people were saying, thinking and feeling.

On the basis of what he learned from the people, Bruce Barton has given astute, even though possibly unwelcome, advice to his Republican brothers. Of course the party managers can discipline a young congressman and tell him to shut up. There are ways of retiring young statesmen who show too much initiative and ambition.

It is very plain to unpartisan observers, however, that Bruce Barton has pointed out one road along which the Republicans may reasonably expect success. The fundamental shifts in power accomplished by the New Deal are not unpopular. Nobody is going soon to elect a Congress by attacking the objectives sought by the Roosevelt Democrats. On the other hand, it is entirely practicable to attack and to oppose successfully many of the methods pursued by the New Dealers.

This is the significant division that Bruce Barton has had the wisdom to see and the courage to dramatize. Few others have thought it expedient to say so much. Many are completely absorbed in trying to patch up factional quarrels or to fuse diverse groups into a single party of opposition.

It is not enough for the Republicans, or Labor party, or Conservative Democrats, merely to oppose the New Deal. People generally are reluctant to exchange something for nothing. Times do come when voters are against the party in power but none of the dispassionate observers report any such popular temper now.

If the Republican party is to be revived and the more or less even balance between the two major political parties is to be restored, the Republican campaigners must offer a program capable of arousing the enthusiasm of voters. Sheer opposition is not persuasive this year.

If the policy makers shepherded by Glenn Frank have something appealing to suggest, the remaining weeks of this campaign provide a useful opportunity to prove the inclination of the voters. If, on the other hand, the Frank committee can't reconcile the differences between party factions, candidates who want to be elected will do well to offer the voters something positive to support. This is not the time to win by standing still.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

CAN YOU PASS THIS INTELLIGENCE TEST ON WHISKEY?

IT'S FUN to guess—but it's better to KNOW how to select a whiskey that offers every quality you could ask for. Try this Question-and-Answer test. If you can answer these questions correctly, you may rightly consider yourself a judge of fine liquor . . .

1. With what does a well-informed host associate the name "Paul Jones"?

a. *An old-fashioned square dance*

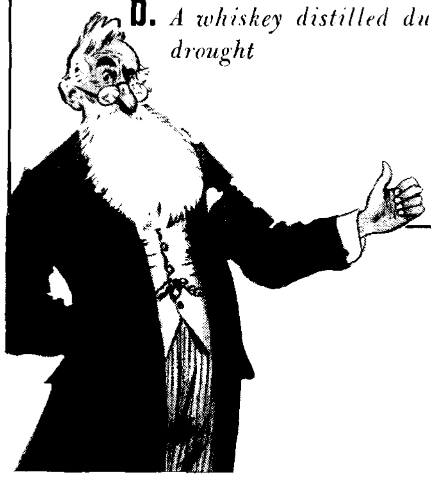
b. *An American Revolutionary hero*

c. *"A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865"*

2. What is meant by a DRY whiskey?

a. *A whiskey without a trace of sweetness*

b. *A whiskey distilled during a drought*



3. With what does a discriminating drinker associate the word DRY?

a. *The Sahara Desert*

b. *Champagne*

c. *Sherry*

d. *Paul Jones Whiskey*

4. How should Paul Jones be enjoyed to best appreciate its crisp quality of DRYNESS?

a. *In a cocktail*

b. *Straight*

c. *In a highball*

5. What's a mighty good thing to do if you haven't yet become acquainted with this superb American DRY whiskey?

a. *Ask for Paul Jones at your favorite bar*

b. *Buy a bottle and try it at home*

6. When?

a. *Sometime soon*

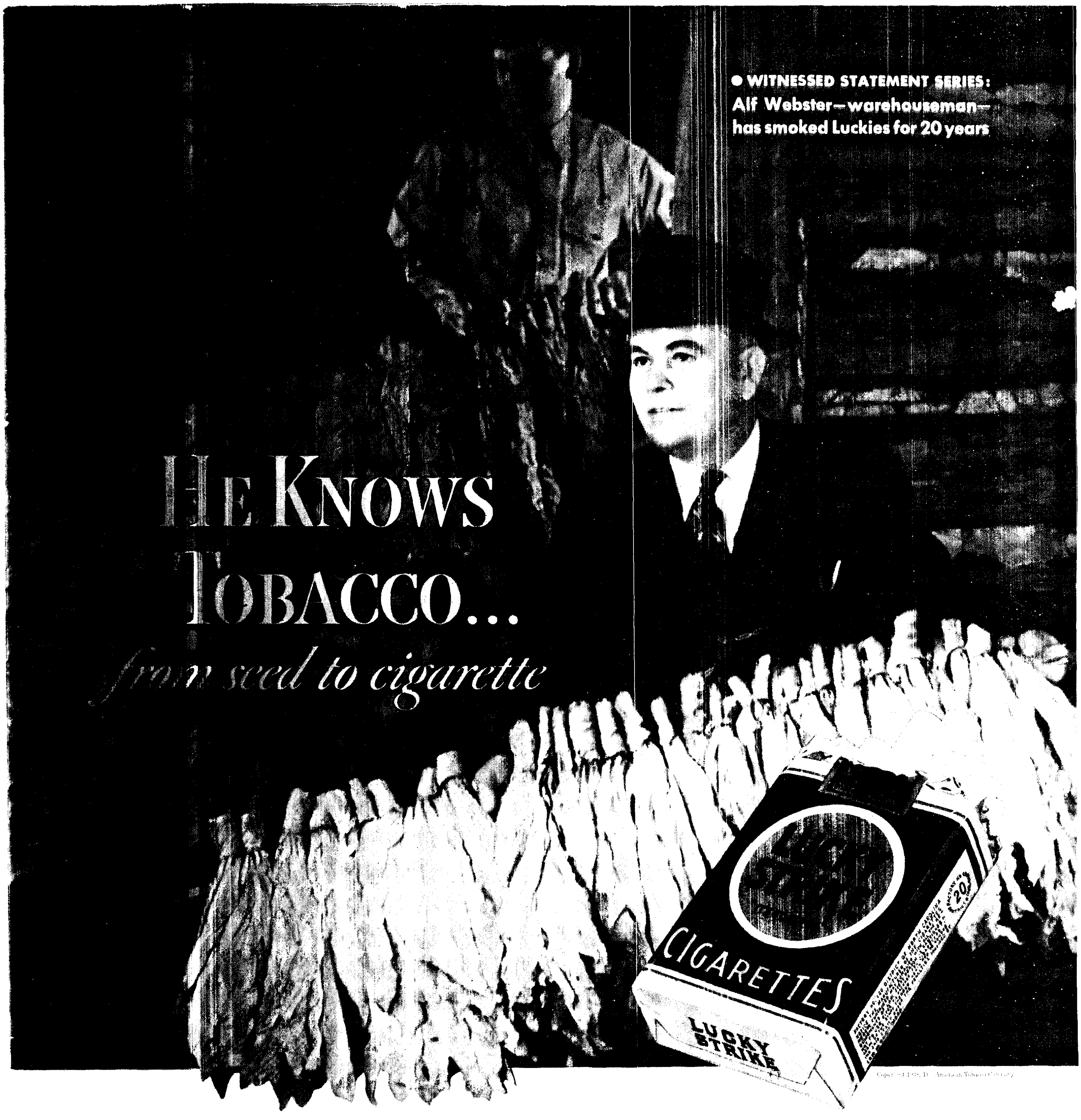
b. *Today!*

Here are the correct answers: **1:** *c.* **2:** *a.* **3:** *b, c, d.* **4:** *a, b, c.* **5:** *a, b.* **6:** *b.* And if you do as we suggest in 5 and 6, you'll quickly discover that Paul Jones' brisk, clean-flavored DRYNESS is just one of *many* reasons why this is the whiskey you've been searching for!

A DRY WHISKEY

A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies


● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Alf Webster—warehouseman—has smoked Luckies for 20 years
HE KNOWS TOBACCO...
from seed to cigarette
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company

So ALF WEBSTER, Like Most of America's Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Alf Webster is a typical "I.T.E."—that is, an Independent Tobacco Expert. He grew up on his father's tobacco farm, was a tobacco buyer for 10 years, and has owned an auction warehouse for 9 years.

Mr. Webster sells to all tobacco companies, but is not connected with any. He sees who buys what tobacco. So it's important to you, Mr. and Mrs. Smoker, that Mr. Webster has smoked Luckies ever since 1917.

Among other independent tobacco experts ...among skilled warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers . . . Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Try Luckies for one week, and see for yourself. A light smoke—easy on your throat. The finest center-leaf tobacco. Then, "It's Toasted."

***Sworn Records Show That*-WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST-IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**